

LIFE



HOLIDAY AT THE BEACH

JULY 4, 1949 **20** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$6.00



Studebaker Commander convertible

***Studebaker's*
the stand-out
in savings that count and
style that sings**

MAKE Studebaker your new-car buy word—and watch how fast you find yourself cash money ahead!

You start cutting your car operating costs right away, thanks to those trim, sleek Studebaker dream lines.

Studebaker's flight-streamed designing bars out all burdensome excess bulk—there's no sur-

plus poundage in body or chassis —no squandering of gasoline.

And what a relaxed, road-hugging ride you get! What a pleasure it is to park and maneuver this low-swung style star!

Stop in at a showroom—you'll see in a minute why a Studebaker buying wave is sweeping the country. There's a Studebaker just right for your needs and means.



White sidewall tires and wheel discs available on all models at extra cost.
© 1949, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

Studebaker Champion Starlight coupe

Bufferin

TRADE MARK

Acts twice as fast as aspirin!



New, remarkable product for the relief of pain!



BECAUSE IT'S
ABSORBED
TWICE AS FAST INTO
THE BLOOD STREAM,
BUFFERIN GOES
TO WORK FASTER
TO RELIEVE PAIN!

FAR FASTER RELIEF FROM...

Simple headaches
Aches and pains of colds
and neuralgia
Women's periodic headaches
Minor muscular aches and pains.

AFTER 4 YEARS of research, a remarkable new product—**BUFFERIN**—has been developed for *faster, gentle* relief of pain.

A **BUFFERIN** tablet—like an aspirin tablet—disintegrates rapidly in water or stomach liquids. But, what's more important, **BUFFERIN** is absorbed into the blood stream **TWICE AS FAST**—on the average—as aspirin.

It goes to work **TWICE AS FAST** in your body to relieve pain.

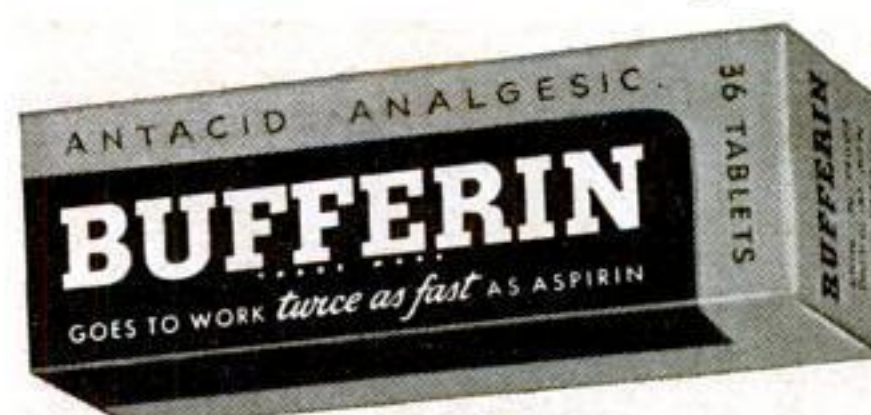
It's antacid... Bufferin doesn't disagree with you!

Many people—because of experience or their doctor's advice—always take an antacid when they take aspirin. With **BUFFERIN** this is *not* necessary because **BUFFERIN** is antacid. The antacids in **BUFFERIN** actually *protect* your stomach from aspirin irritation. For example...

In a recent dramatic clinical test, 200 patients—20 of whom had suffered gastric disturbances after taking aspirin—were given identical doses of **BUFFERIN**. The astonishing result: Only *one* of the 200 had even mild distress! Your doctor has full medical details about **BUFFERIN** and its remarkable antacid qualities. Ask him!

For faster pain relief next time, ask your druggist for **BUFFERIN**—the modern pain-relieving remedy that acts twice as fast as aspirin. Available in handy 12-tablet, pocket-size package—or economical 36- and 100-tablet packages for home use.

Acts twice as fast as aspirin!



A PRODUCT OF  **BRISTOL-MYERS**

This One



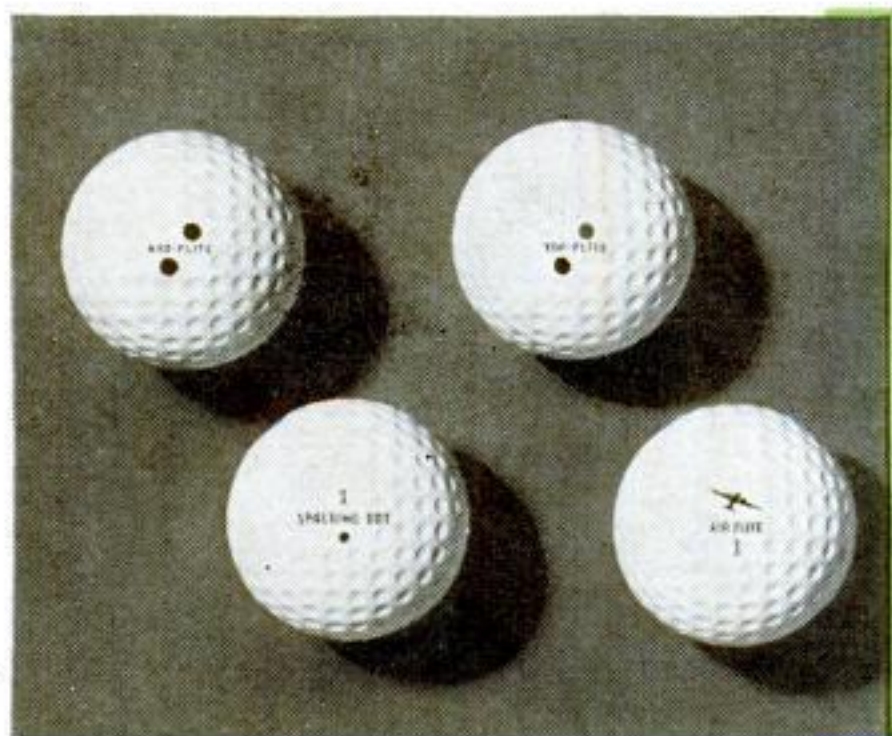
4AFX-GBA-4TEW



**More good golfers
play Spalding than
any other ball**

Sure, caddies should be seen, not heard. But when you hit a great shot like that, even the best caddy may forget himself.

And you'll be hitting plenty more of them this season . . . you and many another good golfer. In America's four top championships, for 33 years, more Spalding balls have been played than all others combined.



Spalding uniform performance brings out the best in your game. Play the famous DOT* for power. Or these other well-known Spalding balls — AIR-FLITE for power — KRO-FLITE and TOP-FLITE* for toughness.

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*Play with
confidence*

...play
SPALDING



A. G. Spalding & Bros., Inc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

FENCE-CLIMBING DOG

Sirs:

We were greatly impressed by your Picture of the Week (LIFE, June 13), but we evidently have a later picture taken perhaps the next day. Who knows, perhaps he is a traveling salesman for a dog food concern.

BUICK STUDIO
General Motors Styling Section
Detroit, Mich.



TRAVELING SALESMAN

Sirs:

That's okay for an old pointer up in Minnesota but the enclosed picture shows you how the Indiana dogs negotiate a fence.

CHAS. W. SAFFORD
Rochester, Ind.



FENCE CLIMBING—INDIANA STYLE

Sirs:

After seeing your Picture of the Week I couldn't resist sending you this picture of our dog Pudgie.

A. C. GEORGE
Richmond, Ind.



GATE SITTER

Sirs:

I've just enjoyed one of the best laughs I've ever had after seeing the picture of the dog climbing the fence.

L. J. MACDONALD
Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

The dog shows better coordination and balance than many humans unencumbered with suitcase and hat. . . .

JOHN L. DAVIS
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

All I can say is so what and I hope you send me \$150 for the enclosed snapshot as we are going on vacation and we sure can use it.

NORMAN L. CHAGNON
Worcester, Mass.



\$10 DOG

● Getting the unusual picture in first is important. For this picture—\$10 and very best wishes for a happy vacation.—ED.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Sirs:

You wrote a very interesting editorial (LIFE, June 13). . . . The "gravy train" boys and "crest-of-the-wave" fellows—who scraped the cream off the top of business while it was a seller's market—just couldn't believe that the day was coming when they would have to do some real down-to-earth selling and merchandising.

Well—it's here! And you never wrote a better editorial telling those birds "the facts of business life!"

SAM E. GOLD
Jersey City, N.J.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

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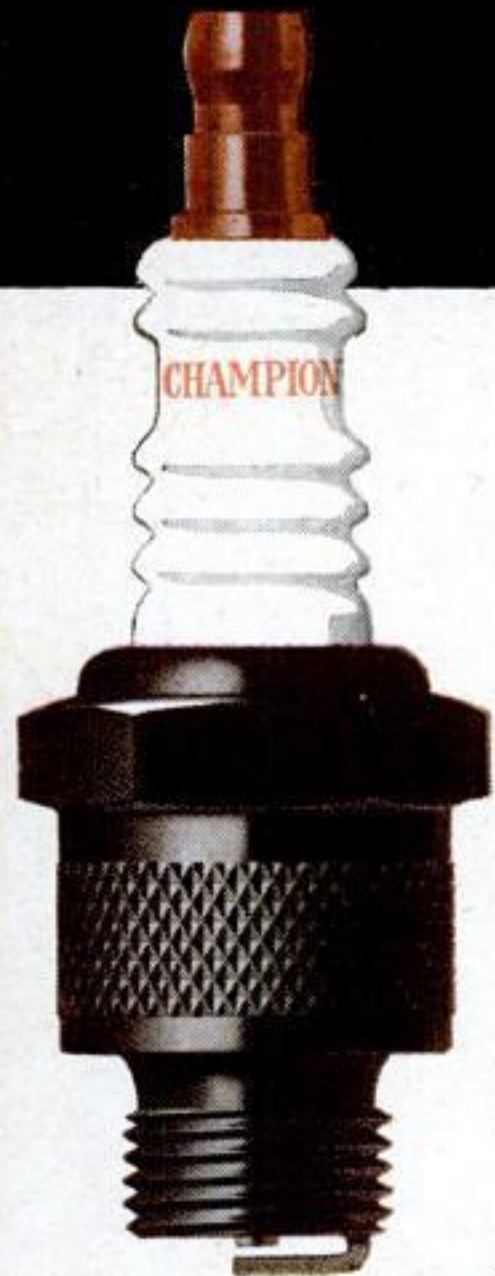
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CHAMPION

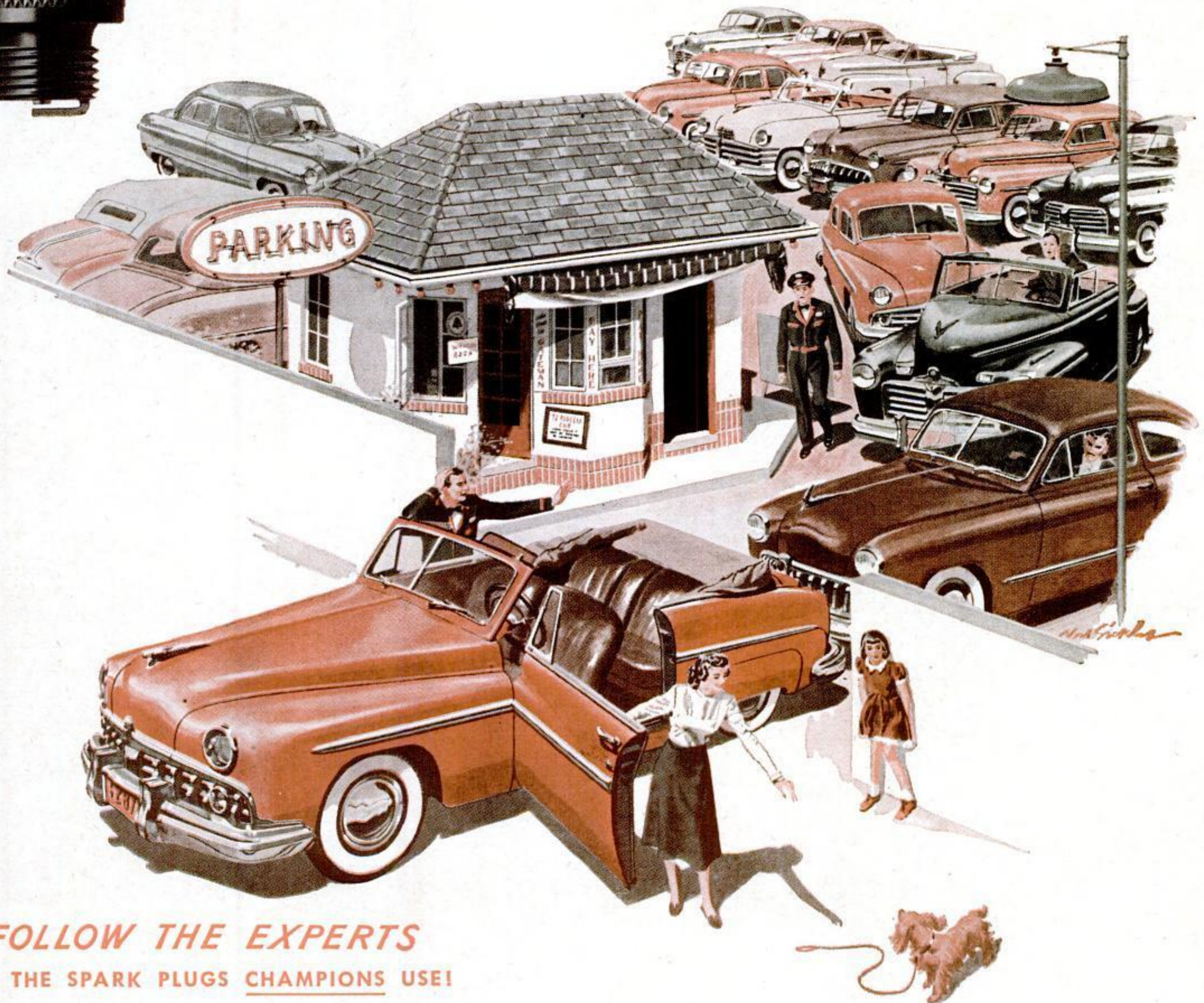
SPARK PLUGS



America's Favorite

In parking lots anywhere, you'll find cars of practically every make and vintage. If you were to lift the hoods of all of them, you'd find the majority—regardless of make—equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs.

We've made this test over and over again, definitely proving that Champion is America's favorite spark plug—obviously the result of better performance. This leadership in public acceptance has continued for over a quarter century!



FOLLOW THE EXPERTS
USE THE SPARK PLUGS CHAMPIONS USE!

Listen to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL . . . Harry Wisner's fast sportscast every Friday night, over the ABC network . . . CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

COAST OF EUROPE

Sirs:

Congratulations on your exquisite color essay on "The Coast of Europe" (LIFE, June 13). Each picture is a little masterpiece by itself, and the subtle, suave, contemplative quality of the colors is beautiful and satisfying.

ELEONORE R. WILLIAMS

Englewood, N.J.

Sirs:

I was a Flying Fortress navigator especially familiar with the coast line from southern France to Denmark. Every time I crossed the coastline I would think of the people down there, and would wonder what they were like, what they did, how they lived. . . . Your photographic essay has answered those questions for me and has filled a gap in my combat experience.

LOUIS F. DE FELICE

Utica, N.Y.

Sirs:

My compliments to you on your photographs by Eliot Elisofon on "The Coast of Europe." The subject put that man right in his glory. Take precious care of him.

KENNETH WHITE

Groton, Conn.

● We'll take care of him.—ED.

OLDTIME RELIGION

Sirs:

Archie Robertson's authentic and deft handling of "That Oldtime Religion" (LIFE, June 13) was most interesting to one who has shared many of Mr. Robertson's experiences. I know both the people and the regions about which he wrote.

But I hope that you will not let Mr. Robertson's article stand as a complete story of the Baptists, their faith and practices. The denomination's followers have done so much to build this nation and sustain the basic principles on which it was founded that it would be unfair to let it go with the bull-calf ending in a Freewill Baptist background.

Some of us Baptists are not proud of some of our historic customs and do not care to defend some of our so-called fundamental teachings, but most of us adhere to the important doctrines of our faith and are unable to find any religious group with something better. We still prefer to follow the New Testament as interpreted by that distinguished Greek scholar and leader, Dr. A. T. Robertson, the father of your contributor.

JASPER C. HUTTO

Lumberton, N.C.

Sirs:

Allow me to protest the son's-eye view of a distinguished father given by Archie Robertson. He says, "My father, who had the reputation of being a fearful classroom tyrant. . . ."

Not at all. Dr. A. T. Robertson was a unique personality with a decided histrionic gift. Across his lecture platform, before the growing comprehension of his students, strutted "the Rev. Mr. Whangdoodle of Possum Trot" and "Deacon Shorthorn of Rabbit Hollow," along with impersonated Pharisees and Sadducees of earlier centuries. For 90-minute class periods 200 men and 20 women sat with sustained interest.

To be sure, no one got by with slovenly work, and a youngster trying to brazen out his lack of preparation was pretty sure to be cut down by pointed sarcasm, for was it not part of Dr. Bob's

duty to protect Baptist congregations from unprepared preachers? . . .

JANE LIDE

Florence, S.C.

Sirs:

After reading Archie Robertson's article I agree with Mr. Robertson that he must surely have been baptized but not saved.

E. NEAL HOLDEN

Houston, Texas

TOREN'S MUMMY

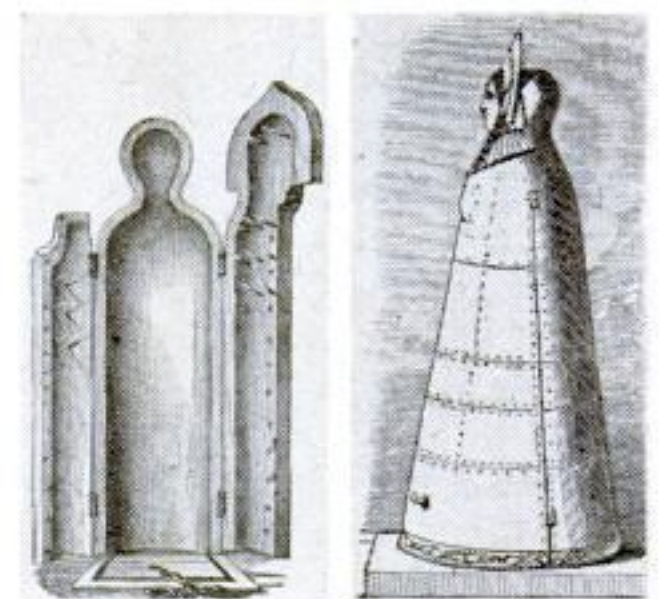
Sirs:

You speak of "the Egyptian mummy with dress dummy inside" (LIFE, June 13). This is not an Egyptian mummy case, but rather a Middle Ages inquisitional device known as the Iron Virgin or Iron Maiden.

Its use was extremely simple. The victim was placed in the open Virgin. Then the two movable sections were forced shut. Affixed to the hinged sections were long metal spikes, which consequently penetrated the victim's body. For convenience the Virgin was usually situated above a trap in the floor, thus permitting neat disposal of the corpse, and so arranged that the blood drained through the trap.

JAN SYRJALA

New York, N.Y.



IRON MAIDEN

STEAM BATH

Sirs:

It was rather like meeting an old (but not very dear) friend to see the pictures of the Portable Steam Bath (LIFE, June 13). How well I remember marching in bare hide and a GI raincoat at Fort McClellan, Ala.

DALLAS W. GOFF

West Mansfield, Ohio

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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Snacks



Crisp, golden Fritos—tempting tidbits for snacktime refreshment! Fritos are crunchy, delicately salted—taste so good with meals or between!

Parties



Refreshment time—and Fritos' golden goodness makes a hit! Folks everywhere enjoy the mellow flavor richness of Fritos—America's favorite corn chips!

Picnics



A Fourth of July picnic? Take Fritos along! Fritos are crispy-fresh . . . delicious with sandwiches, salads—all your summertime food favorites!

Beverages



Fritos lend enticing goodness to all kinds of refreshing beverages. Treat the family to Fritos, tempting bits of finest corn, delicious any time of day!

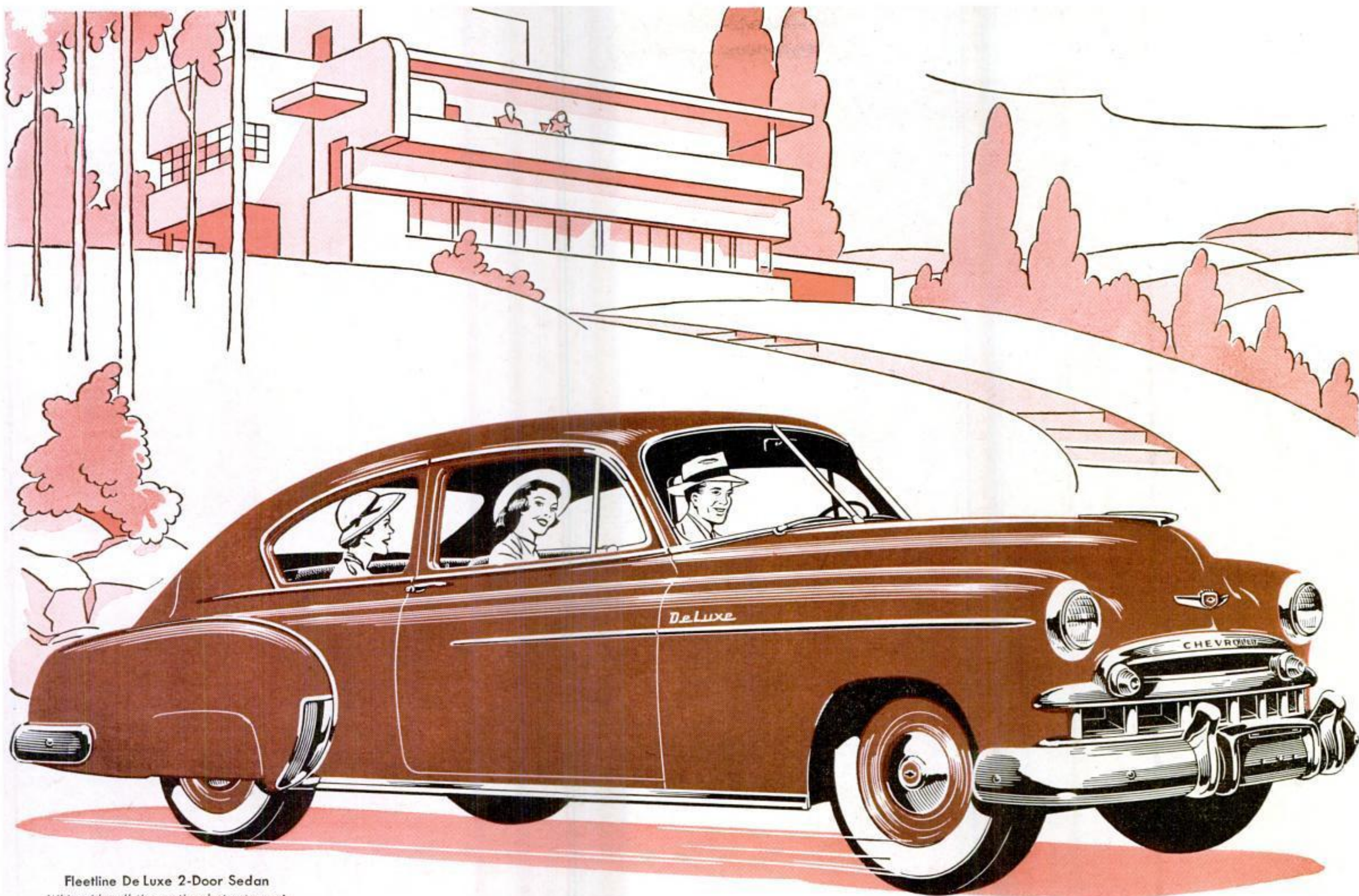
THE FRITO COMPANY

Golden Chips of Corn
Ready-to-Eat!



DALLAS, TEXAS

Enjoy Fritos in
145 Tasty Recipes



Fleetline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan
White sidewall tires optional at extra cost.



Seeing is Believing—Driving is Deciding

It's the most Beautiful **BUY** *of all!*



After all, your own eyes and your own tests are the *best* guides to motor car value; and seeing is believing, driving is deciding that this lively and luxurious Chevrolet is, indeed, *the most beautiful buy of all*.

Your eyes will tell you that its lines, colors, fixtures and fabrics identify it as the beauty leader of 1949—the *only* car offering a smart, roomy Body by Fisher at lowest cost.

And your tests will tell you that it offers an *entirely new kind* of driving and riding ease . . . gives a unique combination of performance, dependability and gas and oil economy . . . and is *extra safe*, too. For only Chevrolet provides new Center-Point Design, a Valve-in-Head engine, and safety factor after safety factor of highest-priced cars at the lowest prices.

Yes, seeing is believing and driving is deciding that it pays to own a Chevrolet—the most beautiful buy of all—and *America's first choice*, again this year!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

CHEVROLET

FIRST FOR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST . . . AMERICA'S CHOICE FOR 18 YEARS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

MIKE RECTOR

Sirs:

Congratulations on your Mike Rector picture story (LIFE, June 13), which so vividly shows the use of blood saving the life of a critically burned child. . . . It should help materially to make more people realize that by their giving blood donations they assist in medical miracles.

GRACE F. EDWARDS

Arlington, N.J.

Sirs:

Will Mike be crippled in any way after this is all over?

MRS. CHARLES R. STEWART

Kent, Ohio

● No—not if his present rate and manner of recovery continue—ED.

CESSNA vs. AERONCA

Sirs:

I am only 7 years old, but I do know the ship behind Mr. Casparis (LIFE, June 13) is a Cessna, not an Aeronca.

FERNAND C. BOSSÉ

Minot, Maine

Sirs:

If that isn't a Cessna I'll eat every rivet in the body.

DONALD W. HOUGHTALING

Centerville, Mich.

Sirs:

If that's an Aeronca I'm a bald eagle.

R. L. WILLSON

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

My guess is you will get more than 5,000 letters telling you it's a Cessna.

BILL LAKIN

San Francisco, Calif.

● Note to Mr. Lakin: 120 letters so far; note to Mr. Willson: you are not a bald eagle; note to Mr. Hough-



AERONCA CHIEF



CESSNA

taling: you don't have to eat a single rivet; note to Master Bossé: you are very bright for a 7-year-old. It is indeed a Cessna.—ED.

Address the Editors
at 9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N.Y.

When you take a

TRIP..

Take along

TUMS

for

Comfort

Any time strange food, fast eating, hurry or too much smoking brings on acid indigestion, gas and heartburn, slip Tums in your mouth as you would candy mints. Tums neutralize excess acid almost instantly—you feel better fast! No baking soda in Tums. No danger of overalkalizing—no acid rebound. Get handy Tums today!

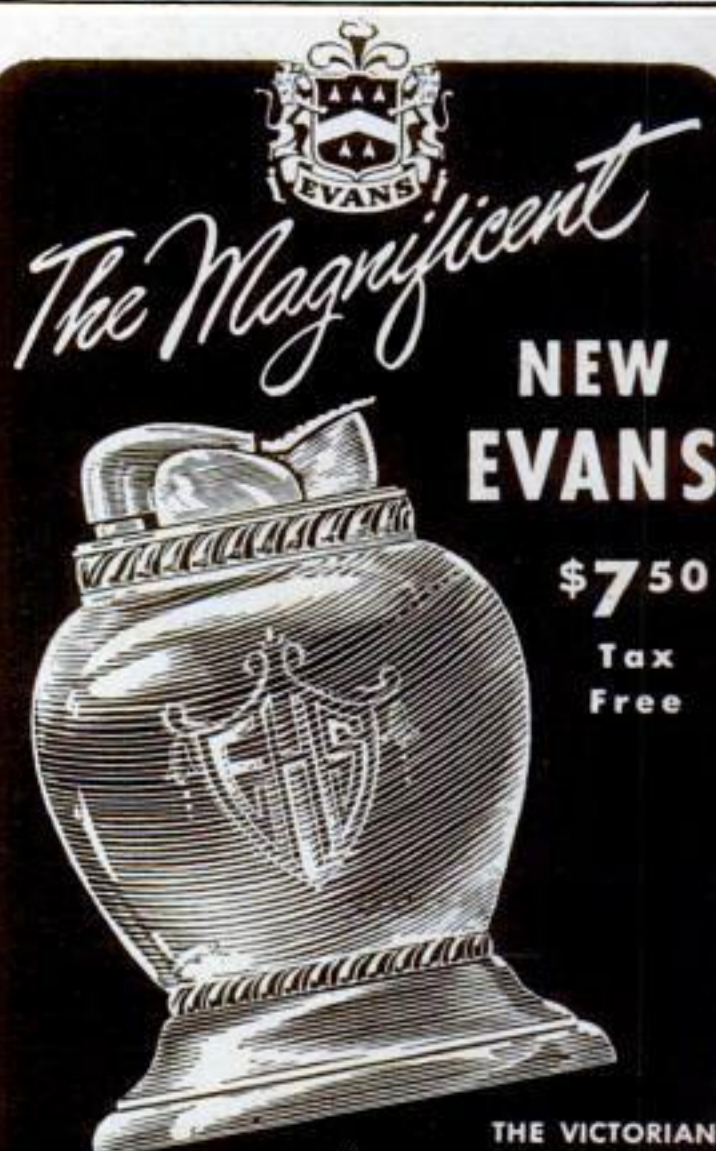


To feel better, try one or two TUMS after breakfast.

for the tummy

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?

Try **Nature's Remedy**
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT



The Magnificent

NEW EVANS

\$7.50
Tax Free

THE VICTORIAN

Look for the Red Seal... an exclusive feature found in all new Evans lighters.



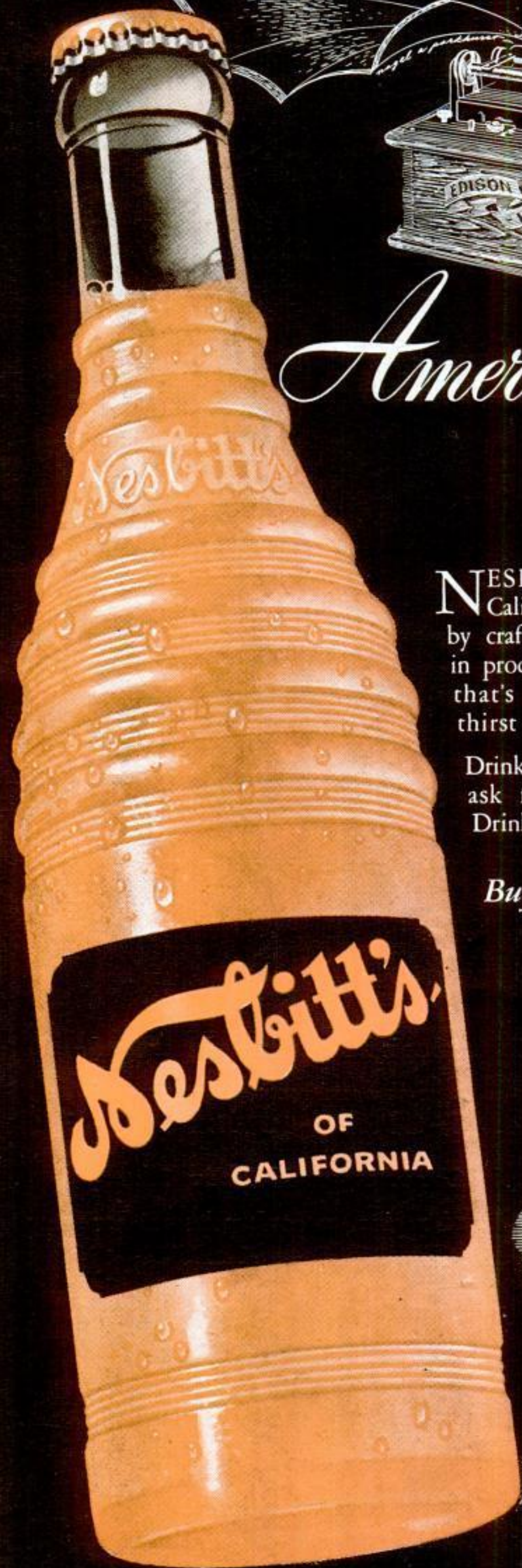
Fuel control... prevents fluid evaporation, overflow... gives instant light always.

EVANS FULLY AUTOMATIC TABLE LIGHTERS — PERIOD-DESIGNED, PERFECT IN ANY ROOM.

OTHER MODELS FROM \$5

... AMERICA'S BEST **Evans**

EVANS CASE CO. ... No. Attleboro, Mass.
CREATORS OF FITTED HANDBAGS AND POWDER BOXES



American Firsts

NESBITT'S is made from California Valencia oranges by craftsmen who take pride in producing an orange drink that's delicious, pure and thirst quenching.

Drink Nesbitt's—be sure to ask for Nesbitt's Orange Drink by name.

Buy 6 bottles today!



MADE FROM *Real* ORANGES

Gives hair that



"just-combed" look



all day long!

'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic is the **ONLY** hair tonic which contains new, wonder-working **VIRATOL**. This special compound helps make your hair **LOOK** natural, **FEEL** natural... stay in place **HOURS LONGER**.

Just rub a little 'Vaseline' **CREAM** Hair Tonic on your hair each morning... then **COMB** it and **FORGET** it! 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic is good for your **SCALP**, too. Contains Triple-A **LANOLIN**... checks loose **DANDRUFF**. Try a bottle today! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
CREAM
HAIR TONIC



the cream of them all!

Tops in entertainment:

DR. CHRISTIAN, starring **JEAN HERSHOLT**, on CBS, Wednesday nights; **LITTLE HERMAN**, new mystery show, Tuesday nights, on ABC.

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*Get a glorious tan
Faster —*

SKOL



Helps prevent
painful sunburn—

Non-oily and
non-drying

Be bronzed — be beautiful the first week end with a rich, golden Skol Tan. Skol helps keep your skin satin-soft in the sun—contains an exclusive patented ingredient which turns you tawny faster!

Be safer from painful burning — Skol's special tanning formula blocks out harmful rays, allows the tanning rays to come through.

Be comfortable — Skol contains no messy grease or oil to pick up dirt and sand. Skol leaves no sticky film on your skin to clog the pores. Get Skol today for a faster, more flattering tan.







AGUILA STARES PROUDLY AND FIERCELY OUT OF PIERCING EYES. UNPREDICTABLE WITH STRANGERS, SHE IS DEVOTED TO MANNIXES

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

A TAME AMERICAN EAGLE IS TRAINED IN FALCONRY



WEARING FALCON HOOD

small birds on the wing, as a true falcon can, because of her cumbersome size and broad wings. This constant exercise keeps Aguila as strong and healthy as a wild eagle. She is perfectly capable of setting her wings and riding a rising column of warm air until she disappears in the heavens. Her eyesight is unbelievably keen, and she can spot a one-inch cube of meat on a lure a mile and a half way.

← **MRS. MANNIX EXTENDS GAUNTLET AS AGUILA COMES IN TO LAND**



FLYING FOR EXERCISE. Aguila seizes a leather lure tossed in the air by Mannix. Sometimes it carries a morsel of beef, sometimes not. She dives at lure 160 times daily.

Wedding Day gift for *Virginia Baker* ...an *Elgin*

"THE BEAUTY OF MY LADY ELGIN THRILLED ME. No wedding day gift could have pleased me more," said Virginia Gordon Baker, the very lovely daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Harold Davies Baker. She was married this June to Major F. Michael Rogers, U.S.A.F. at the U.S. Naval Chapel in Washington, D. C.



Lord Elgin and Lady Elgin
21 JEWELS 19 JEWELS



Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from \$67.50 to \$5,000. Elgin De Luxe from \$47.50 to \$67.50. Other Elgins as low as \$29.75, including Federal Tax

*Made of "Elgiloy" metal. Patent pending

Jewelers take extra pride in showing the new Elgins. For these are the most beautiful of watches, the smartest in design. Such style combined with Elgin's famed star-timed accuracy would seem enough to make anyone want an Elgin above all others. But there's still more distinction... the miracle DuraPower Mainspring. No other watch in the world has such dependable power for accurate timekeeping! Indeed, the one you love will be happier with an Elgin Watch.



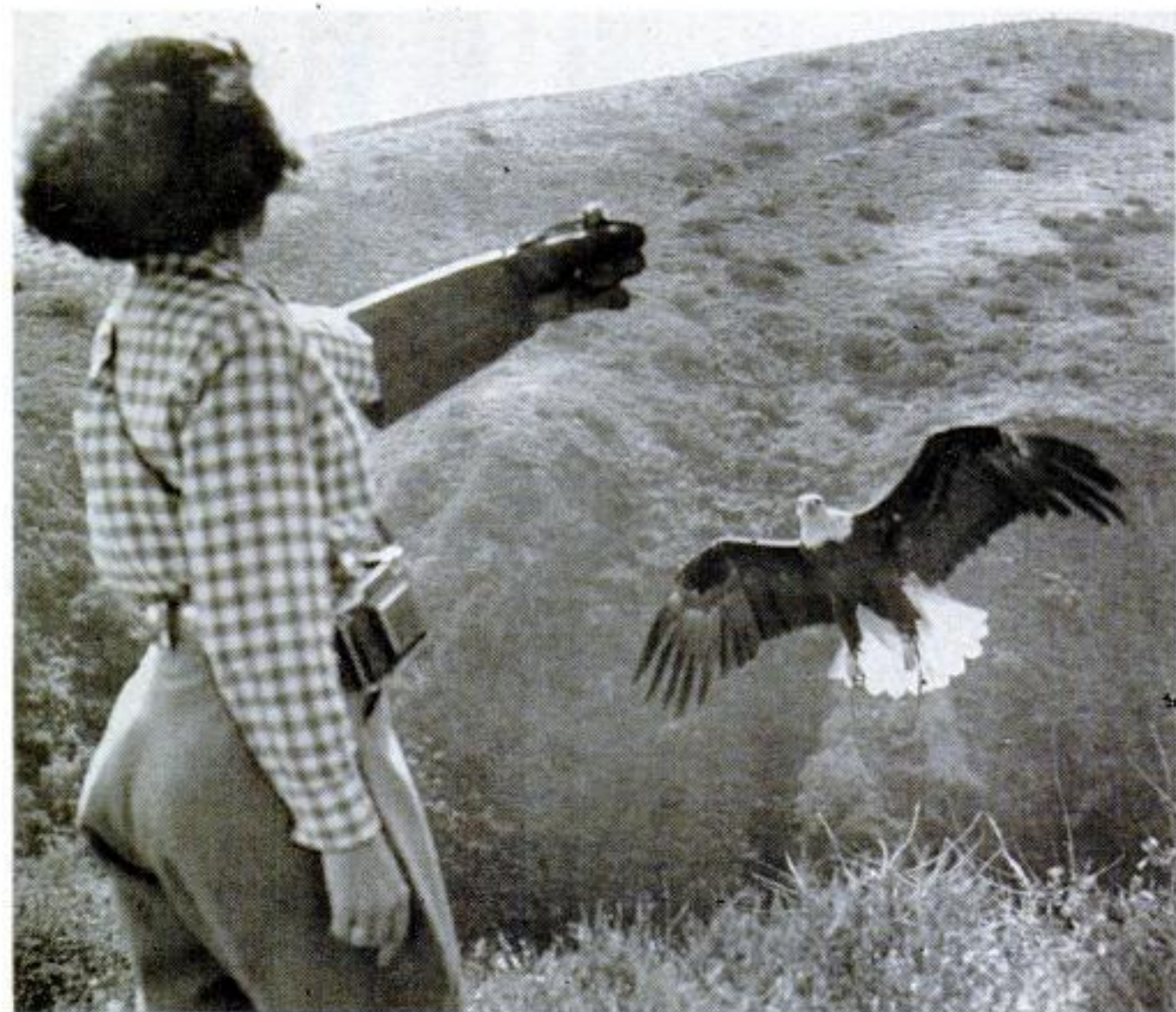
The genius of America

ELGIN

to wear on your wrist

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



WING POWER is demonstrated by Aguila's ability to turn and climb steeply at owner's whistle. No zoo eagle would have strength for this quick ascent.



DAILY BATH, prepared for her by 2-year-old Danny Mannix, cleans dust from Aguila's feathers and improves flight. As soon as pool is full she jumps in.



PERCH FOR TRAVEL between exercise area and home is in the back seat of Mannixes' car. Aguila is critical of other motorists and often screams at them.

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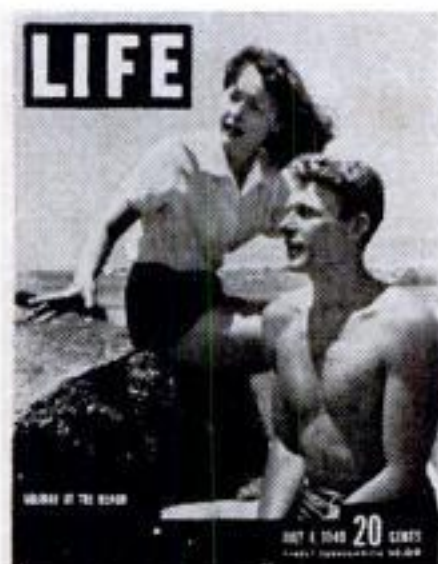
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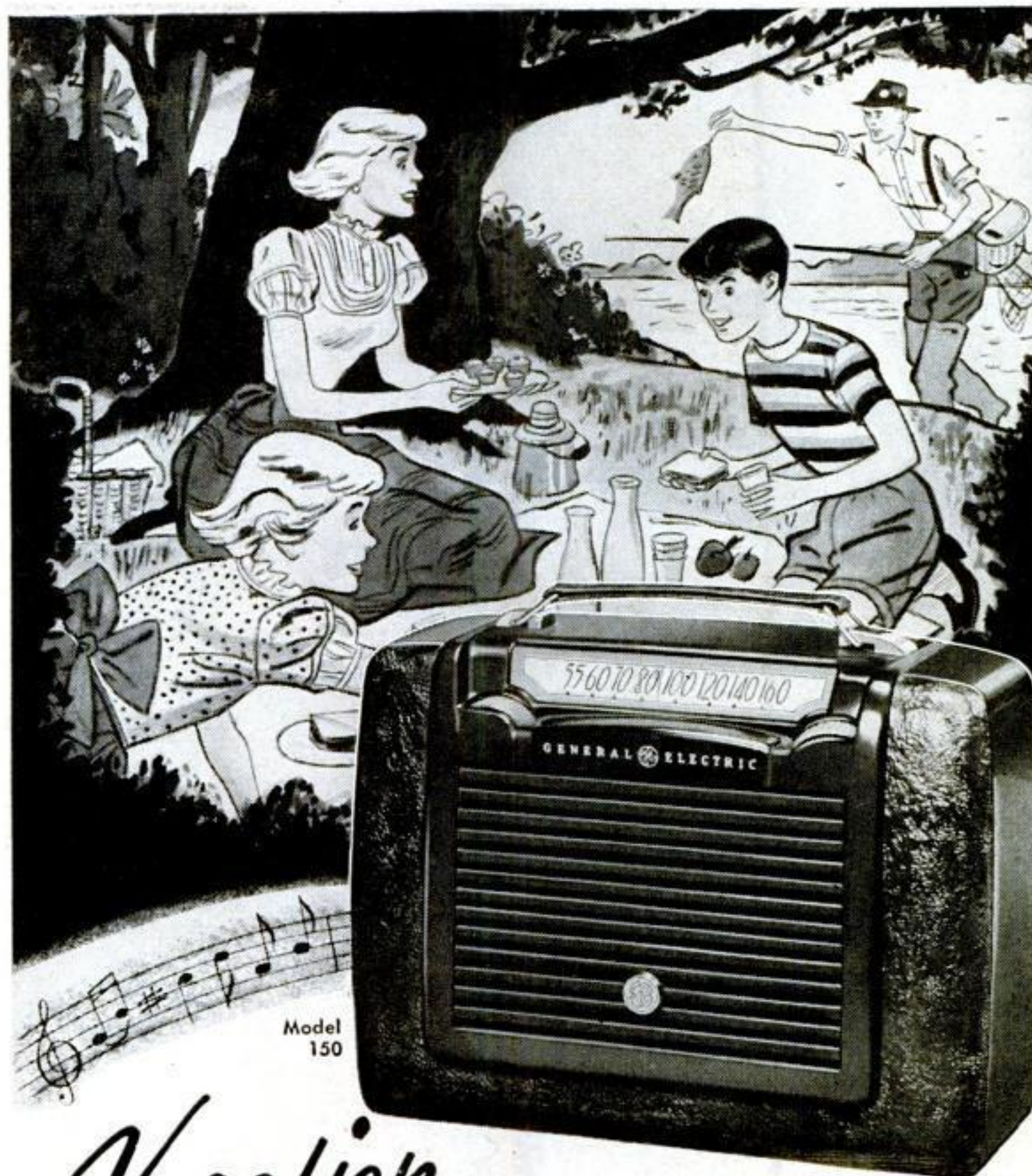
LIFE'S COVER

Things have been moving very fast lately for Pat Paulo, the 16-year-old Santa Monica high-school girl who shares this week's cover with Lifeguard Dave Rochlen. Right after this picture was taken, she left for a vacation visit to Youngstown, Ohio. There, before she even had time to unpack, LIFE telephoned, told her that she was on the cover and asked her to fly to New York to write her own story of her day on the beach (p. 90). She did, saw her first Broadway show (*Mr. Roberts*), had an orangeade at the Stork Club, slept only a few hours and was back in Ohio the next day—still not unpacked.

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6—BOT. WILLIAM W. JOHNSON
8, 9, 10—J. R. EYERMAN
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Vacation Sensations!

GE PORTABLES

Choose a G-E portable set, and *you're* all set—for a fine vacation! General Electric portables are famous for power, looks, all-round performance. Model 150, above, brings in stations like a big set. G-E Dynapower speaker. 5 tubes plus rectifier. Lightweight plastic cabinet. Maroon, ivory, light gray. 3-way: AC, DC, batteries. Model 150.

Performance-Engineered at Electronics Park



World's Finest SELF-CHARGING Portable

Take it anywhere, play it all you please! This General Electric portable renews its battery power over and over! To recharge, simply plug into AC house current. Oversize G-E Dynapower speaker. Handsome maroon plastic cabinet. Model 160.

G-E Portables from \$19.95*

*Slightly higher West and South—subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL GE ELECTRIC



Every day's a picnic, as far as taking pictures goes, when you use Ansco All-Weather film. For with this remarkable film you can get good pictures in any kind of weather. Even in the rain!

THIS WEEK END'S FORECAST...

***Good pictures, rain or shine,
with Ansco's All-Weather Film!***

Let the weatherman do his stuff this Fourth of July week end! Let him give us rain, clouds, sunshine (even snow if he wants)—you can still get good pictures!

Yes, even in rainy weather, you can get really good pictures with Ansco Plenachrome, the All-Weather film. For Ansco (America's oldest photographic company) has made this film in such a way that you can use it in any kind of weather. And, of course, you can use it in any kind of camera, regardless of make.

So right now, load up *your* camera with Ansco Plenachrome, the All-Weather film—and be sure of getting an exciting picture record of this three-day Fourth of July week end. Believe us, this film makes picture-taking almost as easy as walking.

We'd like to suggest, too, that you look over the three Ansco Cameras at the right—and see what a perfect camera you can own for very little money. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation. "From Research to Reality."

ASK FOR
Ansko
FILM & CAMERAS



LOOK FOR
THE RED AND
BLUE BOX



Look into the Panda Camera's reflex-type finder on top... easier to see the picture you're taking. Finger-tip shutter release. Easy to load, easy to use. Takes 12 large album-size pictures on 620 size film. Made by Ansco, the company that sold nearly 2,000,000 cameras last year.



Once you own this Ansco Pioneer Camera... you can take pictures night or day. Enclosed eye-level view finder. Easy to load. Smooth acting shutter. Built-in synchronization. Factory-set lens. Uses low-cost accessory flash attachment for after-dark pictures.



Weights less than a novel, yet this Ansco f6.3 Speedex Camera takes some of the best pictures you've seen. Self-cocking shutter with speeds up to 1/100th of a second. Coated f6.3 Ansco anastigmat lens. Synchronized for flash. Excellent for both black-and-white and color pictures.



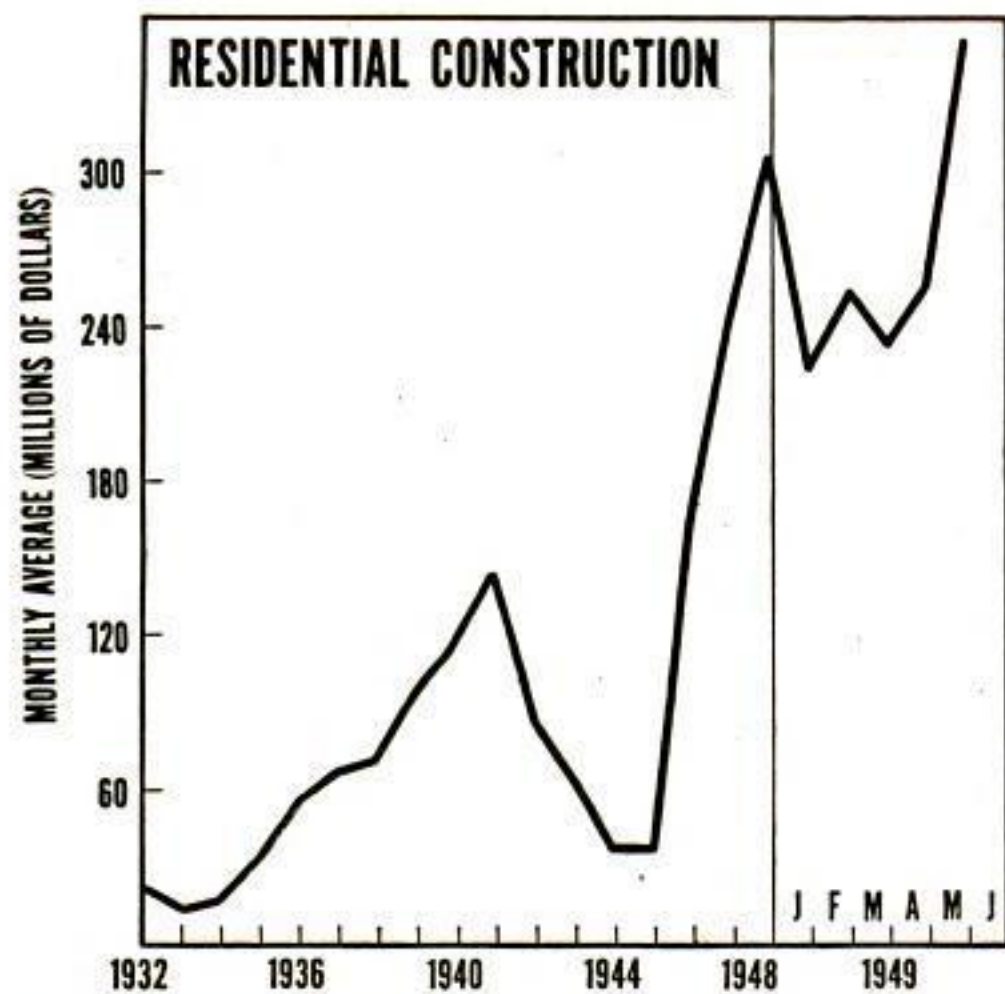
A NEW KIND OF "NO VACANCY" SIGN CONFRONTS LOS ANGELES JOB-HUNTER OUTSIDE SANTA FE RAILWAY OFFICE

OUR ECONOMY DEVELOPS AN ENGINE KNOCK

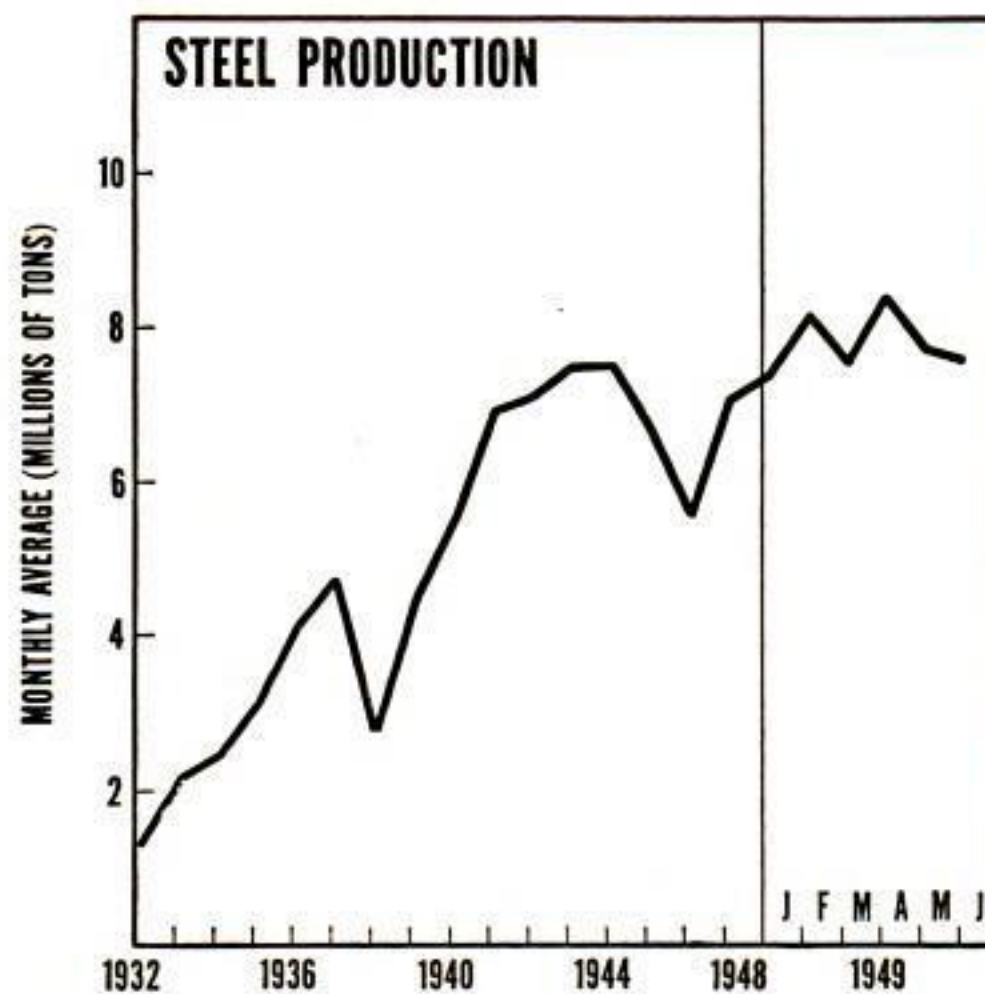
The full-throated roar of that vast and complicated high-compression engine, the U.S. economy, was disturbed last week by unmistakable knocking sounds. Worried economists swarmed over the machine like an army of grease monkeys, trying to diagnose the trouble. All they could agree on was what any man on any street could have told them: that the economy, after booming along at a record postwar clip, had slowed down into some sort of recession. The economists weren't the only wor-

riers. To a growing list of unemployed, and to the merchants and manufacturers who found themselves in a "buyers' market" of buyers who refused to buy, the knocking sounds seemed to be getting louder and louder. How long the condition would last and how bad it would get, neither Wall Street (which had suspected it was coming and beat stock prices down in anticipation) nor the Communists (who were wishing their darndest that it would become a crisis) nor the President's Council of Eco-

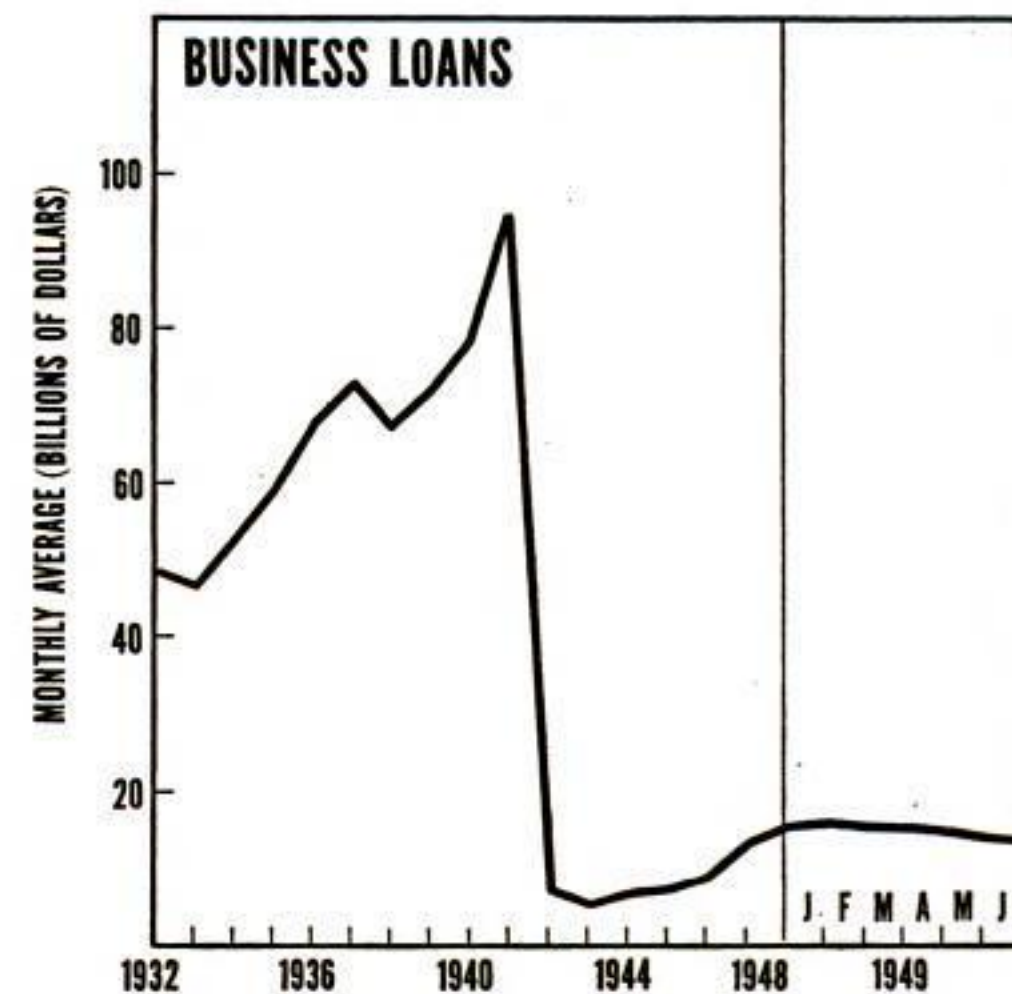
nomics Advisers (which must shortly come up with its semiannual report on the running order of the economic engine) could say for sure. But despite all the talk and descending curves (*charts, pp. 14, 15*) there were plenty of signs that the economy, still far above its prewar levels, was basically healthy as an ox and sound as a dollar. Both the productive power and the buying power—and the selling power as well—were still there; barring accident the odds were still heavily against a major depression.



SOARING VOLUME of home-building shows pent-up demand, thwarted during war, has not yet been satisfied.



FALLING OUTPUT of steel shows the industry is now down to 84% of capacity. Many buyers await price cuts.



LOW LEVEL of bank loans reflects businessmen's fear of being saddled with inventories they cannot work off.



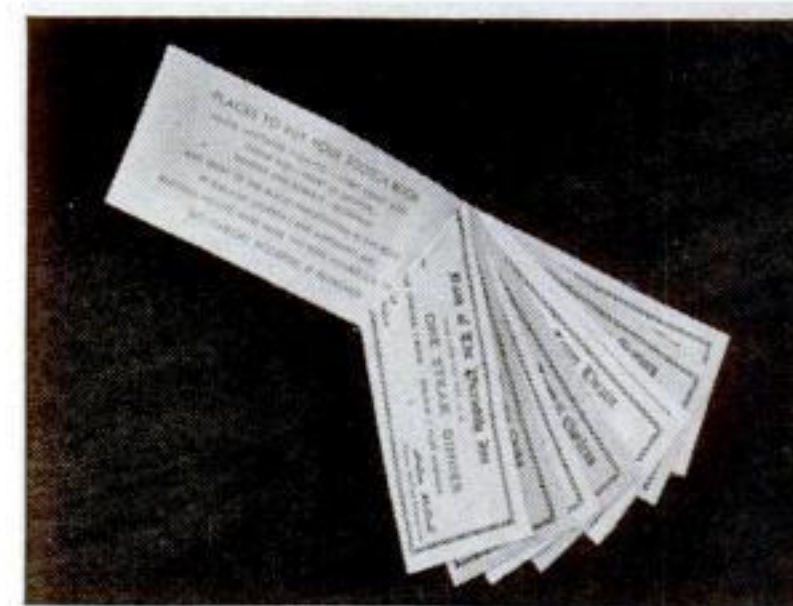
SPREAD-THE-WORK plan softens the economic blow that has blighted the milling city of Lawrence, Mass. With 22,000 textile jobs wiped out by lack of orders, work is rotated among 52,000 workmen, who take turns drawing

unemployment pay and factory pay. Each man works a predetermined period, goes on furlough, then works again while others are off. In upper picture crew is laid off. Back from furlough (*lower*) men are assigned to worsted looms.

"THE MOST PROSPEROUS

Whatever else it might bring, the slide that the July issue of *FORTUNE* calls "the most prosperous and orderly recession in memory" was not going to be met with a gnashing of teeth and wringing of hands but with action. Last week it appeared that almost everybody in the country had his own program of action, leading to his own sure cure. To some articulate businessmen everything would be fixed but quick if the government would just cut taxes and lay off business generally. To Walter C. Ayers, new president of Detroit's Sales Executives Club, the cure was simply "an adequate national sales force, which is now woefully undermanned. There is a crying need for at least two thirds of the three million unemployed to join the ranks of the country's salesmen." A good many advertisers (*below*) were indeed returning to oldtime, rootin', tootin' selling methods—and recapturing customers.

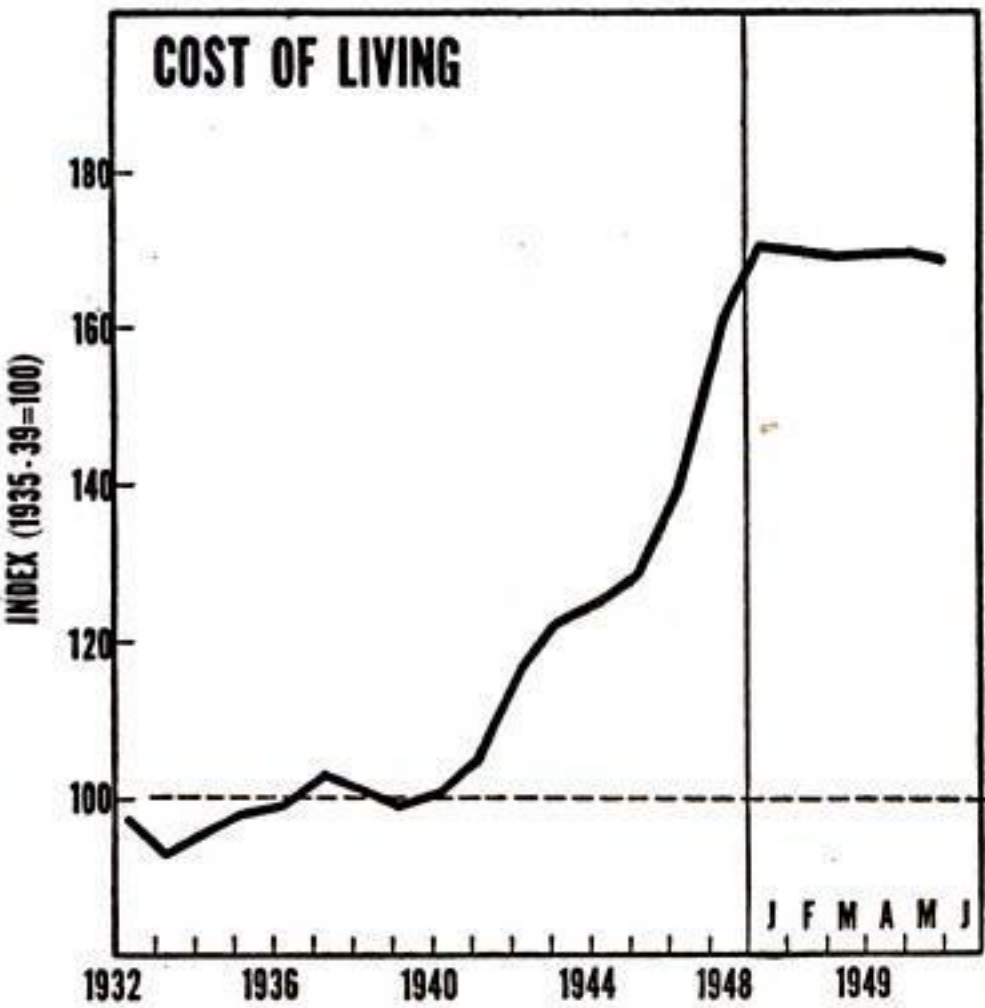
There was plenty of action on other fronts. In



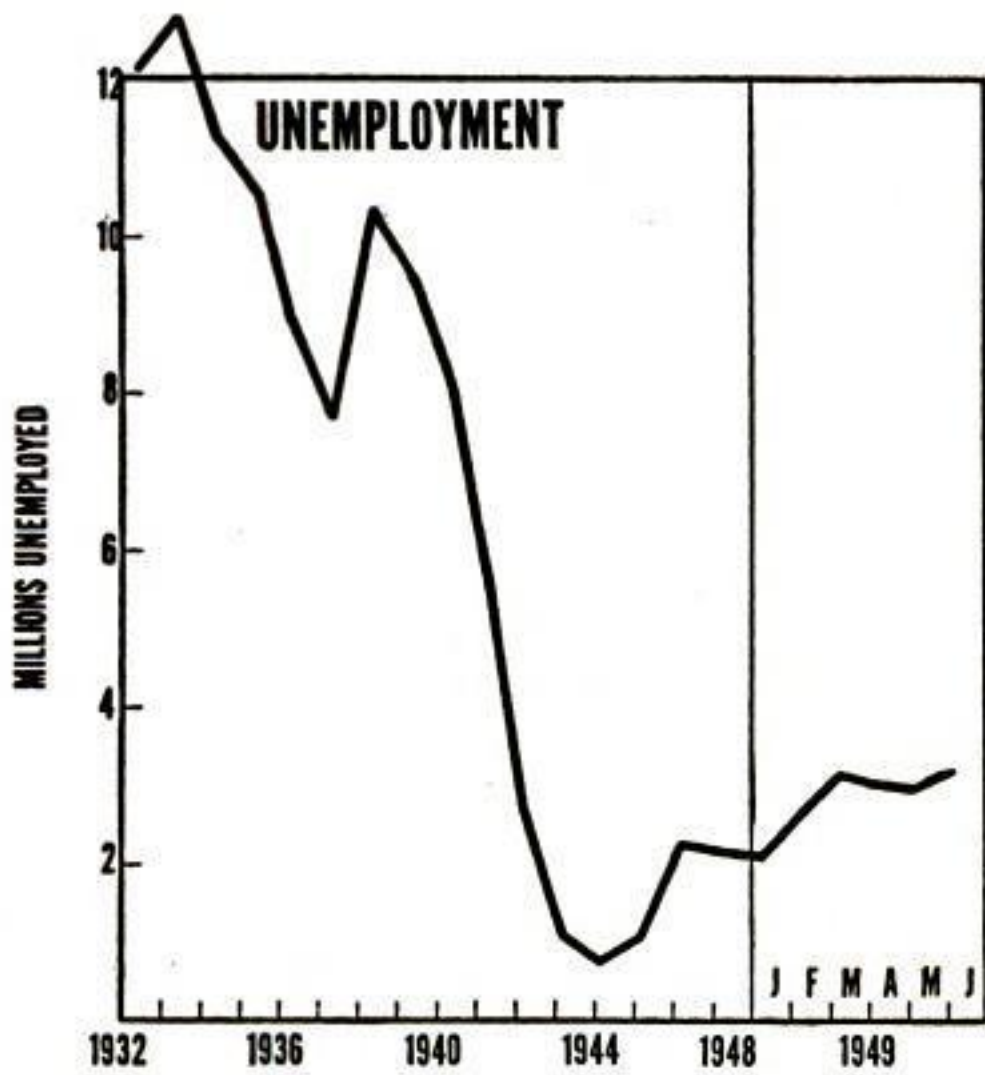
Our lowest price in 10 years
... Universal Electric polisher

19⁹⁸ SALE
Formerly price-fixed at 49.95

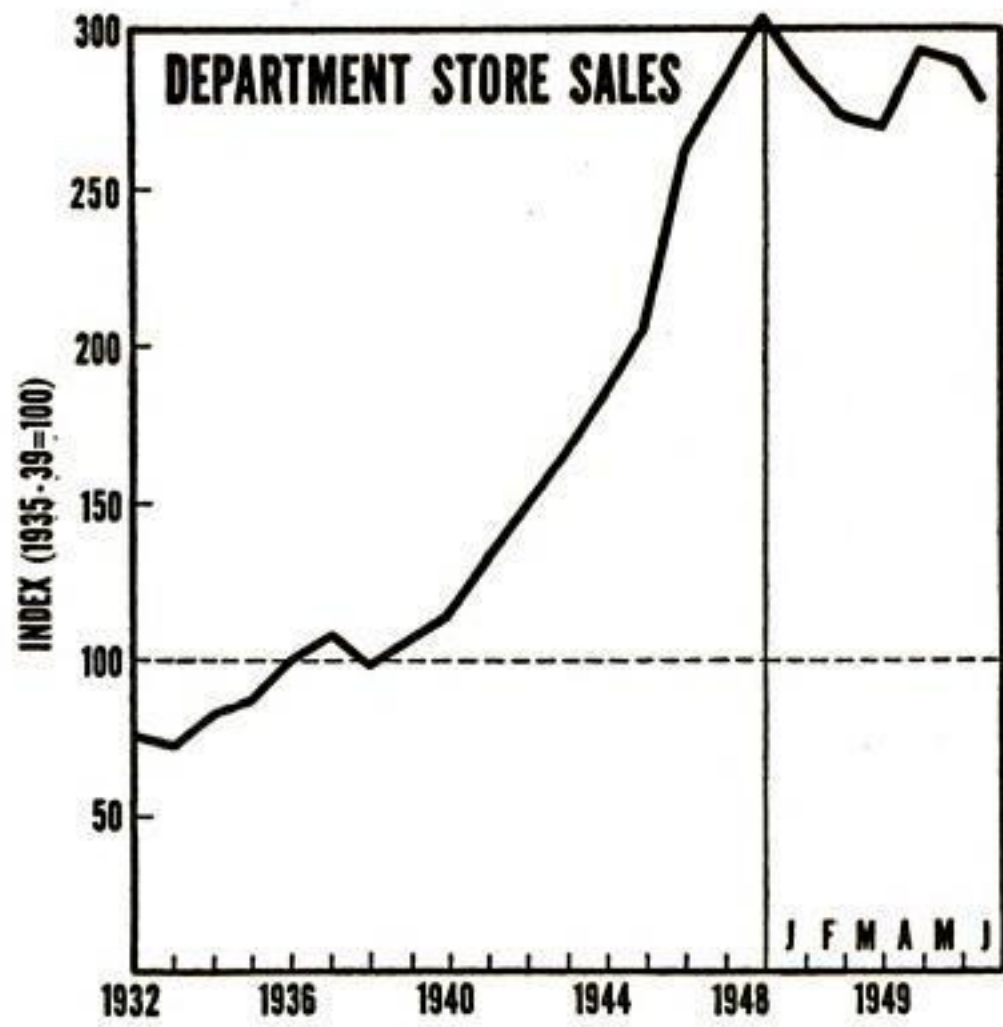
GOODS CAN BE SOLD with price cuts and salesmanship. Passbooks offering \$60 or more worth of admissions, hair-dos, photography, restaurant meals etc., for \$1.95 are a craze in some cities. Merchants lose money on the tickets



HIGH PLATEAU was reached last winter by Labor Department Index; it perversely refuses to show much drop.



LABOR FORCE has grown; thus while jobless total has now passed three million, employment is still 64 million.



SLIGHT DECLINE in sales is shown from 1948 peak—but they are still nearly three times the volume of 1938.

RECESSION IN MEMORY

Washington, D.C. a shirtsleeved delegation of unemployed C.I.O. United Electrical Workers (*right*) descended on Congress and government officials to urge that they do something drastic about joblessness. A smaller and nattier delegation of senators and representatives called on President Harry Truman the next day to urge the same thing—only to find, as Senator Murray put it, that he “was way ahead of us” and preparing to deal with the trouble in his forthcoming economic report. If so, it would be the first time that the President had backed down from his demand for inflationary controls in what had become a deflationary period. Added up, all the action and strident calls for action meant that the state of the economy had become not merely a conversation topic outranking the weather (*pp. 22, 23*), but a major preoccupation of the U.S. people. And since world recovery depended on a strong U.S., it was also a major concern of the whole troubled globe.



UNION DELEGATION of unemployed United Electrical Workers leaves the Capitol after buttonholing congressmen in effort “to combat the complacency in high circles.” U.E. locals paid 102 members’ expenses on trip.

You're back in the driver's seat! But we want to make sure it's in a Ford Million Dollar Cab!

- * The "seller's market" is gone as far as our truck business is concerned!
- * Cash in on the biggest trade-in allowances in Ford Truck history!
- * Take advantage of the biggest monthly sales target of new trucks we've had in years!
- * Choose from over 150 Ford Bonus Built Truck Models—from half-ton pickups to 163-h.p. B10 JCBs!
- * Put a contrasting Ford Truck to work for you now! Immediate delivery on all but a few models!
- * Trade in your old truck while you can still get high-dollar for it. Used truck values are slipping fast!

but gain new patrons and get free plugs in radio ads for the passbooks. By dramatic cut on \$49.95 waxer, Macy's sold two carloads in two days. Show-window signs like the one for blouses tell, in effect, the same message as Ford's.



LEAF-RAKING unemployed wait in a Fresno County eucalyptus grove for start of day's chore on make-work project in California's San Joaquin Valley. This was earlier in the spring, when the annual siege of seasonal unemployment reached a peak of 50,000 in one of the world's richest farming regions. Later, as the crops began to come in, the workers found jobs and the make-work program was abandoned. It may have to be revived next March.

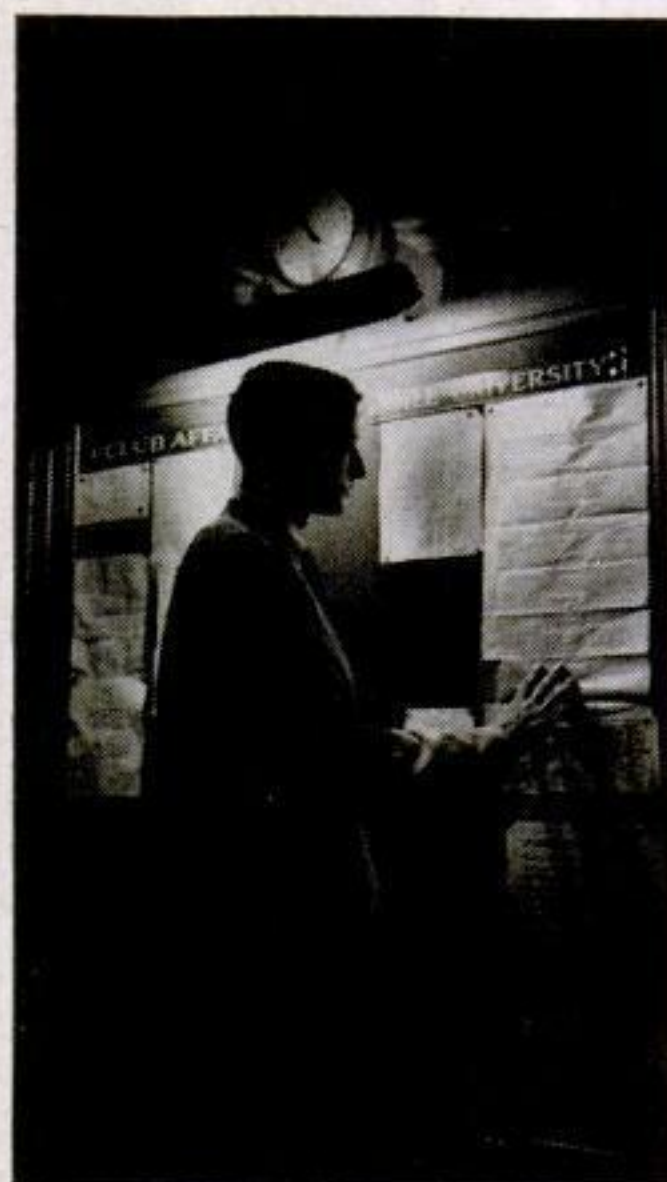


ON A HOT JUNE DAY BILL WILLIS HURRIES FROM ONE INTERVIEW TO ANOTHER

A 1949 COLLEGE GRADUATE POUNDS PAVEMENTS, BUT JOBS ARE SCARCE

Bill Willis of Greenwich, Conn. did not kid himself. Two weeks before his graduation from Yale last month he started job-hunting in New York because he knew that finding something would be tougher than at any time since 1941. But Bill did not expect to find things quite as tough as they were. He set about his business in the proper manner. He typed up copies of a resume of his qualifications: he went to St. Paul's prep school, majored in sociology at Yale, sold ads for the college *Record* magazine, did publicity work for the dramatics club, played tennis, squash and hockey. He put his name in at the placement bureau at the Yale Club, which arranged 12 days of interviews for him. Then, carefully dressed in a seersucker suit and striped tie, he set out to get his job. It took him less than the 12 days, however, to discover that, contrary to what he had been taught, a Yale degree was no better qualification than that of most other colleges. Even fellow Yale men conversed genially about mutual professors and Mory's club but offered no jobs. Everywhere the story was the same: business was off and no firms were hiring any more "inexperienced men" than necessary. He had to face one hard economic fact: he was one of the million new job-seekers who enter the labor market every year and make an ever-expanding U.S. economy a necessity. So even though Bill would probably get a job somewhere, he would have to do a lot more pavement pounding before he finally found it.

THIS IS ONE DAY OF JOB-HUNTING



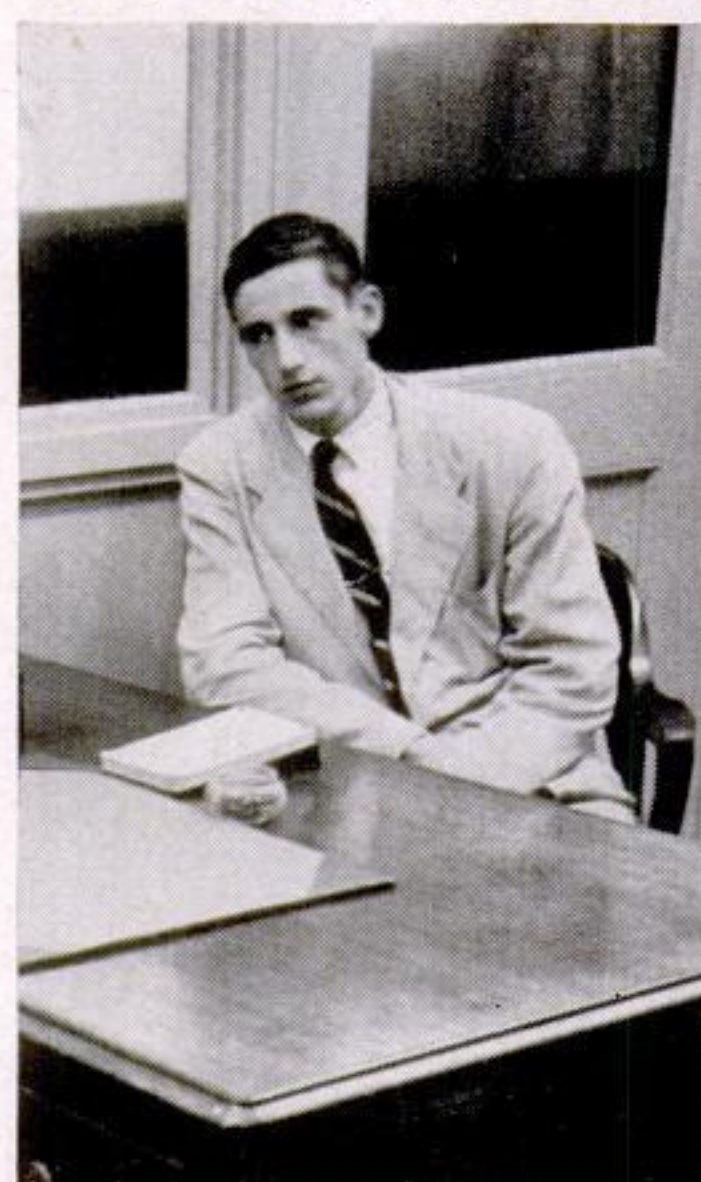
AT YALE CLUB Bill looks at bulletin board on way to the placement bureau.



AT AD AGENCY he is told business is slow, chances for young men are slim.



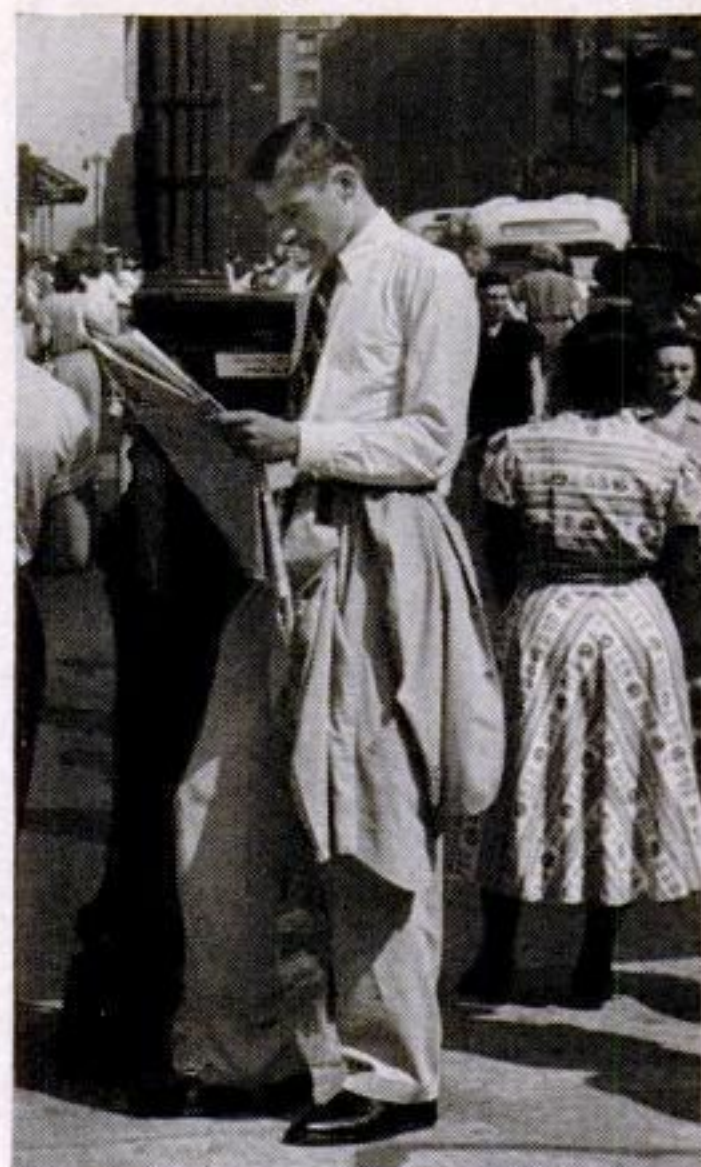
AT SHIP LINE he hears they will hire fewer than 40 out of 1,000 applicants.



AT DEPARTMENT STORE Bill is told little hiring will be done this year.



AT PAPER COMPANY he is told he can come back for another interview.



AT DAY'S END Bill Willis, his coat off, glances at want ads of a newspaper.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS HENCE

ORWELL PREDICTS TYRANNY UNLIMITED IF WE DON'T RESIST

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT

The phrase "old pro" is having a strange run these days on the sports pages. Tommy Henrich of the New York Yankees is an "old pro," for example, not because he takes money for playing baseball, but because, out of sheer love of the game, he is willing to spend hours mastering all the angles. He is the man who puts out on every occasion with what used to be called the Old College Try. This implies an odd commentary on the word "amateur," which once meant "lover of the game" but is now prima-facie evidence of defamation of character. Call an athlete an "old pro" and he'll swell with delight whether he gets paid or not; call an amateur an "amateur" and likely as not he'll bust you one on the snoot.

THE UN-MIDAS TOUCH

If you wanted a surefire recipe for making a few dollars, you might imagine a play made from a successful English novel and produced by the American team of Rodgers and Hammerstein (*South Pacific*, *Oklahoma!*). Yet the Bank of England has just refused the first-rate English writer, Graham Greene, the usual \$40-a-day business expense allowance, to visit New York and collaborate on turning his novel, *The Heart of the Matter*, into a Broadway show for Rodgers and Hammerstein exploitation. Too risky an enterprise, says the Bank of England.

Somehow, in view of the *South Pacific* box-office take, this strikes us almost speechless. It's rather like refusing to back a man who has a chance to team up with King Midas in a little matter of making a pile of gold.

THE READING MIND

If our readers are as bright as they claim to be, they will be interested in a progress report on what seems to stir 'em up the most. Judging by the letters this department has received lately, the most stimulating of our recent subjects have been, in order of response: 1) cats, 2) God and 3) health.

George Orwell's novel *Nineteen Eighty-four* (pp. 78-85) is one of the most remarkable books of our day. It is so good indeed—so artfully contrived and intricate in its pattern, so full of excitement and horror—that there is some danger that its message will be ignored. This would be a pity, for the warning which lies in *Nineteen Eighty-four* is the most urgent to which the 20th Century can listen. It is particularly significant because in this case it comes from a left-winger who is cautioning his fellow intellectuals of the left to beware lest their desire to help the common man wind up in trapping him in hopeless misery.

Yet to Americans especially, the terrible left-wing police state of 1984 as described by Orwell may seem like sheer fantasy, the product of an artist's imagination. What American, free to hiss a political speech or write an angry letter to his editor, can really believe in a dictator so fiendishly clever, power-hungry and oppressive, such a mating of Hitler and Stalin, as Orwell's "Big Brother"? What American, reveling in a standard of living that makes the old kings impoverished by comparison, can fully conceive of a world so tawdry and barren in material comforts as the bureaucracy-ridden and inefficient nation of Oceania in 1984? And how can any American feel in his bones the awful terror of a world in which Big Brother, his totalitarian philosophy and his omnipotent Thought Police have squeezed man's soul so dry that he can scarcely even think of rebellion?

Abroad, the message will be more readily understood. Liberal Germans, having lived in a world where it was a crime to believe that a Jew was a human being, will not be surprised by a world where *nobody* is allowed to be a human being. Italians who suffered from Mussolini's castor oil or watched him try to teach little children to be beasts will not have their credulity strained by the torture scenes in 1984, nor by the 7-year-old "Spies" who are taught by Big Brother to turn their parents in to the Thought Police. Behind the Iron Curtain, if the book can ever be smuggled there, the completely regimented and fear-ridden world of 1984 will not seem strange or imaginative at all.

Even in England it will have familiar overtones. There is some doubt whether Orwell could have written so feelingly about the physical discomforts of Oceania—the rationed clothing, the tasteless food, the rugless "Victory apartments" and the nauseous "Victory gin"—if he had not lived under British austerity. Many readers in England will find that his book reinforces a growing suspicion that some of the British Laborites revel in austerity and would love to preserve it—just as the more fervent New Dealers in the U.S. often seemed to have the secret hope that the depression mentality of the '30s, source of their power and excuse for their experiments, would never end.

Even in the U.S. there have been incidents which make the world of Orwell's 1984 seem like the obvious end product of trends already at work. Some of the most dedicated

of the U.S. proponents of the welfare state—Henry Wallace being one—have appeared almost as remote from their followers, and almost as determined to remake mankind into a new pattern regardless of man's own wishes, as Oceania's Big Brother. The do-good psychology has taken some queer and ominous forms. There was the time, for example, when Mayor LaGuardia of New York, battling the bookmakers with any weapon at hand, urged the city's children to write to him about any father who played the horses. Gambling is often an evil, but never such an evil as turning babies into Thought Police against their parents, whether as Spies for a Big Brother or as stool pigeons for a Little Flower. The reader should take note that Orwell does not exempt the U.S. when he writes, "By the fourth decade of the 20th Century all the main currents of political thought were authoritarian."

In fact Orwell's book is not so notable for its imagination as for its relentless logic. "Humanitarian idealism," even as it has been perverted in our own time, can lead us to Orwellian horror. As students of the history and perils of human freedom will note, there is nothing in Orwell's world of 1984 except the threats of today carried to their ultimate conclusion. For example, the matter of the continual, never-ending warfare which Oceania wages in 1984, to the great detriment of its citizens. This may seem like fantasy, but it has been known for a long time by political philosophers that the absolute planned state, regardless of its original motives, can exist only in preparation for or in conduct of war. (The best layman's exposition of this fact, Walter Lippmann's *The Good Society*, was published as far back as 1936.)

There is one other danger in Orwell's book, which is that, like all satire, it offers no alternative. Too many readers, feeling the physical revulsion that any sensitive man must experience when finishing the last paragraph, may decide that Orwell's message is like the one propounded by Jonathan Swift in his story of the Yahoos in another bitter satire called *Gulliver's Travels*—namely that men are essentially bad and that there is no hope for the world. This is not true. There is a defense against the world of 1984—against the dictators, the regimenters, the left-wing totalitarians, against all the ambitious men who wish to impose their will on others. The defense is simple and it can be impregnable.

In a moment of rebellion the hero of Orwell's novel writes in his diary, "Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four." This is a meager description, as it must be, coming from a man who has been cut off from the philosophy and religion of the past. Yet it is not a bad description at that. If men continue to believe in such facts as can be tested and to reverence the spirit of truth in seeking greater knowledge, they can never be fully enslaved. If in addition they will fight for their freedom to worship God, to love a woman, to cherish an ill child, to stand up for the dignity of man and man's humanity to man, then the evil world of Orwell's 1984 can never come to pass.



HUMAN CHART at Westinghouse Electric's East Pittsburgh plant shows what 1949 U.S. college graduates are up against. Group at right represents 620 graduates hired by

Westinghouse talent scouts last year; smaller group at left represents 270 trainees hired this spring. With its postwar expansion largely completed, firm had fewer jobs to offer.



GUSSY'S LACE PANTIES

Several thousand pairs of British eyes blinked in surprise last week when Gertrude ("Gussy") Moran, most glamorous tennis star in the U.S., showed up for Wimbledon's championships in a costume featuring lace-edged panties. Gussy wanted something "to make me look more feminine." But, lace panties and all, Gussy left the court after the third round, beaten by China-born Gem Hoahing.



NATIONALISTS AND COMMUNISTS are both seen in this picture. The Nationalist park bench roadblock is at top left, Communist sandbag emplacement is at bottom right. The Soviet consulate is just over the trees from the Nationalist roadblock. The picture was made by taking two exposures, then joining them.

THE BATTLE FOR THE BUND

Enemy front lines of China war appear in one picture

The photograph above, which finally arrived in the U.S. last week, is one of the most dramatic pictures to come out of the Chinese civil war. It shows both front lines during the battle that was fought when the Communists arrived at Shanghai's riverfront avenue known as The Bund.

The Battle for The Bund came when the Communists believed they had captured all of Shanghai. Already most Nationalist soldiers had poured out through the city's gates. Then, as Communist squads filtered down The Bund they were stopped by machine gun bullets. From a roadblock stretching across the car tracks beside a park (*top left*), a Nationalist rear guard kept firing down the broad street. The Communists took refuge behind a small warehouse (*bottom right*) and occasionally one ducked across the street (*bottom left*). The battle went on for two days, until the Nationalists realized defense was hopeless and surrendered.

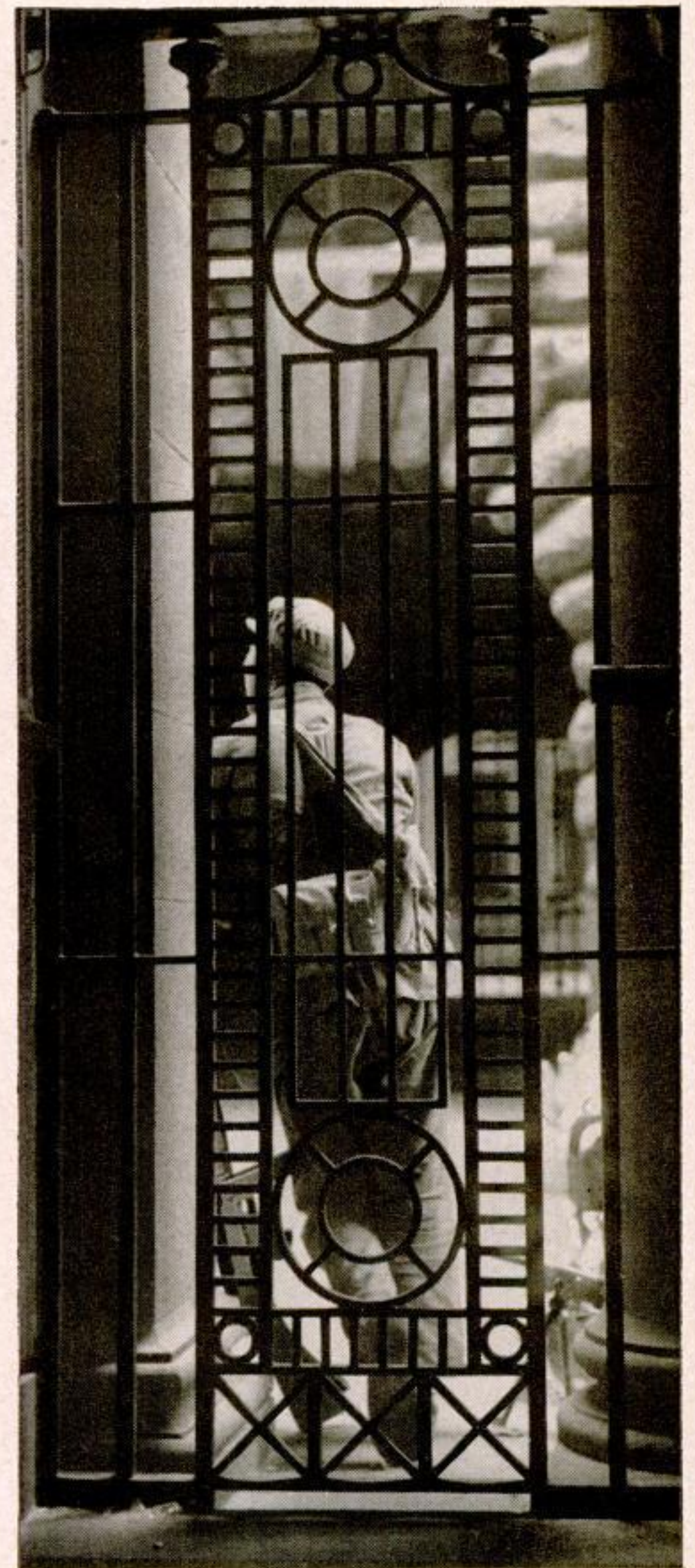
Among the buildings closed by the Battle for The Bund were the consulates of the U.S. (pictures at right), Great Britain and Soviet Russia, all situated within a few yards of the shooting. When the battle was over, Communist troops guarded their doors. Last week the calm that came with the end of the battle was shattered when the Nationalist government declared a blockade of the east China coast, sent planes to raid Shanghai.





U.S. FLAG GOES UP at American consulate while armed Communist guard stands by. The building was in the middle of no man's land for two

days with 90 people trapped inside. Consul-General John Cabot (from Boston) got a black eye when he stumbled into his mantelpiece in the darkness.



AT CONSULATE DOOR Communist soldier takes refuge from bullets of Nationalist snipers in midst of battle.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE DROUGHT WHICH DEHYDRATED NEW YORK STATE, DUCKS RETREAT TO THE LAST MOIST SPOT IN A DRIED-UP POND ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF



STRANGE HAIRCUT nearly caused Richard Houseknecht of Batavia, N.Y. to graduate from school in private. He joined classmates when hair grew back in time.



YOUNG HECKLER, protesting Thomas Dewey's sober behavior (he wore no cowboy hat) at the governors' conference, tries to embarrass him with weird false teeth.



MISSING THE BOAT, Judith McLean, 8, would-be christener, flings her beribboned bottle of champagne into water beside bow of new vessel in Portland, Maine.



BUFFALO TO KEEP THEIR FEET FROM BEING SCORCHED



CONGRESSIONAL PUGILISTS Adolph Sabath, 83 (Ill., right), and E.E. Cox, 69 (Ga.), victims of Washington heat, make peace after staging fist fight in the House.



PARCHED TURTLE crawls up the drain trough of a backyard pump in Lakewood, N.J. while 3-year-old Ania Erdman vainly tugs at the handle to start water flowing.

DOG DAYS ARRIVE EARLY

Duck ponds dry up, coats come off and congressmen start a fist fight

Throughout the U.S. people felt like Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego. A month-long drought settled on New England. Long Island farmers figured that their potato crop had been cooked in the ground. In New Jersey, the Garden State, \$10 million worth of vegetables withered. Hundreds of people collapsed with heat prostration or heart attacks.

Sweat poured down millions of faces and soaked through millions of shirts. It seemed to erode the veneer of gentility that covers the population in pleasant weather, occasionally revealing the beast inside. People snarled and snapped at each other. A nice,

quiet little girl in Rotten Log Hollow, Colo. puts some nasty false teeth in her mouth and leered at Thomas E. Dewey, who was guilty of no offense at all. Two fine, upstanding congressmen started swinging at each other on the floor of the House.

Decorum went all to pot. Louis Johnson stomped around the Washington airport in his shirtsleeves. Everywhere the thermometer rose and the sweat poured. The summer was only a few days old, and already the beast below the surface was so far exposed that it would take an enormous amount of coolness to get it discreetly covered up again by Labor Day.



IN HIS SHIRTSLEEVES in the 87° heat of Washington airport, Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson is surprised (left) by President Truman and Attorney General Tom Clark, who like Johnson have come out to greet Dean Acheson on his return from the



Foreign Ministers' meeting in Paris. Embarrassed, Johnson hurriedly puts on his hat and coat (center), saying, "If the boys are going to take pictures, we've got to be formal." Fully dressed (right), he waits with a parboiled look for Acheson's plane to arrive.





MALENKOV HAS DEVELOPED JOWLS, BUT HE IS STILL ONE OF THE POLITBURO'S HARDEST WORKERS

WILL MALENKOV SUCCEED STALIN?

For years the world's most fascinating political question has been: who will succeed to Stalin's power? Last week reporting from just outside the Iron Curtain, the *New York Times's* Correspondent Cyrus L. Sulzberger nominated a strong candidate: paunchy, agate-eyed Georgi Maximilianovitch Malenkov.

Malenkov came up along the hard road of Communist party politics. At 17 he was a Red army soldier fighting in the Civil War. At 18 he joined the party and soon became a high-ranking political commissar in the army. Loyal and ruthless as required, he was trusted to check the loyalty of other Red soldiers. In his early 20s, Malenkov attracted the eye of Stalin, who made him his private secretary. Quietly but steadily Malenkov rose from one party job to another. His forte was personnel, organization, party discipline. Shortly before World War II the rising Malenkov's course ran into that of Andrei Zhdanov, a party leader so close to Stalin that he came to be called "the crown prince." The two learned to fear each other and through the years kept pushing aside others. During World War II, when Stalin was preoccupied as commander-in-chief, Malenkov took over most of the job of party organization, managed many a war plant. He even had a special rubber stamp so he could sign Stalin's name to orders. But Zhdanov seemed to hold his advantage until 1948, just before he suddenly died. Since

Zhdanov's death, Malenkov has been purging Zhdanov men from the party.

Today Malenkov is a member of the three most important bodies in the party, the Politburo, the Orgburo (the party's organizing branch) and the Secretariat. Zhdanov followers found out how great Malenkov's powers were when they rashly attacked a geneticist he favored, one Trofim Lysenko, who had called the Mendelian law unacceptable. They were forced to recant and mend their ways. Even Zhdanov's son Yuri, a science propagandist for the party, was forced to apologize for doubting Lysenko. This year, in a new Russian movie glorifying the Battle of Stalingrad, one of the real military heroes, General Zhukov, now fallen from grace, does not appear. A highly exaggerated portion of the cinema glory goes to Malenkov, who was a party morale builder at Stalingrad.

Malenkov's power is that of a competent politician. He knows more about the party than anyone except Stalin. Most of the party follows him out of selfish necessity. Observers do not, however, assume that Molotov has been sidetracked, even though Molotov is 59 and Malenkov is 47. Molotov may succeed to some of Stalin's power. But a historic parallel is possible. When Stalin was forcing Trotsky aside to capture Lenin's power, Stalin's great strength was that of the party boss. The man who wields the equivalent power today is Malenkov.



JUST BEHIND STALIN he carries coffin in Kalinin funeral. At left is Molotov.

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a **TREAT** instead
of a **TREATMENT**
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Old Golds





Fine Blended Whiskey. 90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., N.Y.

Wouldn't you rather drink Four Roses?

LIFE

CONGRATULATES...



CAPTAIN EDWARD HATCH

Crash-landing his burning ship on the edge of a pea patch in Tennessee, this American Airlines pilot was so skillful that not one of the 43 passengers aboard was killed.



MRS. ESTES KEFAUVER

The wife of the Democratic senator from Tennessee was awarded a prize in the amateur class in the show sponsored by the Institute of Contemporary Art in Washington. At the exhibition, which was held in a local fruit-and-vegetable market, proud little Eleanor Kefauver, 7, who was the subject of the winning portrait, accepted the prize while her mother stood by.



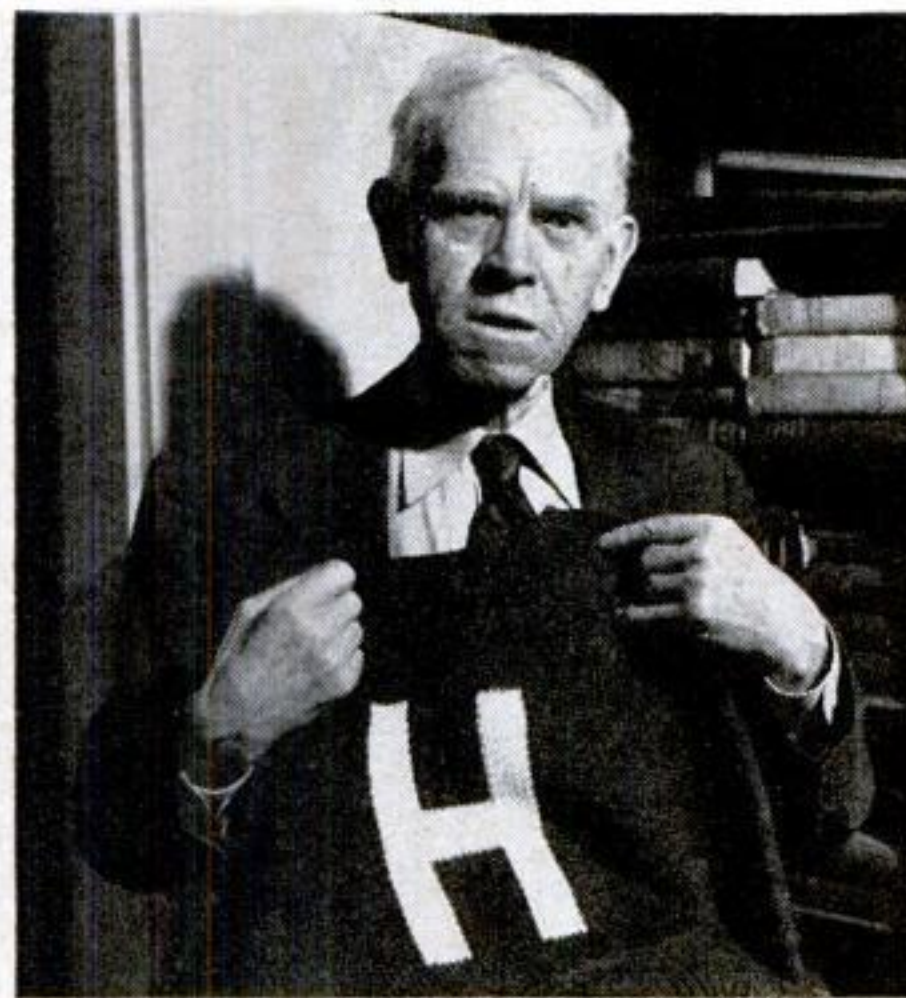
LOUIS BOY

Sing Sing Prison officials revealed that Mr. Boy, serving a life term, was the man who risked his life last month by exchanging 18 pints of his blood with a leukemia victim.



EMMA MILLER

Wearing the traditional smock and bonnet of her sect, this 11-year-old Amish girl displayed an incongruous knack with the mibs and shot her way to the National Girls' Marble Championship in a tournament at Asbury Park, N.J.



JAMES CONNOLLY

In 1896 he quit Harvard to compete in Olympics at Athens, where he won the hop, step and jump. Last week, considerably more than a hop, step and jump past his athletic days at 80, he was given a varsity H at his 50th class reunion.



BILLIE BURKE

The veteran actress (62) was on a tour of U.S. department stores, signing copies of a fast-selling autobiography *With a Feather on My Nose*. Said she, "There must be something to do about getting old besides hacking away at your face."



PAUL GRINDLE

He told a reporter from New York *Herald Tribune* how a Washington "Five Percenter" took fees to get businessmen government contracts, set off four investigations.



JOE PALOOKA AND ANN HOWE

After an 18-year engagement, during which the McNaught Syndicate's Cartoonist Ham Fisher invented one obstacle after another to keep them apart, Joe and his comic-strip sweetheart, Ann Howe, were married on June 24. In honor of the occasion Fisher—who regards them as his own flesh and blood—sent out a swarm of handsomely engraved invitations.



MRS. PERLE MESTA

After considerable party-giving and money-raising for Truman, she was named minister to Luxembourg. Said the New York *Daily News*, "LUCKY GOIL, THAT POIL."

extra flavor!
extra fizz!
extra full!

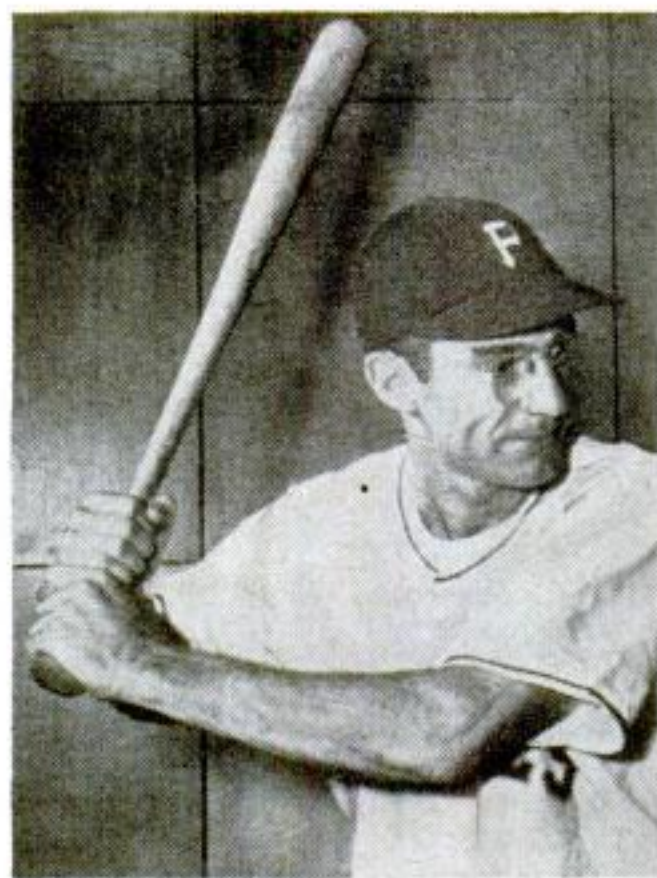


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Clicquot Club
(pronounced KLEEK-O)
in the
honest full quart



get more
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Get Clicquot Club — 4 ounces more than many so-called "big" bottles. Get America's famous flavor-aged ginger ale... America's livelier, longer-lasting sparkling water. Get more of the finest for your money!



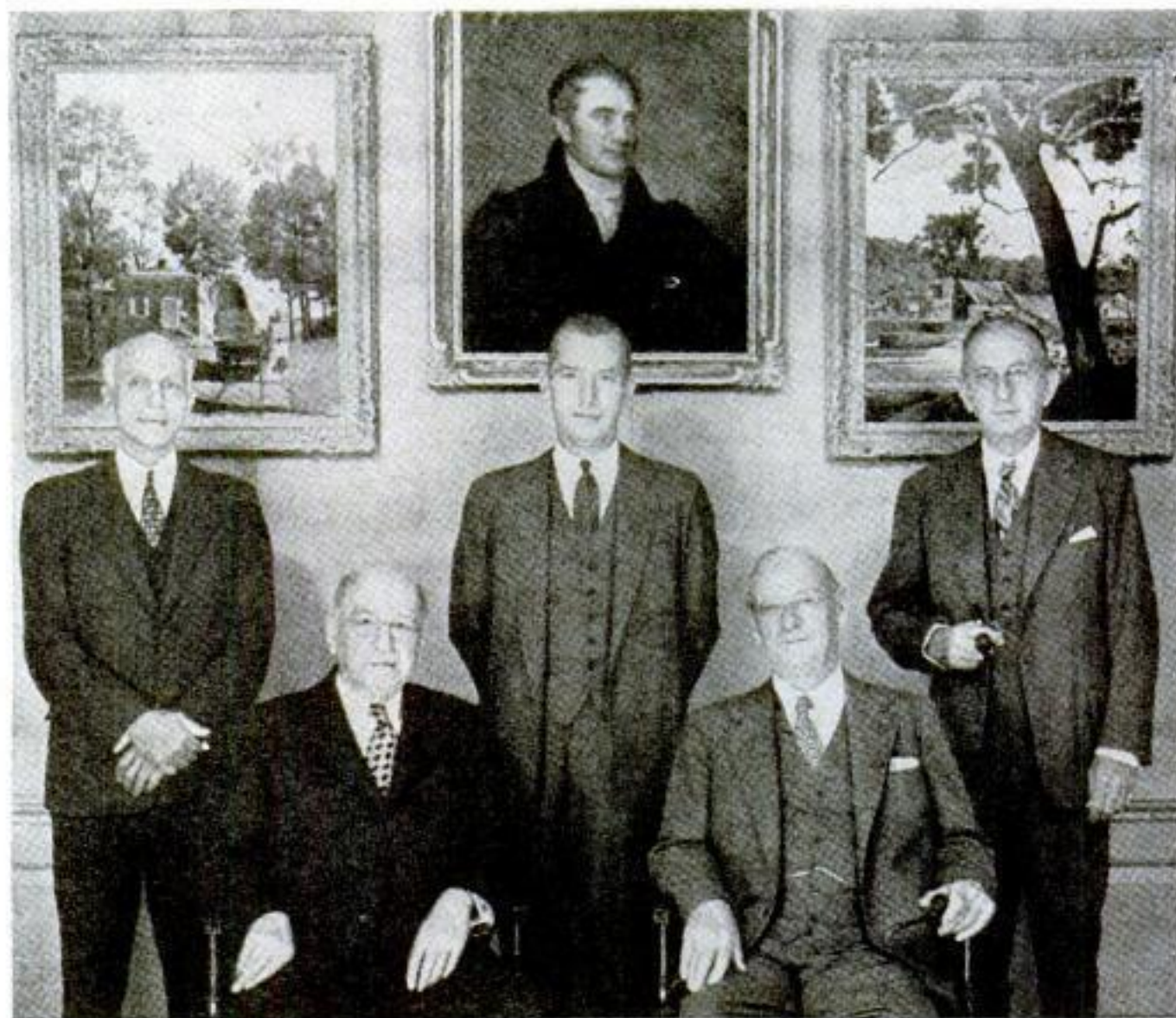
DINO RESTELLI

In the first 10 games after he came to the Pittsburgh Pirates from the Pacific Coast League, he astounded his teammates and opponents alike by walloping six home runs.



CAPTAIN DON GENTILE

The much-decorated World War II pilot who destroyed 30 enemy planes registered in June as a student at University of Maryland, to take course in military science.



FIVE DU PONT PRESIDENTS

The president and four ex-presidents of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Co., largest chemical company in the world, sat for a group portrait. Seated at left is Pierre S. du Pont (1915-19). Beside him is Irénée du Pont (1919-26). Standing (left to right) are Walter S. Carpenter (1940-48), Crawford Greenewalt (1948-) and Lamont du Pont (1926-40).



CLARA BOW

The "It" girl of silent films, who looked like this in the '20s, took a modest step out of retirement at 44 to play in *Personal Appearance* next month in Santa Fe, N. Mex.



MARLENE DIETRICH

She got the Order of Artistic Merit from the mayor of Montmartre, and at the Tiara Ball she appeared with it on a Dior dress, where most people would eventually notice it.

You'll Get A
BANG
Out'a these

Authentic
Western
Denims
for Boys

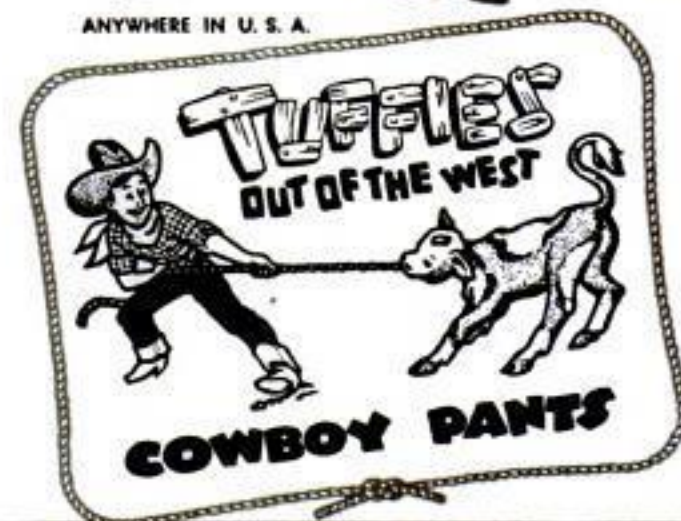


NOW with ZIPPERS—Made of tough 8-oz., Sanforized denim, Tuffies Out Of The West are copper riveted, double-stitched with heavy orange thread and have inside swinging pockets.

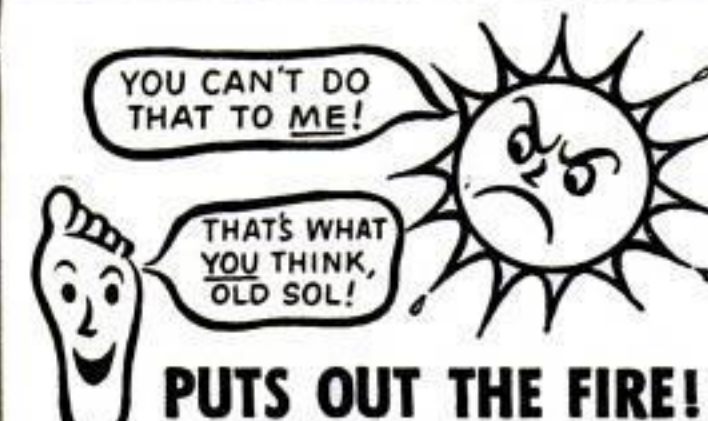
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20" to 32" WAIST
SIZES 5-12 with DOUBLE KNEE

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LAXATIVE STRENGTH!**

**ONLY SUNSWEET
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DUE TO NEW "C-L PROCESS"*

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Now—in Sunsweet Prune Juice only—every delicious glassful has the same laxative potency. Pure, delicious prune juice, still a 100% natural product!

SAME DELICIOUS FLAVOR!

**SUNSWEET
PRUNE
JUICE**



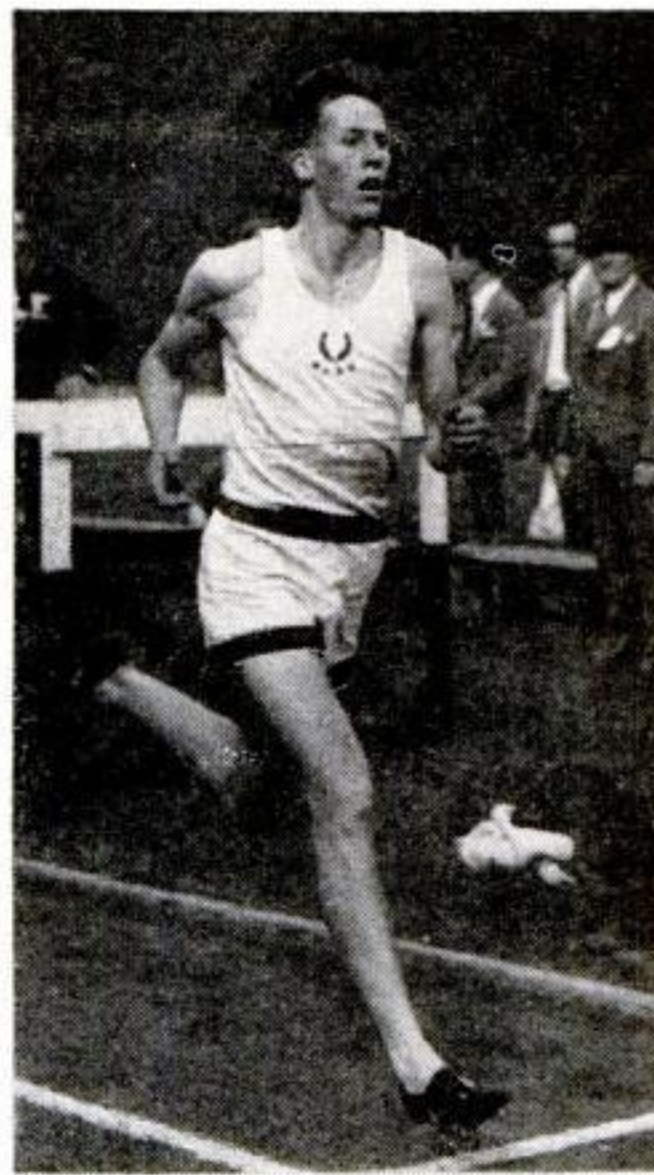
as prepared and distributed by the makers of
MOTT'S FINE FRUIT PRODUCTS

*The laxative potency of Sunsweet Prune Juice is standardized by the "C-L Process," which was developed and is owned by the Duffy-Mott Company, Inc.



RUSSELL KLIPPLE

His sheep dog Captivator Tam o' Shanter set a new world record by making two perfect scores in obedience trials before two of nation's best judges at Hackensack, N.J.



ROGER BANNISTER

Running the mile for an Oxford-Cambridge team which beat Yale-Harvard, Oxonian Bannister won in 4:11.9, lowering meet record set by Oxonian Jack Lovelock (1933).



HELEN HAYES'S CHILDREN

In a straw-hat theater at Olney, Md. the two children of Actress Helen Hayes and Playwright Charles MacArthur got some help from an illustrious handywoman—their mother (right). Mary MacArthur, 19, appeared last week in *Night Must Fall*; James, 11, made debut the week before in *The Corn Is Green* and received a hatful of promising notices.



BERLIN

Berlin Mayor Ernst Reuter designated a street marker which will honor former U.S. military governor of the city. "Allee" in this case is not "alley" but "avenue."



PARIS

Five years after General LeClerc led a French division into Paris in the spearhead of the liberating Allied troops, the Avenue d'Orleans was given a new name in his honor.



*The finest in their
chosen fields*

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NEVER-STAIN**
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ALUMINUM NAILS

A nail doesn't belong in a jewelry box, to be sure. But NEVER-STAIN Aluminum Nails represent as permanent an investment as the diamond you so carefully select. When you insist on NEVER-STAIN Aluminum Nails for your home, you are wisely protecting siding, roofing and plastering against unsightly rust streaks and stains. You are safeguarding against expensive repainting so often necessitated by stain from ordinary nails.

NEVER-STAIN Aluminum Nails more than pay for themselves in other important ways. They eliminate counter-sinking and puttying—a \$50 to \$60 added expense when ordinary nails are used. They also have great holding power because they are etched from head to tip.

Remember the name NEVER-STAIN—new protection and perfection in nails! NEVER-STAIN Aluminum Nails are available in various types and sizes to meet specific requirements.



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SALON-SAFE FOR HAIR THAT LACKS "BODY" SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

Here's a new, gentler home wave that's safe for even the soft, fine-textured hair that lacks "body"! Yet this home wave is efficient enough to give strong, deep, luxurious waves that really stay in and hold up!

It's the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent! With it, you use the same sort of preparations...even the same improved cold wave process found gentlest and best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, cream waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!

There isn't a more luxurious, softer, more natural-looking home wave for any head! Price, \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50. (Prices plus Tax.)



HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!*

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Quicker by far—saves ½ hour or more per permanent.
3. Easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Doesn't dry hair or split ends; includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

Just follow the crystal clear directions for the simplest, easiest, most successful home permanent ever.



JUST BEFORE THE RIOT NEGROES AND WHITES SWIM TOGETHER IN POOL

RACE RIOT IN ST. LOUIS

It is caused by mixed swimming in city pools

In St. Louis, where the Dred Scott case was tried, the cause of racial tolerance seemed to be looking up last week. A Negro police judge took office for the first time, and the *Post-Dispatch* hired its first Negro reporter. But when the city opened all of its swimming pools to Negroes on June 21 for the first time in history, progress stopped. That afternoon police had to escort 40 Negro swimmers through a wall of 200 sullen whites at the Fairground Park pool. After nightfall bands of white hoodlums took off after any Negroes found anywhere near the park, beating and kicking them (*opposite*). It was 2 a.m. before police got things under control. Miraculously nobody was killed, but 15 persons were hospitalized, 10 of them Negroes. It was St. Louis' first serious race riot, and it underscored the inflexibility of the color-line barrier dramatized by the movie *Lost Boundaries* (pp. 64-66). Mayor Joseph Darst quickly took what for practical reasons was perhaps the only possible action. Segregation was restored to St. Louis swimming pools.



WOUNDED WHITE, Roland Erbar, 20, stabbed in the chest, is surrounded by crowd. Teen-agers made up a surprisingly large percentage of the rioters.



NEGRO IS KICKED by a white rioter as he lies on the ground. Even 400 policemen were unable to keep up with the riot; every time they succeeded in quelling one disturb-

ance, a hoodlum would yell "There's a nigger" and it would start all over again. Police feared consequences of mass arrests, booked only eight persons, seven of them injured.

**Never neglect a
scraped knee**



The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance!

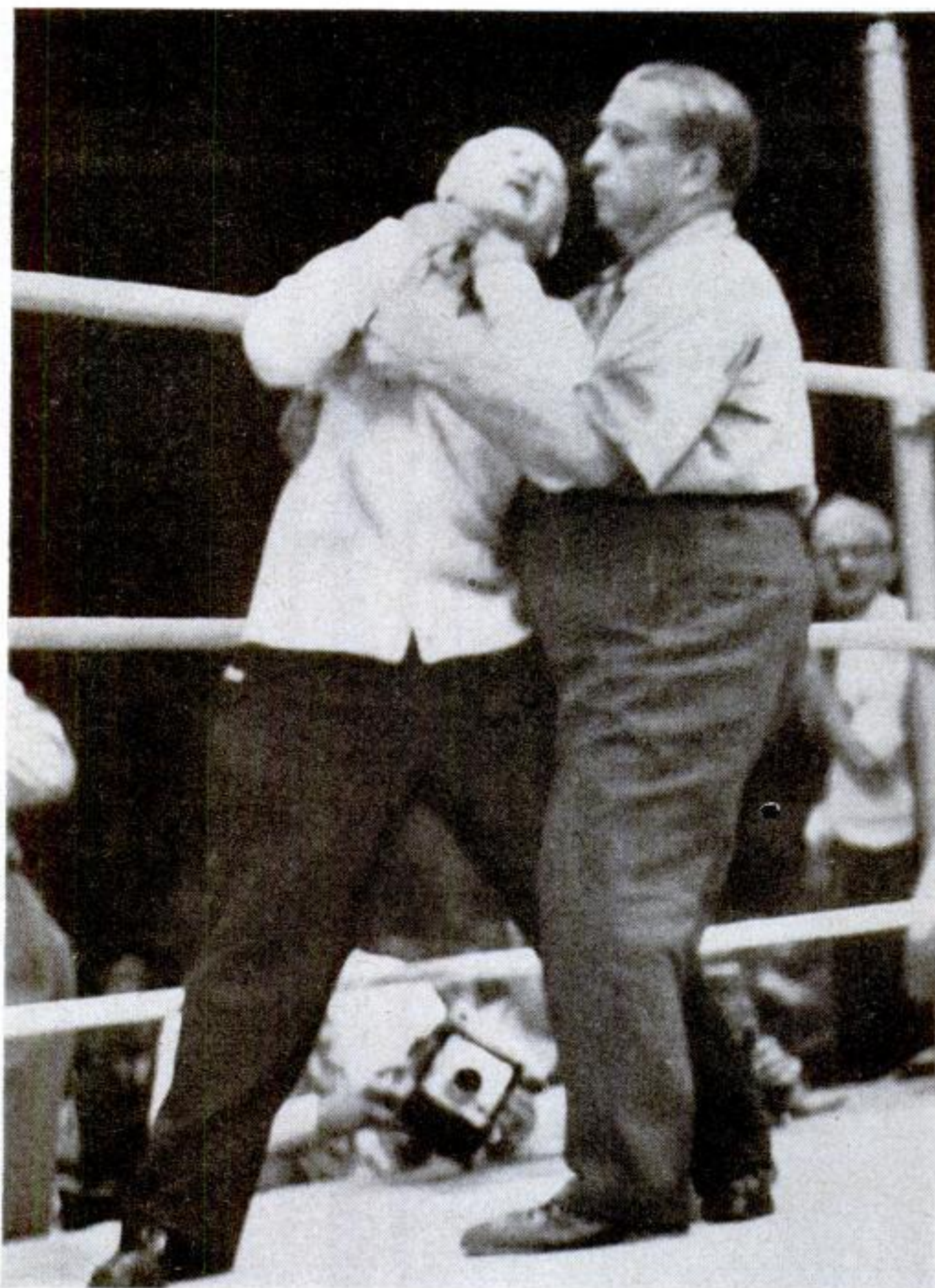
Always use BAND-AID,* the adhesive bandage that *always* comes to you individually wrapped, 100% sterile.

Caution: Not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID. And only BAND-AID brings you Johnson & Johnson dependability.

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*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.



CLUTCHING HIS THROAT, MINTZ FALLS INTO ARMS OF FIGHT REFEREE

JAKE TAKES THE COUNT

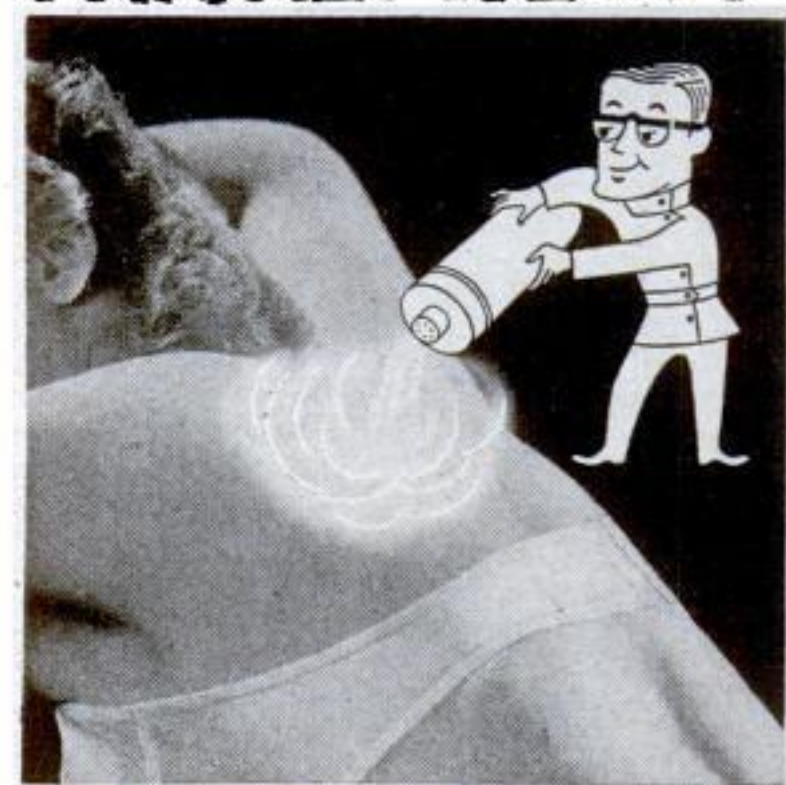
New champ's manager faints as he gets decision

The most exciting moments of the heavyweight-championship fight between Ezzard Charles and Joe Walcott in Chicago on June 22 are shown in the pictures on this page, in which neither of the fighters appears. During the announcement of the judges' individual decisions, following one of the duller heavyweight fights in history, the realization that his meal ticket was about to be proclaimed world champion was too much for Charles's manager, Jake Mintz. He grasped his throat (above), his legs buckled and down he went to the canvas in a finer display of everyday histrionics than had been seen in the ring all evening.



MINTZ SNIFFS SMELLING SALTS. FIGHTERS NEEDED NO SUCH ATTENTION

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**Get FAST RELIEF with
this MEDICATED Powder!**

No unmedicated powder can relieve burning prickly heat as Ammens Powder does!

For Ammens contains three famous medicinal ingredients—gives 3-way medicated skin care: (1) Medicated relief. (2) Medicated protection. (3) Medicated comfort. Soothing and comforting. Promotes healing by helping to protect tender skin against irritation. So soft, it cushions against chafing. Absorbs extra moisture. For medicated skin care, get Ammens Powder today. No luxury tax.



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AWAY WITH

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**ACID
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due to ordinary sluggishness



Whenever you're headachy, sluggish, or sour because of acid indigestion—quick—take sparkling Eno! You'll promptly help neutralize excess stomach acid, ease "full feeling" overnight!

When you wake, take Eno as a quick-acting laxative. It offers positive, yet gentle relief! Used by millions. At all druggists—buy!

- 1 ANTACID—relieves sourness, gas and heartburn promptly.
- 2 LAXATIVE—to relieve temporary sluggishness quickly, take before breakfast when needed.
- 3 PLEASANT—as a glass of sparkling, bubbly soda water!



Take
Good-tasting **ENO**

Kodak



Holidays last longer in snapshots

Whether it brings a day at the beach, or a picnic in the country, or a get-together with the folks—your next holiday will be a time to store up memories in snapshots!

Snapshots stretch the enjoyment of *every* occasion. Have your camera ready, and two or three extra rolls of Kodak Film on hand . . . Remember, the snapshots you'll want tomorrow, *you must take today!*

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You get the picture with Kodak Film...the film in the familiar yellow box

For black-and-white snapshots—
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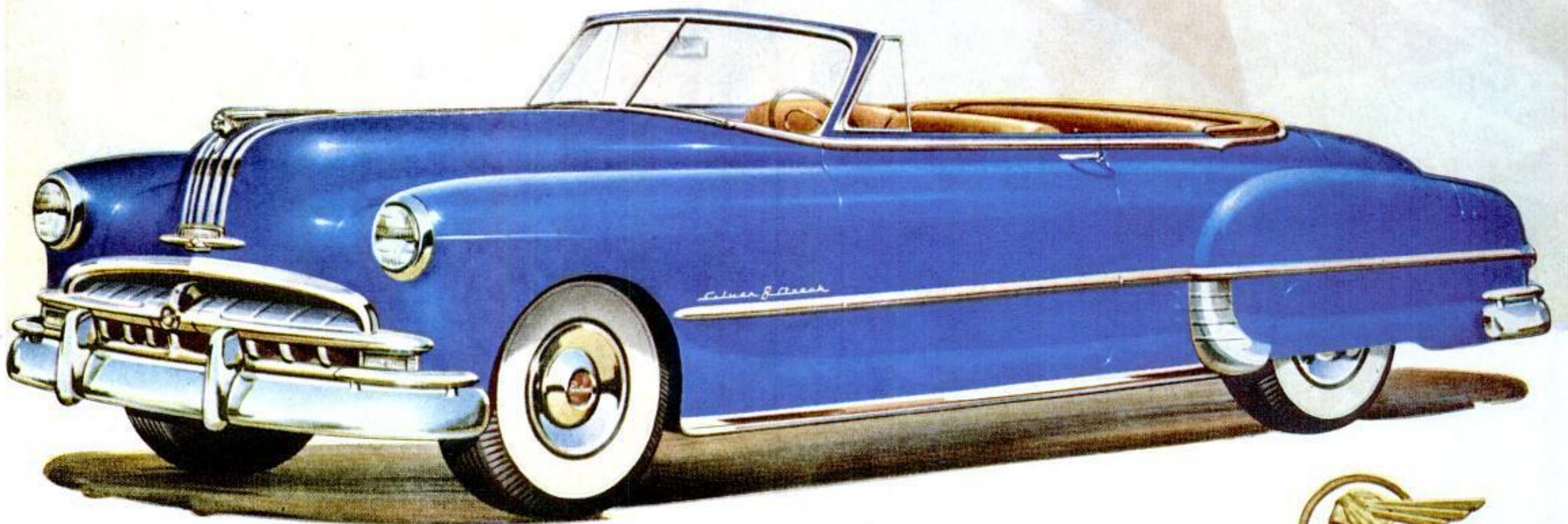


For full-color snapshots—
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LISA KIRK singing star in the Broadway hit, "Kiss Me, Kate"

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When you make a Sweetheart your own!



What happier day is anyone likely to know than a wedding day—always an occasion of complete joy, a time to be long remembered.

And what finer companion for every happy couple—than a beautiful new 1949 Pontiac? For here, truly, is the perfect car for perfect days.

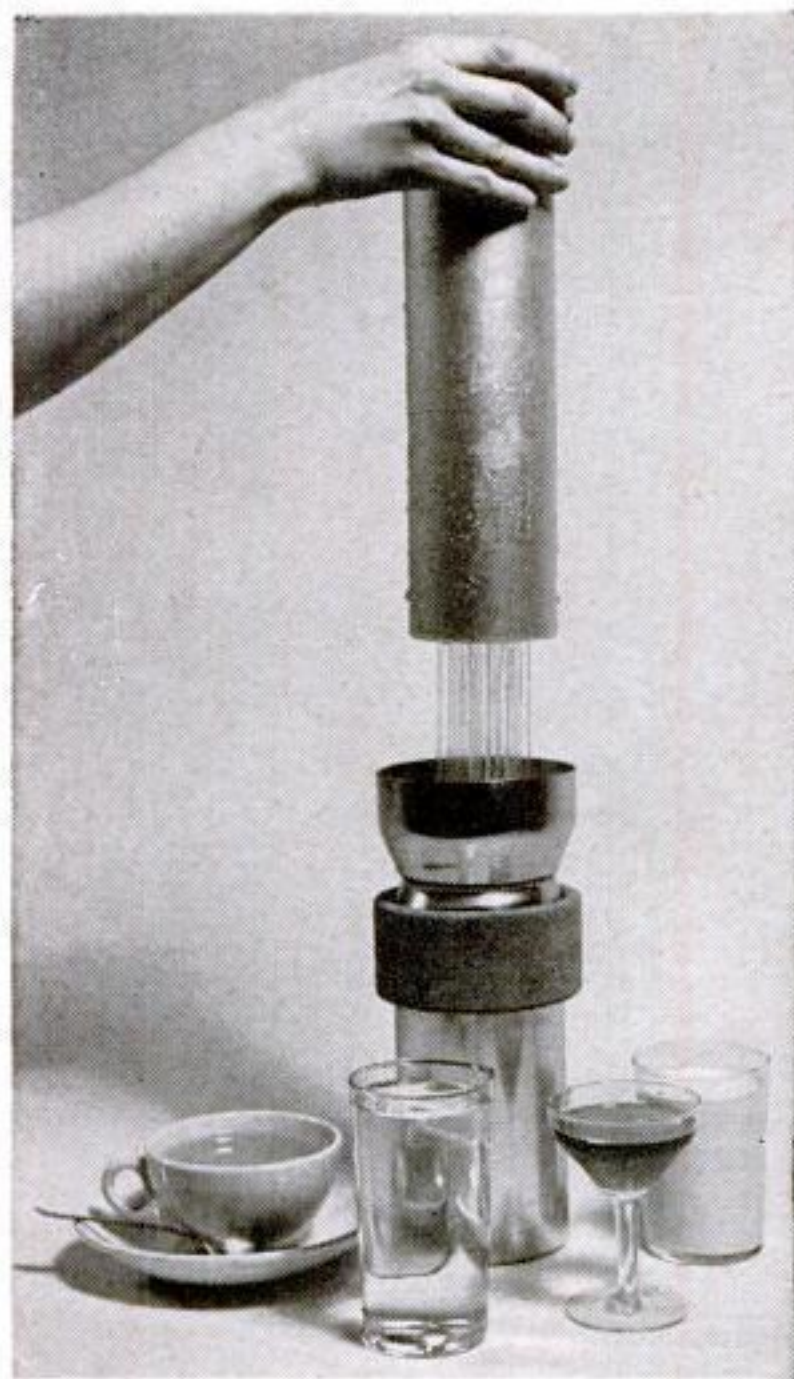
No smarter, more beautiful car will make its appearance before any church or cathedral. And no car will give greater satisfaction and pride to those who own it, than this great new Pontiac.

Even more important, Pontiac will continue to be a fitting and satisfying part of happy hours

and happy miles for a long, long time. For this Pontiac, like all its predecessors, is a car that is destined for a long and busy life.

In every way, the new Pontiac is indeed a sweetheart—why not make it your own? Your local Pontiac dealer will give you all the details.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



TUBADIPDRIP consists of two aluminum tubes, the inner one having a perforated bottom. To make tea, tea leaves are put into the inner tube, which is plunged in and out of the water-filled outer tube. The Tubadipdrip also makes coffee, cocktails, aerates milk or water.



PETER SCHLUMBOHM DISPLAYS HIS WATER KETTLE (LEFT), CIGARET HOLDER AND COFFEE-MAKER

Schlumbohm

Inventing kettles and coffee-makers has made him rich and happy

UPON meeting someone for the first time, Dr. Peter Schlumbohm is fond of explaining that his last name is pronounced "Slum-bum." Announcing this with the resonance of a bass drum, Dr. Schlumbohm will look at his auditor expectantly and then, like as not, beat him to the laugh. He laughs a great deal. Indeed he says his greatest characteristic is "how I am always laughing my way through this world."

This is a gross misstatement. Dr. Schlumbohm's greatest characteristic is that he is something most people at one time or another dream of being: a successful inventor. More than that, he is a man with a well-formulated system for inventing, and he has the patents, inventions and bank account to prove his system works. He holds patents on some 300 inventions, ranging from a propane-fueled motor to a conical garbage can, and he has developed about a dozen into successful products.

The best known and most lucrative of the Schlumbohm inventions

is the Chemex coffee-maker, which brings coffee and hot water together and then filters the result through a cone of chemical filter paper. Well over one million dollars' worth have been sold in the last five years. The Chemex, currently on sale in 3,000 U.S. stores at \$6 for the one-quart size, is a typical bit of Schlumbohmiana since it is handsome (the Museum of Modern Art displayed it as one of the best-designed products in 1943), it makes excellent coffee and consists essentially of chemical laboratory equipment—a chemist's flask, a glass filter and a piece of filter paper. This is not surprising, considering that Schlumbohm spent many years studying chemistry, particularly refrigeration. His most recent invention, which went on sale in New York last month and proved an early success, is a cigaret holder (*p. 36*) which delivers the smoke only after it has passed through cleansing filter paper.

Schlumbohm, who has a fondness for odd names and a certain flair for

No wonder **TARTAN** is America's most popular suntan lotion!

It lets you tan—never burn!*

Just three years ago Tartan was born in the famous laboratories of McKesson & Robbins. In that short time, this amazing suntan lotion has become America's favorite! Here's why. There's just no other suntan lotion like it. It gives you so much more protection. Tartan screens out about 90% of the sun's burning rays—yet admits about 90% of the healthful tanning rays. Delightfully non-greasy too! No wonder it's used by more people than any other suntan lotion!



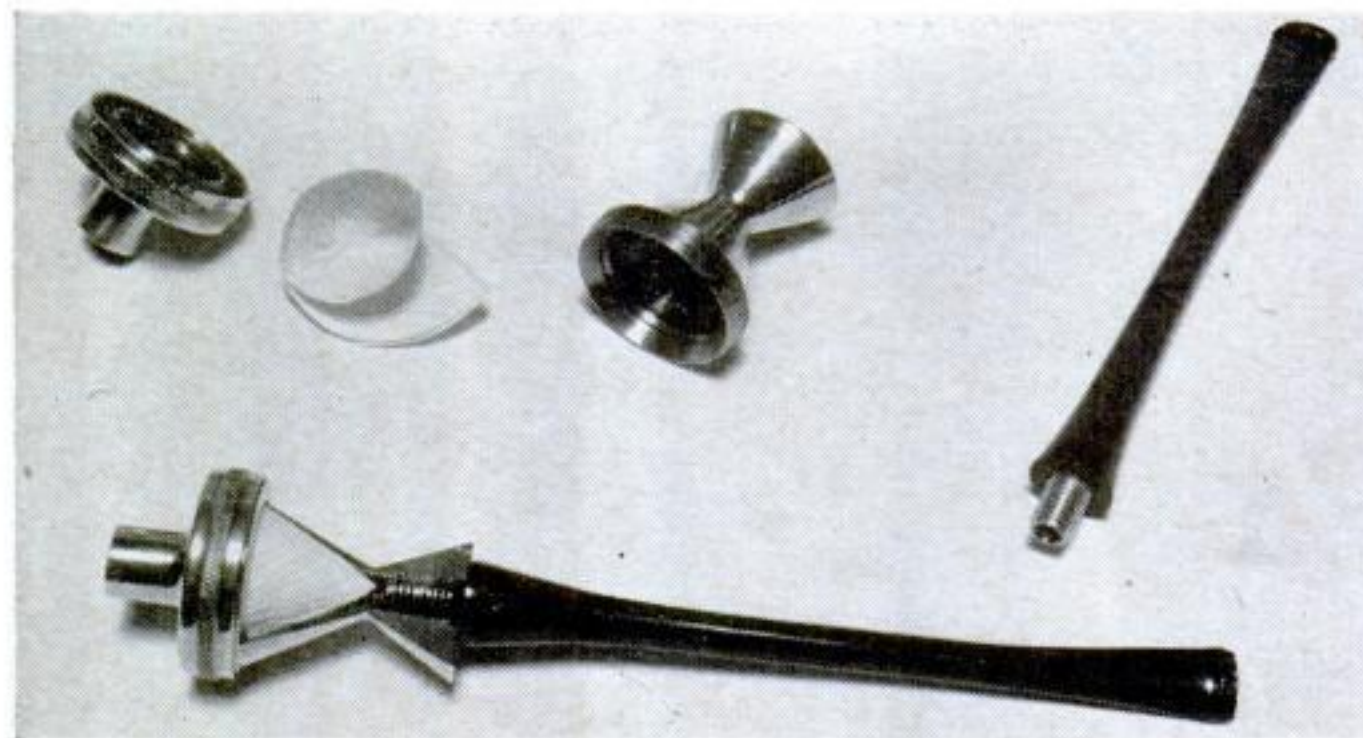
* Apply Tartan over all exposed skin areas, before and after bathing, and frequently enough to offset its removal from the skin due to excessive perspiration.



Suit designed by
Margaret Newman

McKesson & Robbins Products

NEW—TARTAN LIP POMADE! Wonderful for the relief of sun-dried or wind-chapped lips!



CIGARET HOLDER, seen in cutaway model at bottom, is Schlumbohm's newest invention. The smoke passes through a filter paper held in brass cone.

SCHLUMBOHM CONTINUED

inventing descriptive ones, applies the trade name Fahrenheit to many of his inventions. To some of them he has given names like Tubadipdrip (p. 35), Tempot and Minnehaha cocktail shaker, as well as such relatively prosaic names as glass water kettle and bottle cooler. The Tubadipdrip is a tube which both dips and drips in another tube to make tea, coffee, cocktails and other beverages. Minnehaha is a cocktail shaker whose great features, aside from its name (Schlumbohm likes to point out that Minnehaha means laughing water), are that its cork stopper is leak-proof, yet comes off easily, and that its stirrer is a polo ball on a stick—for no other reason than that Schlumbohm was able to get a good price on polo balls, which are ideally suited to the purpose. The Tempot is a heavily insulated 4½-gallon jar containing three covered aluminum dishes which rest on top of each other. It is, among other things, an unmechanical washing machine (Dr. Schlumbohm says that clothes soaked overnight in it at constant temperature practically clean themselves), an ice-cube vault, a humidifier, hot-food preserver and foot bath. Since it retailed at \$125, only 20 Tempots were made, and they are no longer in production. "They were too expensive," says their inventor airily. "I looked upon it all as just a little design of joy."

There is one thing that all Schlumbohm designs, joyous or not, have in common: they are extraordinarily handsome, endowed with something of the pure mathematical beauty of the laboratory flask. An example is the Schlumbohm water kettle, which is unconventional yet completely functional, and pleasing to the eye.

The ideas sometimes come at 3 a.m.

THE author of all these marvels is a self-confessed "vertical trust" who, from the very first glimmering of an idea through all its tests and development into the final commercial product, controls everything. Dr. Schlumbohm is not the inspired type of inventor, to whom a new idea reveals itself in one blinding flash, nor the patient tinkerer who works away in a backyard workshop. He is the kind who perceives a problem and logically sets about finding a solution that will be efficient, handsome and profitable. Occasionally these solutions occur at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning as he broods over a late bottle of champagne in a favorite restaurant. At such times he has no compunction about going to the phone and routing out an executive of one of the several companies which do his manufacturing to discuss the possibility of blowing a new glass design. More often, however, Schlumbohm first supplies some workman with a rough sketch of what he has in mind, gets one made up and then tinkers with it in his small bachelor apartment in New York's Murray Hill area.

This is a pleasantly unconventional place where everything of importance is neatly filed away in a filing cabinet—shirts in one drawer, burgundy in another, phonograph records in another. Here Schlumbohm ponders his ideas, usually with a slide rule. When a design proves itself and looks right, he has a draftsman draw up blueprints. He farms out the manufacture of the various components to such companies as Alcoa and Corning Glass. They are then assembled by eight strong-backed women in a small factory in lower Manhattan. Dr. Schlumbohm does all his own selling, writes his own advertisements, direction leaflets and brochures and even types out his own patent applications—one draft only, since he refuses to make a mistake.

This sounds like a very busy life. It is really a leisurely one. Dr. Schlumbohm rises late and, when he has no business appointment,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

Re **FRESH**ing!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

The
ORIGINAL
of Kellogg



Speaking of cool...

How's frosty milk and berries on crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes? Wonderful! Cool, light, yet nourishing! The favorite, because practically everybody knows Kellogg's Corn Flakes are fresher! In Regular or Family Size!



Choose the one you love the best!
Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep, Rice Krispies,
Bran Flakes, Shredded Wheat, Krumbles, Corn-Soya.

**CORN FLAKES—just one “heat-beater”
in Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE!**

To perk up summer breakfasts, Mother, breeze in with Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE. Cool. Crisp. KELLOGG-FRESH! 10 generous boxes give 7 favorite choices in corn, soya, rice or wheat. Flaked, shredded or popped! The summer-smart way to get your folks eating and loving good grain nourishment. Yes, KELLOGG'S VARIETY is the most popular assortment, because . . .

Mother Knows Best!

Kellogg's



The highlight of twilight



Glenmore's Kentucky Tavern is the only Bottled-in-Bond that has always been made by the same family in the same distillery for three generations... and the Glenmore distillery has made more Kentucky Bourbon than any other distillery. This unmatched experience assures you uniform high quality. That's why...

KENTUCKY TAVERN

© Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

NO OTHER BOND CAN MATCH THAT KENTUCKY TAVERN TASTE

SCHLUMBOHM CONTINUED

spends the first part of his day in his apartment, sometimes working at a new invention. He greatly dislikes ordinary office work, so he seldom goes to his "factory" before 5:00 in the afternoon, when he reads his mail and answers it. He occasionally works into the evening, but more often he departs for dinner at 6 or 7, another day's work done. Since he weighs 225 pounds and eats a light lunch, dinner is something of a rite—New York's restaurants, in fact, are one of the things that drew him to the U.S. and eventual U.S. citizenship.

Schlumbohm was born in Kiel in 1896, the son of a well-to-do German chemical manufacturer. He returned from World War I, in which he became an artillery captain, suffering from the universal postwar malaise and, his father having died, made an agreement with the other beneficiaries of the family estate to waive his claims on it, provided that it support him for as long as he wished to continue his education. There followed eight pleasant years at the University of Berlin, which were terminated only when Schlumbohm somewhat absent-mindedly permitted himself to receive a Ph.D. in chemistry, thus concluding his education and putting an end to his income.

Never one to work himself into a breakdown, it seemed to him that a life of inventing was far more attractive than the regular hours and small pay of a laboratory job. "What," he asked himself, "can humanity not do without?" He presently concluded that humanity could not do without a nitrate of ammonia champagne cooler, and he straightway invented one. It sold by the carload. Other inventions and patents, many involving propane gas and dry ice, followed. So did prosperity.

But in 1931, attracted by America's patent laws, which he regards as the pleasantest in the world from the inventor's point of view, Schlumbohm came to this country. Before coming over, he wrote an American friend of his intention and was sternly warned that there was no money to be made in depression-struck America. On the way over a man on the *Europa* earnestly begged him to take the boat back as soon as it docked. Six weeks later Schlumbohm showed his American adviser checks totaling \$7,000 which he had received for new vacuum bottle designs from the American Thermos Bottle Company.

After 22 years of inventing, Schlumbohm has come to certain conclusions about it. He feels that just seeing the problem to be solved is 20% of the inventive process. Finding a patentable idea that solves it is 40%. Good design ("Eliminate everything that's wrong, and what's left will be right") is 30%, and merchandising is the remaining 10%.

Schlumbohm has found most of his own patentable ideas among the more commonplace items in a chemical lab. He likes to believe, perhaps with some reason, that his various adaptations of these to home use are the talk of an envious chemistry profession.

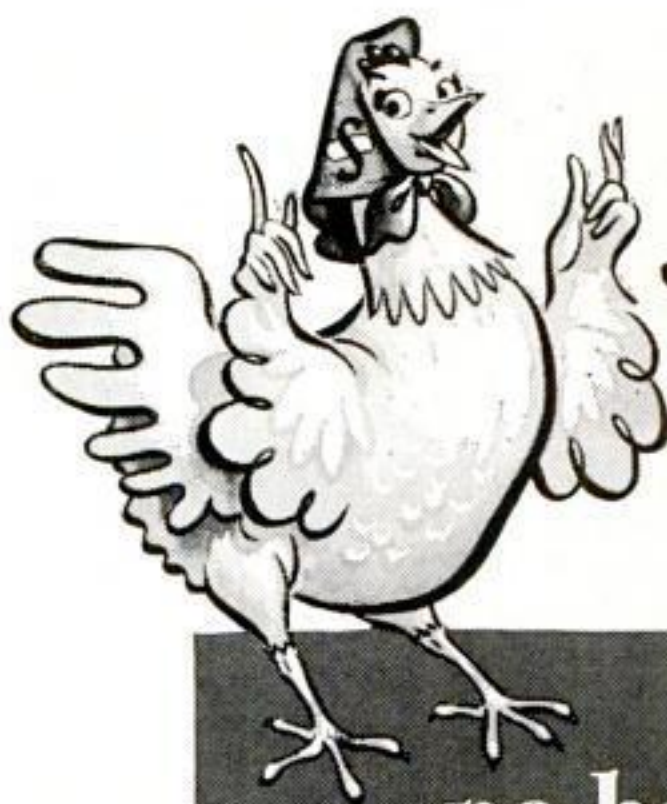
"They were furious when they saw my Chemex coffee-maker," says he of his colleagues. "After all, the filter is one of the most familiar things in a chemical laboratory. They have had five years to think it over, and they still have not thought of my Fahrenheit cigarette holder. 'My God!' they will say, 'that Schlumbohm! What will he do next?'"

—HERBERT BREAN



HIS KITCHEN is Schlumbohm's workroom, living room, ivory tower. Here he spends afternoons reading at his cork-topped table, sipping wine, weighing ideas. In rear are Schlumbohm-designed dish rack, Chemex and garbage pail.

SWANSON



**new easy way
to enjoy Chicken
and Turkey!**

no bones...

ready to serve



C. A. SWANSON & SONS... OMAHA, NEBRASKA

CHICKEN★TURKEY



"EMIGRANT TRAIN," by William Ranney, is an idealized painting of a hopeful family plodding westward in the 1840s across the Great Plains in search of a

green and fertile valley. Many of these settlers were forced to leave their homes in the east by hard times which were brought on by the great depression of 1837.

The Opening of the West

Its dramatic events are vividly told in paintings of the time



TRAPPER, with antelope he killed, was sketched by Alfred J. Miller on trip across the plains in 1837.

To the American citizen in 1800 the western frontier of his country ended abruptly at the Mississippi River. Beyond, the land stretched off in dark and inscrutable mystery. But in 1803 the U.S. bought from the French a vast tract of territory, the Louisiana Purchase, which at one stroke doubled the size of the young republic. To discover what lay in its new acquisition, the government sent out exploring parties under men like Lewis and Clark and Zebulon Pike. They returned with reports of a great desert, towering mountain ranges, poisonous rivers and mile on mile of prairie inhabited only by savages and millions of buffaloes. Then trappers and rough bands of traders pushed overland to the Rockies and poled their boats up the Missouri River and into the Oregon Country. They discovered rich trapping grounds, and soon a thriving fur industry sprang up on the frontier. By 1835 adventurers were pouring West by the hundreds: scientists, missionaries and even professional soldiers from Europe who, bored with a lull in the wars abroad, came looking for excitement.

During the next decade the romantic concept of the West burst into full bloom among the American people. Despite its known hazards they saw it as a land of new hopes, where the valleys were greener and the air sweeter than anywhere else in the world. The most eloquent ambassadors of all were the artists who traveled as illustrators with fur-trading caravans and the scientific expeditions. Their portraits of Indians, war dances, white men's forts, buffalo hunts and majestic landscapes stirred the imaginations of easterners far more than any written accounts. One of the first and most accurate of these painters was a young Swiss named Charles Bodmer. Brought to this country by a German naturalist, Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied, he accompanied the prince on an expedition in 1833 up the Missouri. Stopping at a Minnetaree village, he painted the portrait (opposite) which many consider the finest ever done of an Indian. On the following 11 pages LIFE reproduces the works of other artists who, like Bodmer, not only immortalized the opening of the West, but helped to inspire it.



PEHRISKA-RUHPA, war chief of the Minnetaree tribe which lived on the Dakota plains, was portrayed from life in 1833 in this lithograph by Charles Bodmer. The chief is dressed for the dog dance, a war ceremony in which the per-

formers whipped themselves into a savage frenzy and devoured chunks of raw meat like wild dogs. His headdress is made of owl, raven, magpie and turkey feathers, while the war pipe hanging from his neck is carved from a swan's wing bone.

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"RETREAT," by William Ranney, is typical of flood of dramatic paintings which people everywhere came to associate with the wild West. Trapper at left back-

ground is holding off the attacking Indians while three in center escape with pack horse. Ranney served in Mexican War, did Western scenes from memory.



"PRAIRIE FIRE," also by Ranney, portrays emigrants threatened by approaching flames. Man in center waving torch is scaring off stampeding horses which

might trample the camp. With equipment and horses gone, surviving emigrants were defenseless against hostile Indians who frequently started fires themselves.



"ATTACK ON AN EMIGRANT TRAIN," by Charles Wimar (1855), portrays settlers defending themselves from a stockade formed of their wagons. Wimar

was raised in the West and did some of his earliest paintings on the sides of prairie schooners. He later went to Germany to study and painted this picture there.



"INDIANS PURSUED BY AMERICAN DRAGOONS" was also painted by Wimar while in Germany. Job of U.S. Dragoons was to subdue Indian uprisings,

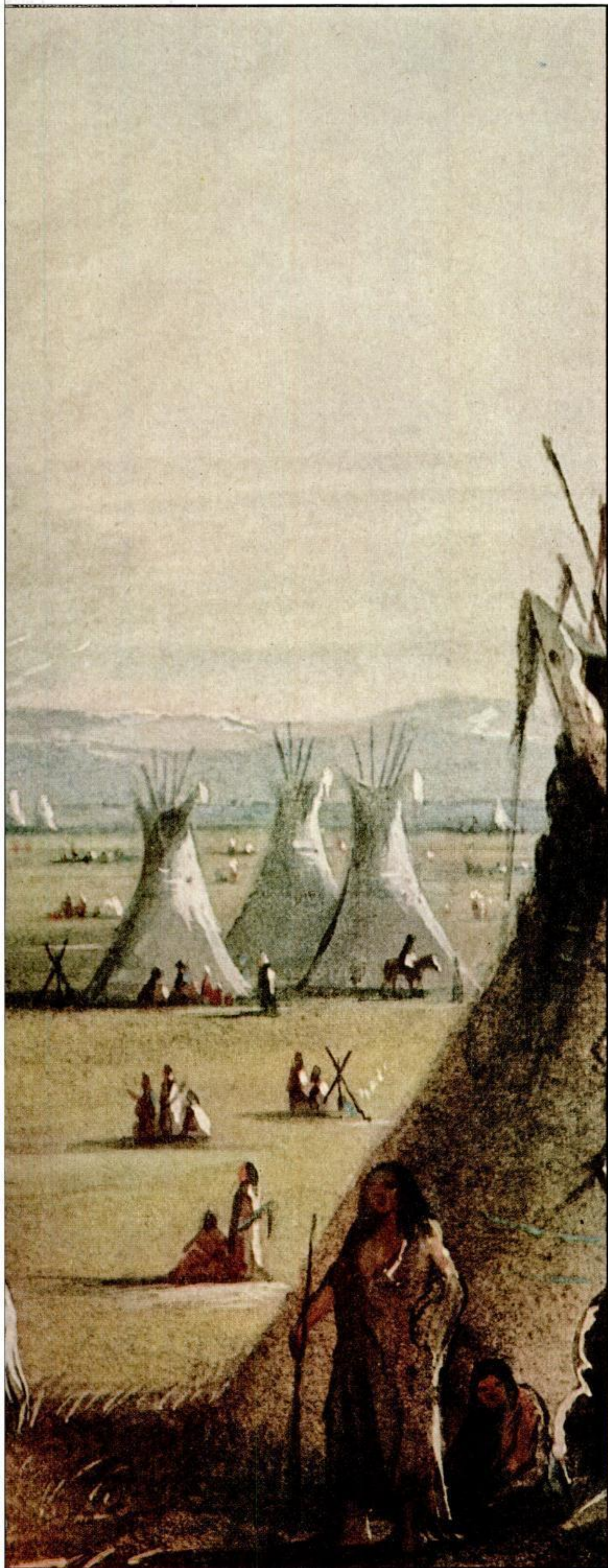
prevent tribes from warring on each other. Wimar's Dragoons (right) wore fancy-dress uniforms possibly seen on formal occasions but never on the U.S. plains.

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FORT LARAMIE, with the Rockies in the distance, stood north of the modern city of Cheyenne, Wyo. Alone in a land where the threat of Indian attack always

existed, it was protected by a brass cannon in the front tower and two blockhouses at diagonal corners to sweep all sides. Alfred Miller's painting, done in



1837, shows a group of Sioux Indians who, coming to trade, have pitched their tipis outside the fort. As a safety measure Indians were rarely allowed inside.



INTERIOR at Laramie, by Miller, shows the front gate (right) where all the trading took place. Miller included many more Indians than would be allowed inside.

FORT WAS BUSY TRADING OUTPOST

Pushing westward, the fur companies were the first to spread out on the Great Plains. There they flung up trading outposts, like that at Fort Laramie (left) on the Oregon Trail. Built in 1834, it stood in the shadow of the Rockies on a flat land of parched earth, garish-colored rock and broad, lonely rivers. Fort Laramie was the great gathering place of the West. Indians flocked there to trade their buffalo and beaver furs for dry-goods, beads, tobacco and liquor. Rough bands of trappers who roamed the mountain country made it their headquarters. For the crews of the fur caravans it provided relief from the constant dread of Indian ambush along the trail, a chance to read the latest newspapers from the east and to get royally drunk on straight alcohol.

In the summer of 1837, traveling with a caravan of the American Fur Co., a young artist from Baltimore pulled into Fort Laramie. His name was Alfred J. Miller, and his beautiful watercolor sketches done along the Oregon Trail provide the most authentic record of fur-trading life and the vast scenery of the plains. His scenes at left and above are the only paintings ever done of this outpost at Laramie. Miller was just in time to paint the fur trader. By 1840 the fashion in beaver garments had begun to wane, and the fur caravans were no longer moving West. In their place by the hundreds streamed the clumsy, lurching wagons of the emigrants.



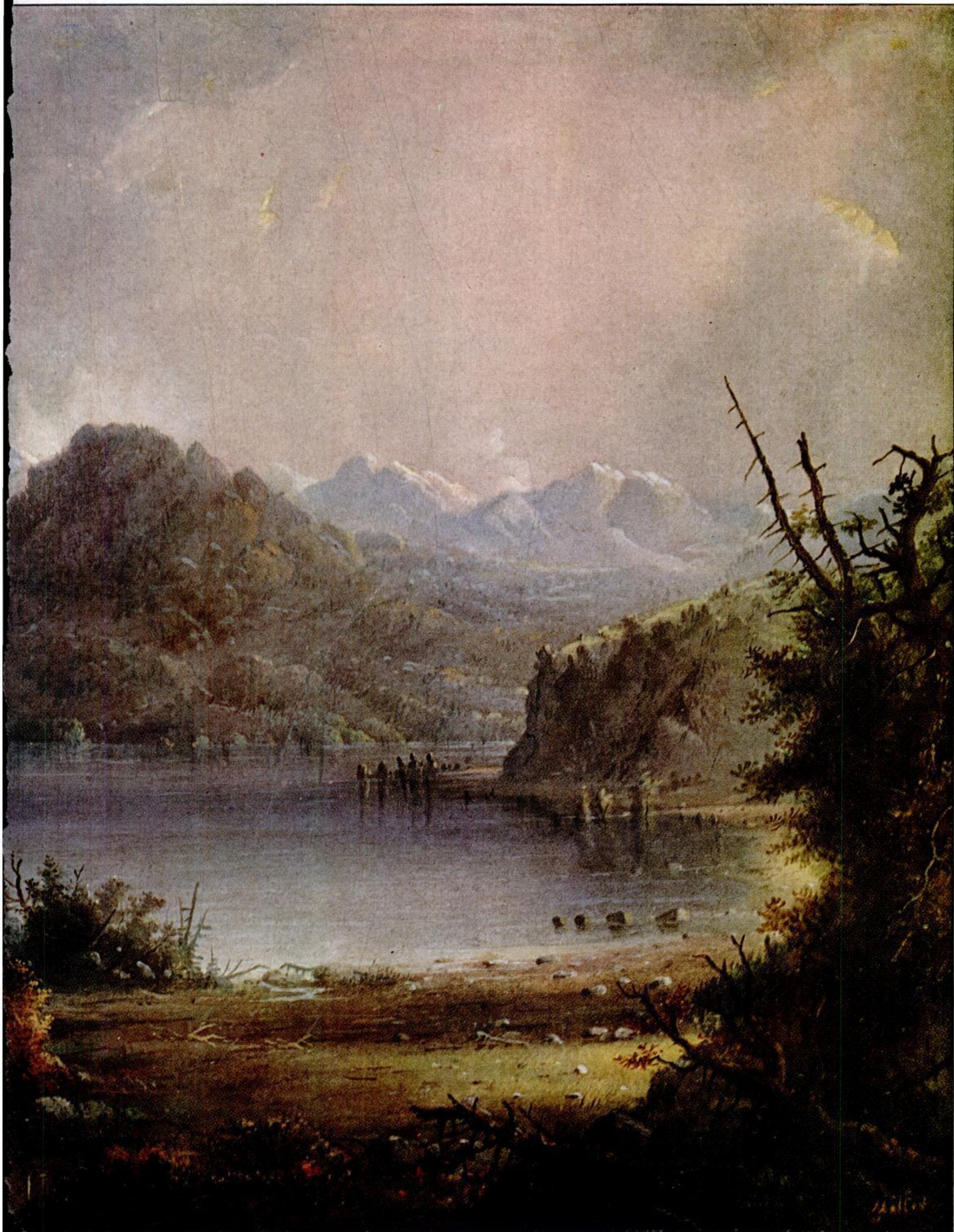
INTERIOR of Indian hut of Mandan tribe, who lived on the plains near Laramie, was painted by Charles Bodmer. It housed several families with their animals.

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THE GRANDEUR of the West was forcefully portrayed by Alfred Miller in this painting of a lake high in the Wind River Mountains near the Continental

Divide. Romantic works like this one greatly stirred the people back east and lured many Americans, and even Europeans, to the mysterious land beyond the



Missouri River. They also symbolized the hopes that kept men struggling through the sufferings of the trail. Always beyond the next ridge rose tempting, gleaming

ranges of mountains. These might never be crossed, but there was always the dream that on the other side lay a more fertile valley than man had ever seen.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



MINING FOR GOLD, these '49ers shoveled gravel from the stream into a wooden cradle (center) then, pouring water over the gravel, rocked the cradle so that

gold sifted to the cradle bottom. Painting above, by W. F. Chadwick, belongs to Clendenin J. Ryan of New York, who also owns the *Retreat* on a preceding page.



BABBITT SOAP AD was typical of the many industrial advertisements capitalizing on the glamor-

ous appeal of the gold rush. This one aims to show the remarkable value of one case of soap powder.



CORNED BEEF AD shows clean, well-fed miner. Average miner ate beans, potatoes and dried beef.



"SUNDAY MORNING IN THE MINES," by Charles C. Nahl, who was a gold miner himself in 1851, shows what the miners did on their holiday. A brawl in

an improvised saloon and a horse race are in progress at the left, while in the center a young celebrant drunkenly tries to cast away his hard-earned gold.

LURE OF THE WEST WAS GOLD

With the discovery of a rich source of gold in the Sacramento Valley in January 1848, the country was convulsed with the most feverish and uproarious migration in its history. The glittering dream of the West had suddenly, unbelievably, come true. "Soldiers are deserting their ranks," wrote one eastern newspaper, "sailors their ships and everybody their employment. . . ." Some followed the overland routes to California; others took ships, gambling that they would survive the stormy passage around the Horn. So great was the rush that during its first two crazy years, the population of California soared from 14,000 to 100,000.

Finding gold shattered the inhibitions of the most conventional easterners. They swarmed into El Dorado, Sacramento and San Francisco, gambled, brawled and frequented the "caffy shantangs," dives where the women hung out. As more and more gold was found, living costs skyrocketed. Room and board even in cheap Frisco hotels was \$14 a day, while in the mining camps at the ends of tortuous supply trails, eggs sold for a dollar apiece, flour for \$100 a barrel. By 1856, however, the fever had begun to subside. The search for gold had transplanted a whole population which, contented with its new surroundings, was there to stay.



"SOLID COMFORT" shows gold miners relaxing in a Frisco saloon. Lithograph, from a volume of il-

lustrations of gold-mining types by two Cuban artists, is owned by the New York Historical Society.

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DRIVING THE GOLDEN SPIKE

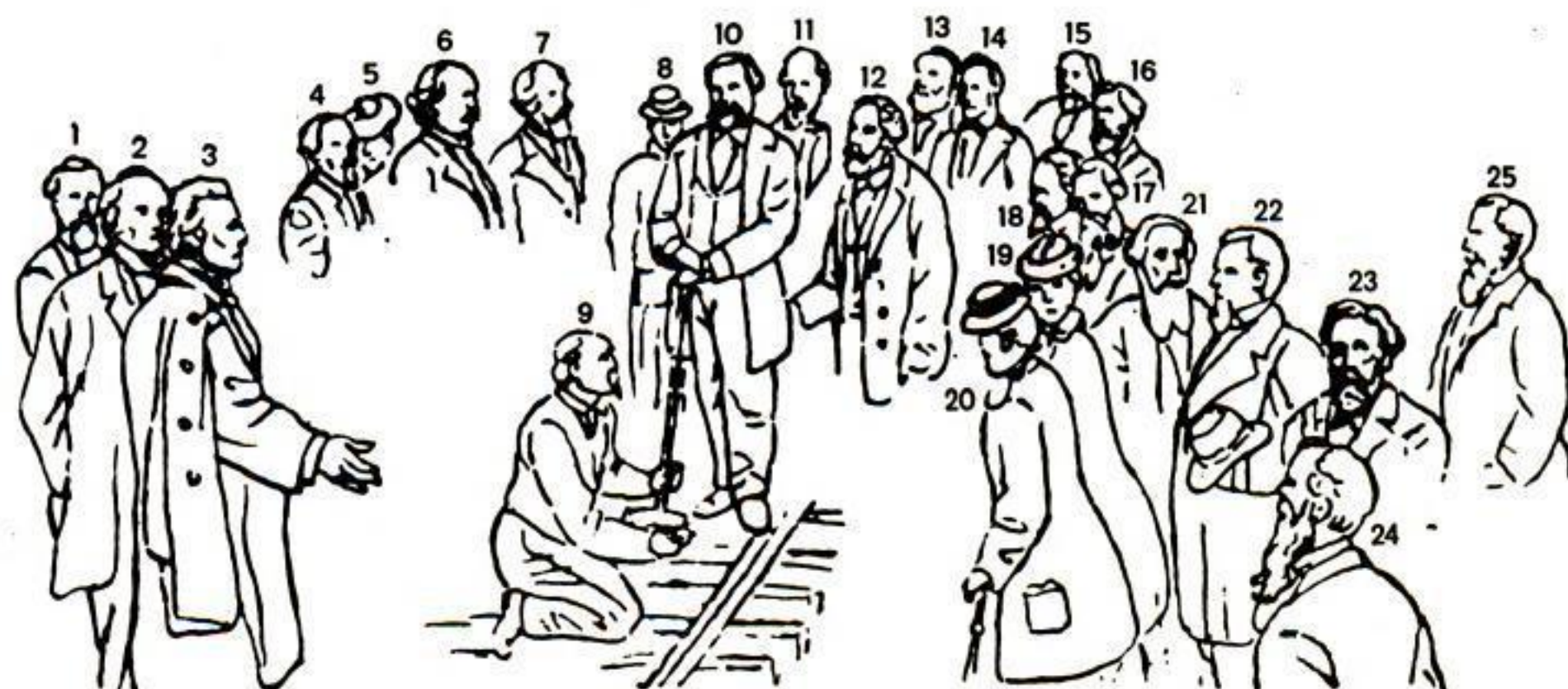
What finally joined the West and the east was the completion, on May 10, 1869, of the great transcontinental railroad. Beginning in 1863, the Union Pacific laid its track westward while the Central Pacific toiled east. They converged in Promontory, Utah, where dignitaries assembled from east and West to watch the last spike of pure gold driven home.

This famous ceremony at Promontory was portrayed in 1880 by Thomas Hill, a California painter who did the picture above from photographs and descriptions. Individuals are identified on the diagram (*right*) as follows: 1) E. H. Miller Jr., secretary of Central Pacific; 2) James W. Haynes of the U. S. Railroad Com-

mission; 3) the Rev. Dr. John Todd, who came from Pittsfield, Mass. to deliver the invocation; 4) E. Black Ryan, C. P. station agent; 5) Mrs. Ryan; 6) John Corning, C. P. superintendent; 7) Thomas C. Durant, vice president of Union Pacific, who rode to the ceremony in his own Pullman car; 8) Mrs. J. H. Strobbridge, wife of a C. P. official; 9) F. L. Vandenberg, holding the golden spike, who headed the C. P. telegraph department; 10) Leland Stanford, president of C. P., who is about to drive the spike; 11) Collis P. Huntington, a C. P. vice president actually in New York at the time of ceremony; 12) J. H. Strobbridge; 13) Oakes Ames, substituting for his brother Oliver, a U. P. vice presi-



dent; 14) Sidney Dillon, U. P. board chairman; 15) Edgar Mills, toastmaster; 16) General Grenville M. Dodge, famous railroad engineer who directed building of U.P. line; 17) Mark Hopkins, treasurer of C. P.; 18) Milton S. Latham, governor of California in 1859; 19) Miss Earl, presumably a Promontory belle; 20) Mrs. Samuel B. Reed, wife of U. P. superintendent; 21) Judge E. B. Crocker, head of C. P.'s legal department; 22) Charles Crocker, in Sacramento when ceremony took place, who supervised building of C. P. line; 23) J. D. Judah, founder of C. P., who was dead at time of the ceremony; 24) S. S. Montague, chief engineer for C. P.; 25) Justice Silas W. Sanderson, C.P. counselor.





They're tops in power

You can count on *any* RCA Victor portable for plenty of power! For *extra* power and range, choose this "Globe Trotter" in its *weatherized* case of lightweight aluminum and plastic. It brings in near *and distant* stations clearly—on AC, DC or its own long-life RCA battery. Just lift the dial cover and the set is "on." Has the wonderful tone of the "Golden Throat." RCA Victor 8BX6.

"Land sakes... she won't let her
RCA VICTOR PORTABLE
out of her sight!"

They're tops in style

RCA Victor sets the styles in radio—gave you the first portable, the first pocket-size "Personal." Now comes this "indoor-outdoor" style-leader! Designed primarily as an AC-DC table set, it also plays on its own battery, has a fold-in carrying handle. It's plastic on a light-weight aluminum-alloy base. Matching "door" lifts up to cover dial face. Has the "Golden Throat." RCA Victor 9BX56.

They're tops in tone

Only RCA Victor instruments have the "Golden Throat"—a precisely balanced 3-way Tone System that's the finest in RCA Victor history.



They're tops in quality

RCA Victor's world-famous trade mark means quality—and this new 3-way beauty is a fine example! Plays on AC, DC or battery. Its RCA tubes—all its component parts—have been rigidly tested, meet even higher standards than before. Its lightweight plastic case has a saddle that looks like expensive leather. RCA Victor 9BX5.

Always buy RCA batteries. They're radio-engineered for longer life.

Whichever RCA Victor set you choose, you're getting top quality for your radio dollars.



RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO ... FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC ... FIRST IN TELEVISION!



LUNCHEON DATE is kept by a girl who 20 minutes before was rinsing her newly washed hair in shower. She wears a sleek wrap-around style "Thirsty Kerchief" while hair dries.

This Lady Is Drying Her Hair

"Thirsty" turban does it for her in half the time

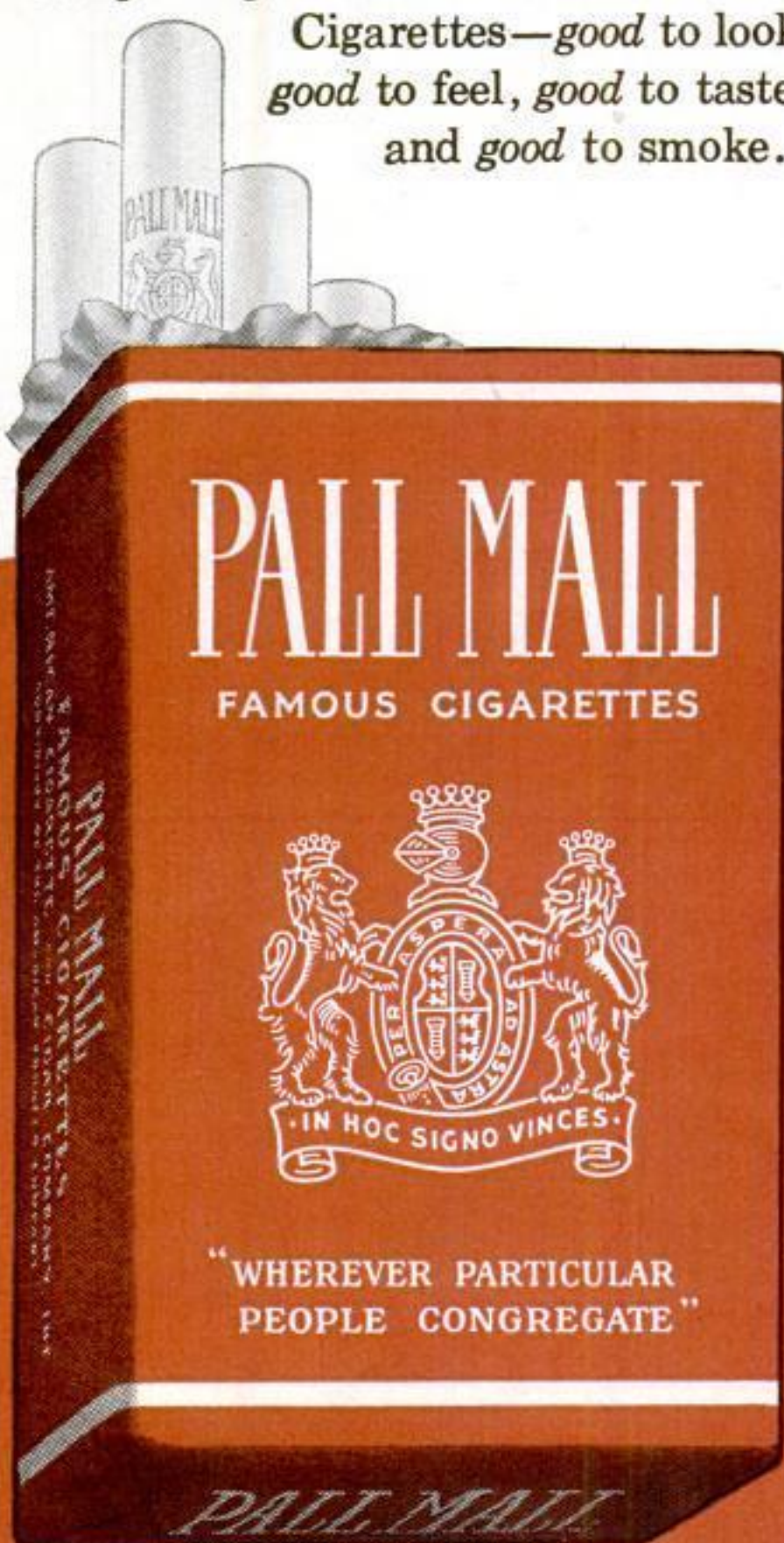
One harassing problem for most women when summer comes is the prospect of spending long, hot hours under a beauty-shop drier or fretting around the house until their washed, bobby-pinned hair dries. This summer they are being offered a solution in the form of a decorous gadget which looks for all the world like the latest in turban-style hats (*above*). Made of two layers of porous cotton cloth with a layer of silica gel, a chemical compound which soaks up water, sandwiched in between, the turban can be donned immediately after a

shampoo or home permanent. Designed by famed Hat Stylist Lily Daché, the turbans can safely and fashionably be worn anywhere from a cocktail lounge to the beach. Manufactured in a variety of styles (*next page*) by the Texstar Corporation of San Antonio, Texas, the "Thirsty Kerchief" had a trial sales run in Detroit a few weeks ago. Over 2,500 turbans were sold in one week (at \$4.95), presumably to women who realized at last that they need no longer schedule several hours of time-consuming hair-drying into their summer social life.

PALL MALL's *greater length*
filters the smoke on the way
to your throat

filters the smoke
and makes it mild

● Discover for yourself why so many of your friends have changed to the *longer, finer* cigarette—PALL MALL. Its greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos serves as a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke on the way to your throat—yes, filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Enjoy the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package—PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes—good to look at, good to feel, good to taste, and good to smoke.



OUTSTANDING
and they are mild!

"THIRSTY" TURBAN CONTINUED



AFTER A SWIM at the beach, a girl can sun smartly while her hair dries in half the usual time. Bandanna turban is made of red and white striped cotton.



BEFORE A DRIVE this pink and navy polka dot hood is wrapped loosely over a fresh permanent. The Daché hat weighs 14 ounces, fits snugly on head.



The Criminal ate a hearty meal...

● Coddled almost beyond belief, insect pests—at the Shell Agricultural Laboratory—live their happy lives in the shadow of the executioner.

Said one observer: "We feed bugs to fatten them, then kill 'em." But the sentence of death is passed on *whole species*—as well as on individual insects—as Shell scientists work to reduce a crop damage bill which now runs to millions of dollars each year.

Among the insects and parasites already sentenced to death at Shell Agricultural Laboratories are: the nematodes which threatened the destruction of Hawaii's pineapple industry... the leaf hoppers which brought a potato famine to fertile Long Island... borers... beetles... weevils... parasitic worms.

Dedicated to the planting of *ideas*, the Shell Agricultural Laboratory is a 142-acre farm—chosen for soil, water, climate—as a cross section of conditions in the temperate and sub-tropical zones. And conditions the farm may lack are "built to order"—indoors—for Shell agricultural scientists.

At will they may work, under controlled temperatures and humidity, on a Kentucky tobacco patch, or a New York grape arbor, or an Arizona carrot field.

From petroleum molecules, Shell scientists have already found: D-D* to control nematodes by soil fumigation... weed killers... insect sprays... highly refined carriers of agricultural chemicals—such as *hormones* to hold fruit on trees... Shell NH_3 to enrich the soil.

End product: more and better food. The insect criminal, on Shell's farm, may eat a hearty meal—but it's always likely to be his last.

Developing better pest control methods is only one type of research by which Shell demonstrates leadership in the petroleum industry, and in petroleum products. *Wherever you see the Shell name and trade mark, Shell Research is your guarantee of quality.*

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



*At this sign:
Products of
Shell Research*

©1949, SHELL OIL COMPANY
Incorporated



TO CHEERS OF THE PEOPLE (RIGHT) AND CONSTERNATION OF A NEWSPAPERMAN (CENTER) MISS LIBERTY ARRIVES IN U.S. ON A TRANSATLANTIC SIDE-WHEELER



A DANDY OF OLD NEW YORK (TOMMY RALL) AND MISS LIBERTY (ALYN MCLERIE) DANCE AT THE POLICEMAN'S BALL

MISS LIBERTY

New musical is like a Fourth of July celebration

Miss Liberty, the new Irving Berlin-Robert Sherwood musical comedy, is like an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration—noisy, talkative, colorful, very patriotic. The 19th musical by Berlin and the first by Pulitzer prizewinning Sherwood, it has played to overflow audiences on its pre-Broadway run in Philadelphia and has deluged the New York theater, where it opens in mid-July, with an enormous advance sale.

Miss Liberty is a French girl who gets caught up in the hullabaloo that hit New York in the 1880s over the coming of the Statue of Liberty. Brought to America as the supposed model for the statue, she becomes part of a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer's *World*, which had raised money for the statue's pedestal and James Gordon Bennett's *Herald*, which was trying to horn in on the publicity. She gets into a romance with

a photographer, into arguments with his ex-girl friend who works for the *Police Gazette* and finally into trouble with the immigration authorities. But it all ends happily with the reading of patriotic verses and a promise of a wedding back home in Indiana.

The photographer is played by Eddie Albert and the girls in his life by the star freshmen of the past Broadway season—Mary McCarty of *Small Wonder* and Alyn McLerie of *Where's Charley?* An old trouper named Ethel Griffies is triumphant as a tatterdemalion countess. Moss Hart directed the show and Berlin wrote three songs which sound like hits—*Homework*, *Old-Fashioned Walk* and *Little Fish*. The bright settings by Oliver Smith and flashy dances by Jerome Robbins between them sum up all the brassy, bouncing beer-hall gentility which, to nostalgic eyes, represents old New York.



"EXTRA! EXTRA!" cry newsboys opening show against map of New York in 1880s.



MAYOR accepts Publisher Pulitzer's check for "the most expensive statue in the world."



TRAIN carries Miss Liberty on a tour of the U.S. with the caboose tagging along behind.



"A LITTLE FISH IN A BIG POND," sing Horace the photographer (Eddie Albert) and the *Police Gazette* girl (Mary McCarty) as they argue (below) about a small town

boy in a big town. This role marks Albert's return to the stage after a spell in Hollywood where he made a sex education film called *Human Growth* (LIFE, May 24, 1948).

*HORACE. A little fish in a big pond has plenty of room to swim
But swimming around are big fish all ready to pounce on him
Back to his little pond he starts to roam
The little fish spreads his fins and begins to swim back home.*

*MAISIE. A little fish in a big pond has gotta have lots of heart
For swimming around are big fish but if he's the least bit smart
Back to his little pond he doesn't go
The little fish spreads his fins and begins to grow, grow, grow.*

COPYRIGHT 1949 IRVING BERLIN



For 109 years in Canada . . . now a product of the U. S. A., too.

Let the jolly Red Cap remind you to call for Carling's.



Here you see the great summertime combination . . . a friendly hot dog and a cool, inviting glass of this light, bright, golden ale.

CARLING'S *Red Cap* **ALE**

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, OHIO



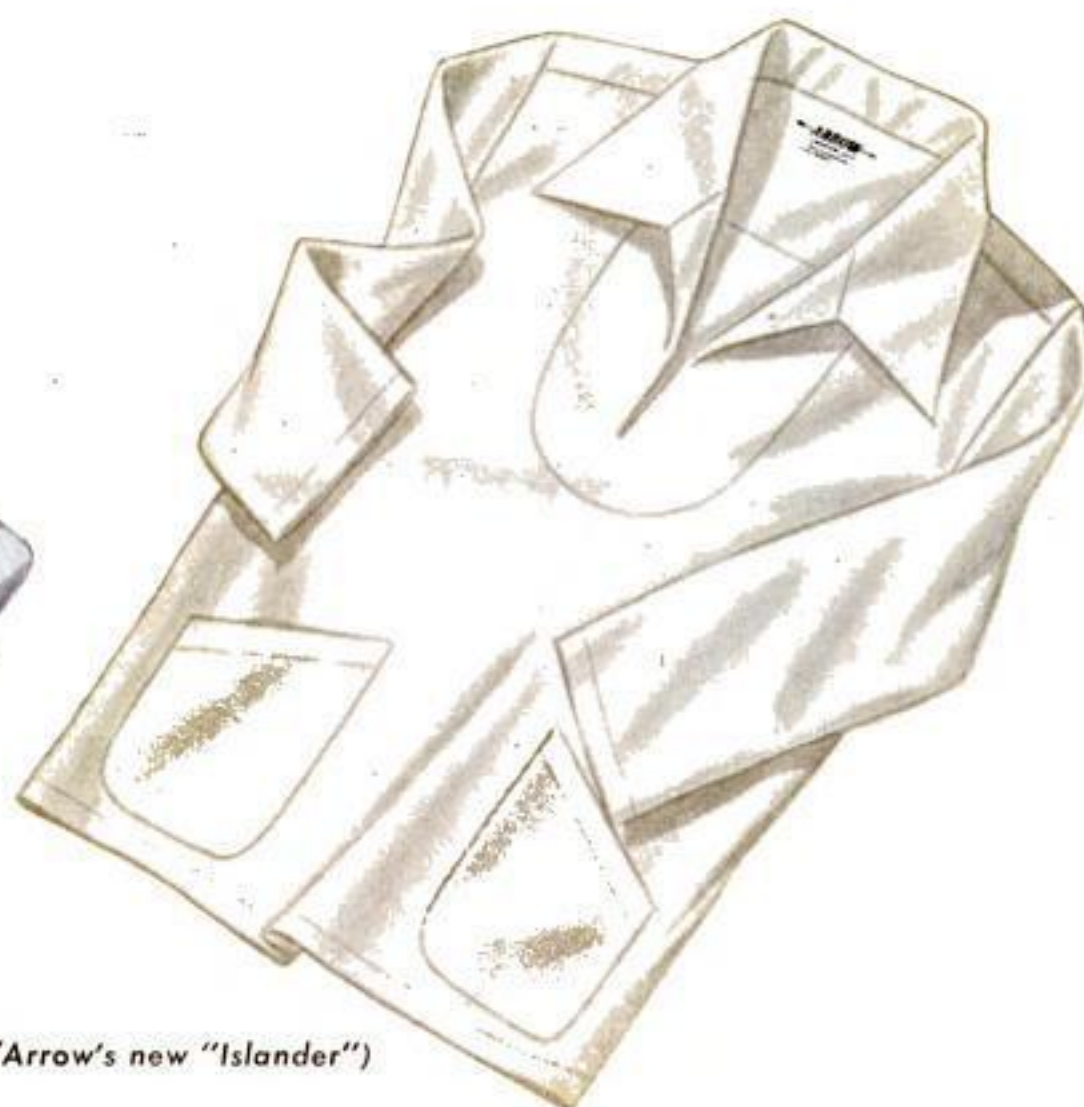
Lightweight!



HANDSOME!



washable!



(Arrow's new "Islander")



What more can you ask of Summertime Shirts—except that they be Arrows?

Lightweight? Yes sir! Fabrics are *the coolest made*: featherweight cottons...sheer, silky rayons...and meshes that are open to the breeze. In both sports and regular shirts!

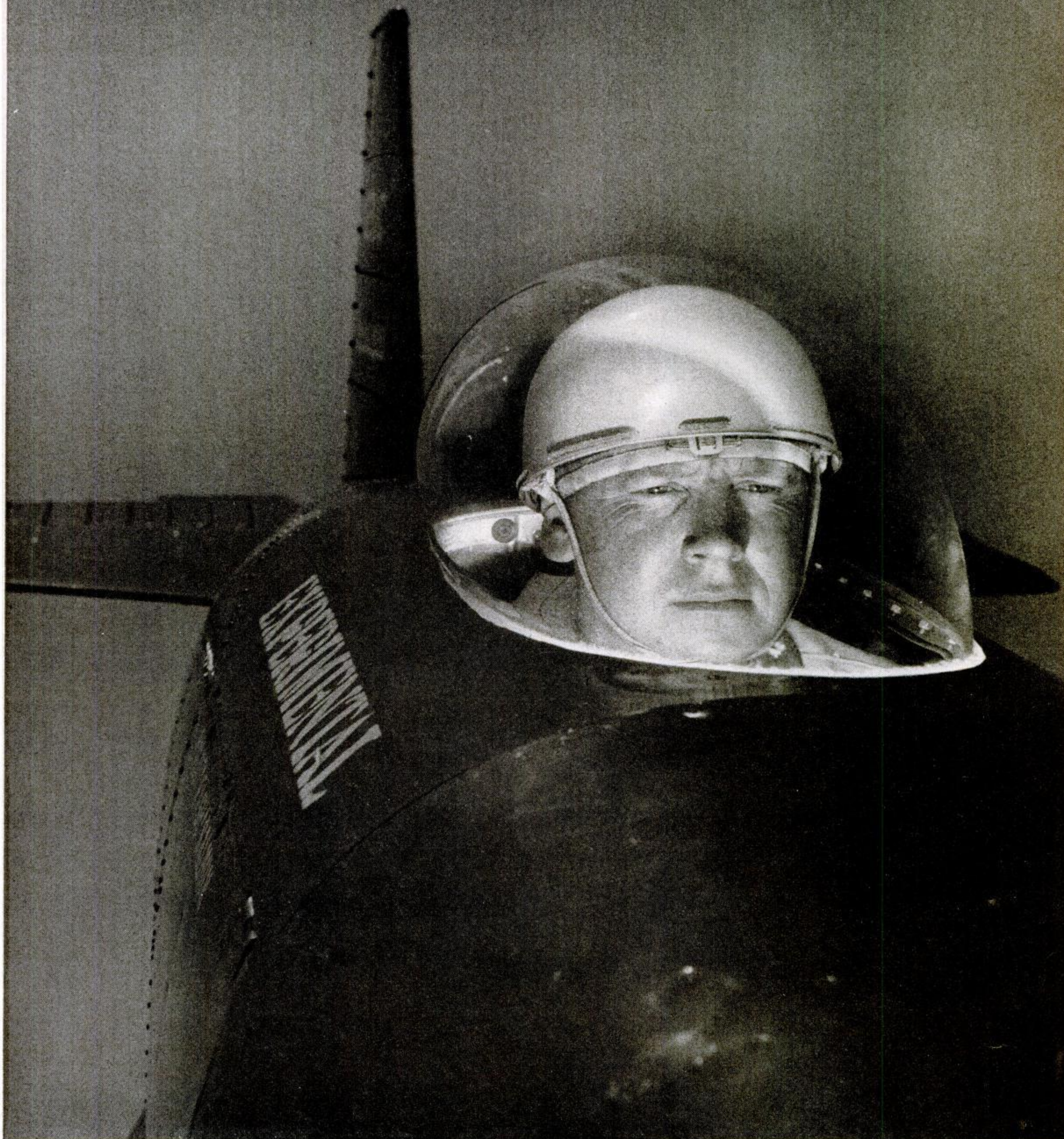
Handsome? You can't beat Arrow for collars. Or for colors. Or for fine shirt-making details (like the stitching on the sports shirt collars, which is *hidden* between the two layers of fabric).

Washable? The washablest summer shirts ever. They don't say "Ouch, treat me tender!" They don't fade. They don't shrink out of fit. Priced to deliver the *value* that's made Arrow the country's favorite shirt.

Summer-weight shirts; sports shirts (long or short sleeves) \$3.65 up. Arrow Ties \$1.00 up.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW
— *Lightweight* —
SHIRTS



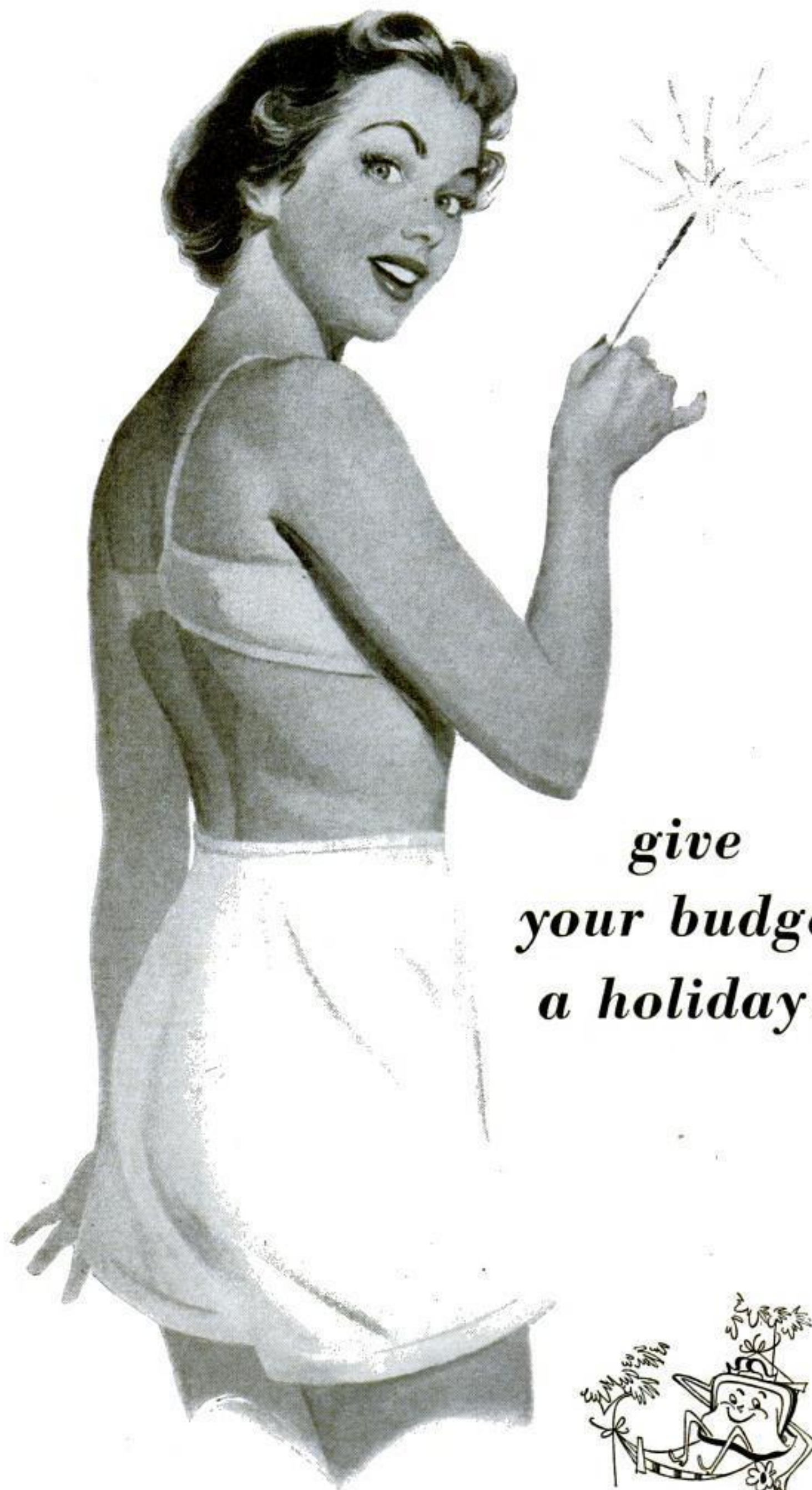
HIS HELMETED HEAD ALMOST COMPLETELY FILLING PLEXIGLAS CANOPY, PILOT BOB DOWNEY GAZES FROM THE CRAMPED COCKPIT OF HIS MIDGET RACING PLANE

MIDGET AIR RACER

**Bob Downey is one of best pilots
in a thrilling new spectator sport**

The intense face in the picture above belongs to a young paint-store proprietor named Bob Downey, who in his spare time is one of the hottest midget airplane racing pilots on the West Coast. Midget racing has begun to catch on there as a popular new spectator sport because, unlike conventional air races which are sometimes decided miles from the grandstand, the midgets compete on a 2-mile course within plain view of the paying customers. The rewards are small, considering the

suicidal risks involved in racing at the height of only 50 feet. Downey, for instance, received only \$350 for winning the 20-mile main event of the most recent meet at Ontario, Calif., the third to be held this year with the somewhat tentative sanction of the National Aeronautic Association. In an earlier meet at San Diego two pilots were killed, and had that happened at Ontario the sport might have been through. But everybody survived, and last week it looked as if the sport would survive too.



*give
your budget
a holiday!*



your pin-money buys
quality undies of Spun-lo

Yes... you and your pocketbook can take things easy when you buy undies of Spun-lo. They fit so well and wear so much longer! Spun-lo is the quality fabric that's knitted to stretch and spring back with every motion. That's why it keeps in shape without ironing. So comfortable, packable, washable... panties, slips and gowns of Spun-lo save your time and your money!



IT MEANS EXTRA VALUE FOR YOU



Industrial Rayon Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio • Sales Office: 500 Fifth Avenue, New York

Midget Air Races CONTINUED



HOLDING TAIL to keep plane from starting forward, a mechanic is buffeted by prop wash as Pilot Vincent Ast gives it full throttle awaiting signal to



ROUNDING PYLON at 50 feet from ground, two planes prepare to roar into straightaway. Midget racing's most perilous maneuver, it caused both

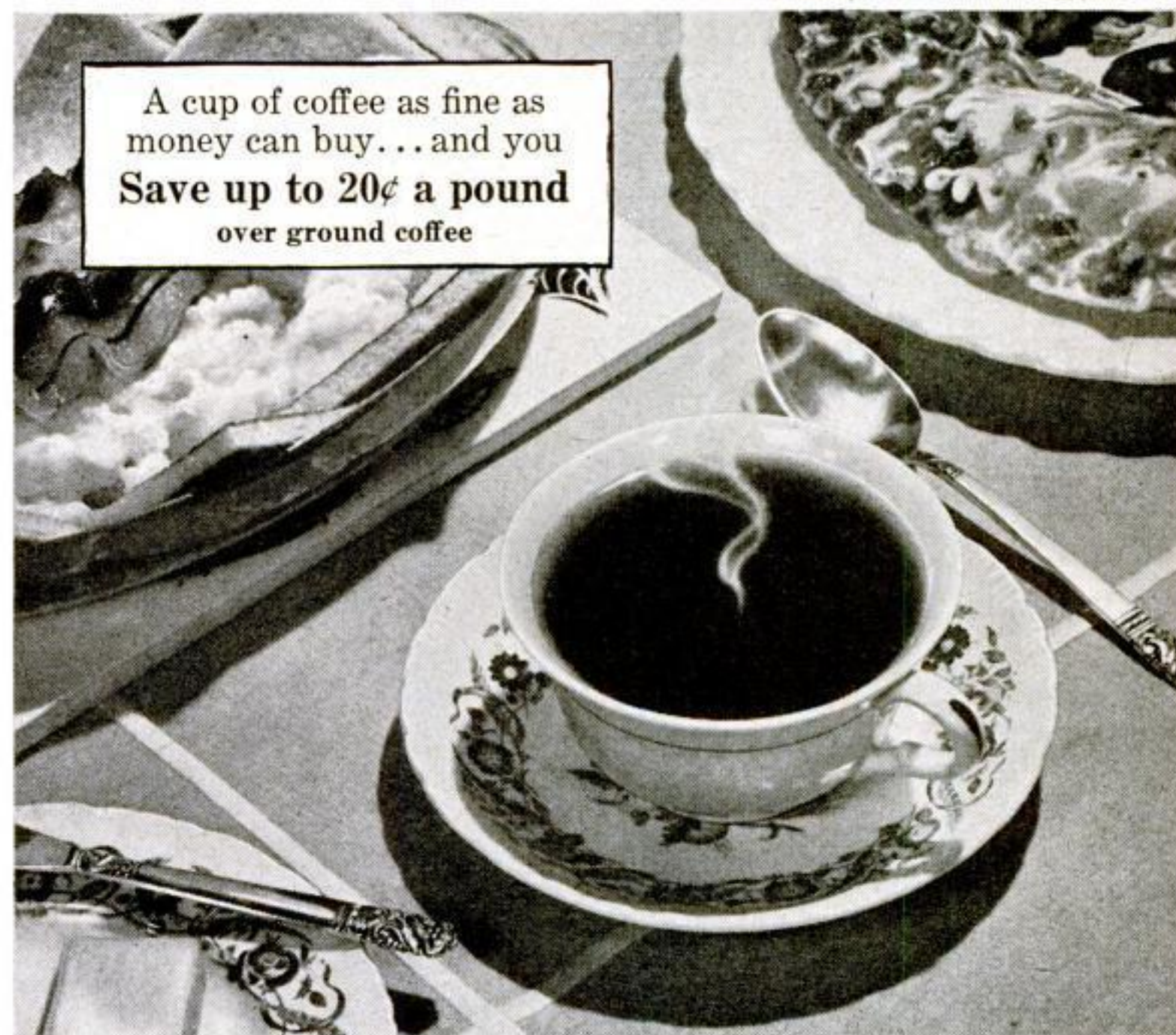


start semifinal race at Ontario. Midget planes are capable of speeds up to 217 mph, must weigh at least 500 pounds empty and are powered by 85 hp engines.



deaths in San Diego meet on April 24. Afterward number of pylons was increased from four to seven, changing maximum angle of turn from 90° to 60°.

"We first used it while touring in our car," writes Mrs. Charles Edholm, Lincoln, Nebraska. "During the trip, my husband, who's a particular coffee drinker, kept raving about how good Instant Chase & Sanborn was. Ever since, this wonderful coffee has been the only coffee we use—for breakfast and all meals."



A cup of coffee as fine as money can buy... and you Save up to 20¢ a pound over ground coffee

Now...thousands prefer this new Instant as their

Breakfast Coffee!

Always delicious, clear, fresh! And so easy—compared to the "old-fashioned" way!

It's happening all over America! Folks everywhere discovering what a marvelous cup Instant Chase & Sanborn makes. Folks using it, first for convenience, perhaps... or for an "occasional" cup—liking it so much they prefer it *even for breakfast*.

Easy to see why Instant Chase & Sanborn is creating a sensation in coffee-making. For it makes a perfect cup every time... without all the fuss of the "old-fashioned" way.

Even more, Instant Chase & Sanborn saves up to 20¢ a pound over ground coffee! No wonder it has actually doubled in popularity in the past year alone!

Why put up with messy coffee grounds and old-style coffee-making methods? Enjoy rich, flavorful coffee made the fast, modern way—with Instant Chase & Sanborn.

Enjoy Instant Chase & Sanborn at meals or *anytime* you drink coffee.

Made by the makers of famous Chase & Sanborn Coffee... Fine coffee roasters since 1864.



ONE

Use one rounded teaspoon per cup (more or less according to strength desired).



TWO Add hot water. Stir until dissolved. Use cream and sugar to taste.



INSTANT

THAT'S ALL YOU DO

Chase & Sanborn Coffee

WITH DEXTRINS, MALTOSE, AND DEXTROSE ADDED



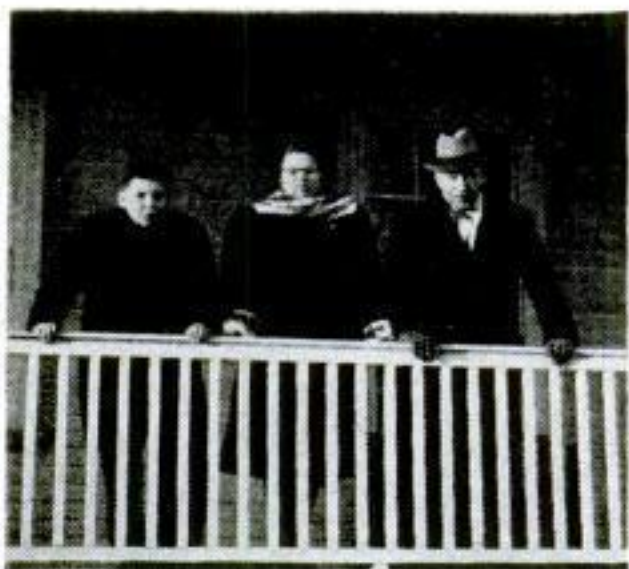
THE DOCTOR'S SON, who has just learned he is part Negro, looks at the half-moons on his nails for telltale shadows—a widely believed but completely inaccurate test of Negro blood.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Lost Boundaries

Film tells real-life story of Negroes "passing" as whites

Dr. Albert Johnston (below) of Keene, N.H. is a prosperous New England physician who was a Negro for the first 28 years of his life, lived as a white man for 20 more and became a Negro again when the U.S. Navy, having investigated his past, refused him a commission for "inability to meet physical requirements." The story of what Negroes call his "passing" is not too different from that of thousands of other technically "colored" Americans who have passed over the invisible boundary to the white race. Told by William L. White in a widely read *Reader's Digest* article in 1947, it has now been made into an honest and affecting movie by Louis de Rochemont. Using the documentary technique he popularized in Hollywood (*The House on 92nd Street, Boom-rang!*), De Rochemont



REAL DOCTOR (Albert C. Johnston) is shown with wife, young son.

filmed *Lost Boundaries* against the real background of New England towns. As fictionalized for the screen, it tells of a light-skinned Negro couple (played by white actors) driven to cross the color line by poverty and the advice of friends, and of the vexations of discrimination. They build a happy but insecure life in a small town, gaining the respect and friendship of their neighbors and bringing up children in ignorance of their past. Their lives are disrupted when they have to admit the truth, but finally patched together again by tolerance and courage and good sense. Related without melodrama, acted with conviction and force, *Lost Boundaries* is a direct and honest account of one shadowy sector of American life where unknown thousands live today in secret conflict of loyalties and fears.



MARRIAGE of young Doctor Scott Carter (Mel Ferrer) and his girl Marcia (Beatrice Pearson) takes place after Scott's graduation from medical school.



MARCIA'S FATHER, who is morbidly ashamed of his black forbears, tells Scott not to associate with Negroes. Scott, after long struggle, decides to pass.



AS A WHITE MAN Scott becomes doctor in town of Keenham. Later on, citizens give him the old doctor's license plate number as a token of respect.



② **REBUFFS** begin when Scott is refused internship at Negro hospital in the South because he looks white. White hospitals reject him because he is colored.



④ **FIRST BABY** brings joy to Marcia, who feared that he would turn out to have darker skin than hers, which could happen though actually it seldom does.



⑥ **FIRST BREAK** in Carters' acceptance of their status as whites comes when daughter Shelley, who does not know she is part Negro, uses the word "coon."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

New Pepsodent Guarantees Brighter Teeth and Cleaner Breath

—or double your money back!



Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a slippery coating there—you have **FILM**!

Wonderfully Improved Formula **SWEEPS FILM AWAY!**

1. **FILM** collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. **FILM** harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. **FILM** glues acid to your teeth
4. **FILM** never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

Now Faster Foaming! Make this 7-Day Pepsodent Test!

Use new improved Pepsodent Tooth Paste for just one week. If your teeth aren't far brighter, your breath fresher—we'll return twice what you paid!

New Pepsodent foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film and its harmful effects: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of the discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent's film-removing action helps protect you from acid produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, causes tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Buy New Pepsodent now on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! No other tooth paste contains Irium*—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

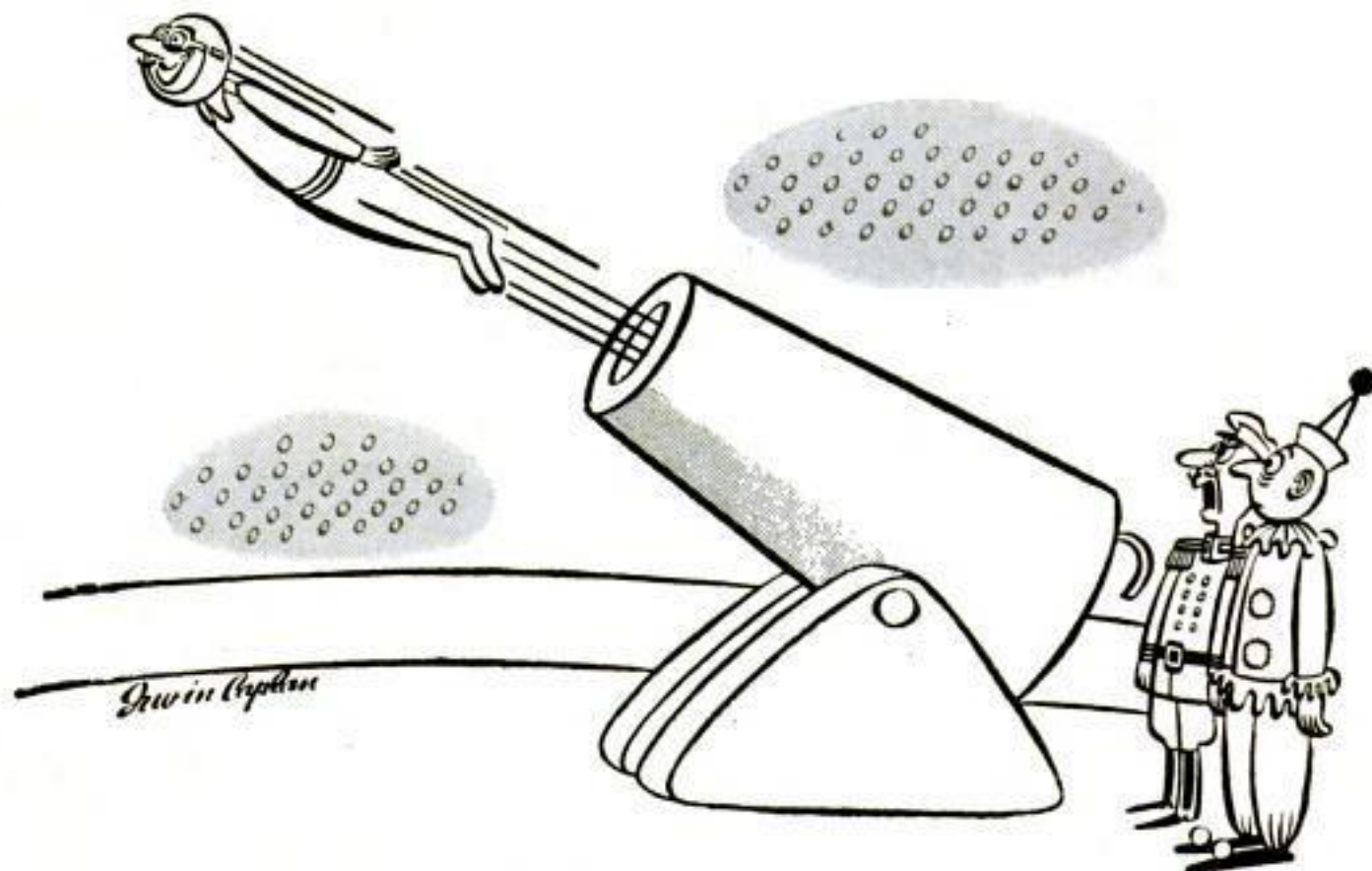
*Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade mark for purified alkyl sulfate.



Another Fine Product of
Lever Brothers Company

Start your Pepsodent 7-day test today. If you're not completely convinced Pepsodent gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent Division, Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill. Besides postage you'll receive—

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



"Ever since Alfredo discovered Wheaties he doesn't even wait for me to pull the trigger."

Another self-starter (Wheaties eater, too) is Phillies' Richie Ashburn. Batted .333 first year in Big Leagues; has enjoyed Wheaties over 12 years. Famous training

dish—these 100% whole wheat flakes, milk and fruit. Nourishing. Second-helping good! Had yours today? Wheaties—"Breakfast of Champions!"

PAIN

of headache, neuritis and neuralgia

RELIEVED

incredibly fast
the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend—

ANACIN

Here's why

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacin Tablets today.



I GIVE UP!
EVERYBODY'S USING
'6-12' INSECT REPELLENT
BRAND



CHASES...
Mosquitoes - Black Flies - Chiggers
Only 49¢ at Drug, Sports and Hardware
Stores everywhere. **Buy Before They Bite.**



"Activated" Shell Premium is the most powerful gasoline your car can use!

"Lost Boundaries" CONTINUED



FRIENDLY TOWNSFOLK present Scott with wrist watch as he leaves to join the Navy. But the Navy revokes his commission when it discovers his race.



SNOBISH TOWNSFOLK, having learned the secret, turn aside when Dr. Carter politely tips his hat to them on their way to Church on Sunday morning.



FRIENDLY AGAIN after an eloquent appeal for tolerance and justice by the preacher, neighbor smiles at Mrs. Carter to assure her nothing has changed.

SERVED TO
Mr. Charles Laughton

AT THE OJAI VALLEY INN
AND COUNTRY CLUB

Your Taste will tell you why!

YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE...

**"finest beer served
...anywhere!"**

Your Taste will tell you why!



Internationally Famous **Pabst**
Blue Ribbon

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER • Copr. 1949, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"What's wrong with a woman marrying a younger man?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"YOUR OLDER SISTER BESSIE will be able to tell you what's wrong," said Elmer, the bull, "after she's been married to that frisky young Bucko for a couple of years!"

"Why should a couple of years change things?" asked Elsie, the

Borden Cow. "It isn't years that make you old so much as *spirit*."

"Spirit has nothing to do with it!" boomed Elmer. "I say, women age faster than men—in *looks* anyhow."

"That may have been so in the old days," smiled Elsie. "But today women know how to keep their bodies supple and their skins smooth and fresh-looking. The wise ones exercise in the open air and



eat the right foods, including those delicious, nutritious Borden's Foods."

"Now I've heard *everything*," groaned Elmer.

"Oh, not *nearly* everything," protested Elsie. "For instance, have you heard what folks say about Lady Borden Ice Cream? They say there's never before been ice cream like it. So extra smooth, so extra creamy! They say—"

"I don't care what *they* say!" bellowed Elmer. "I say you started this argument about women marrying younger men just to lead into Lady Borden Ice Cream!"

"Honest, I didn't!" giggled Elsie. "But while we're

on the subject, I'd like to remark that Lady Borden tastes so thrilling because it's made with *superb* ingredients. It's a great *nutritious* food. Ask any dietitian!"

"I'm not interested in dietitians!" snorted Elmer.

"I'm interested in how long a woman can be happy with a younger man—and the other way round."

"If the wife makes a pleasant home," answered Elsie, "if—"

"If, if, if," mimicked Elmer. "I want facts."

"It's a *fact*," said Elsie, "that most husbands like good things to eat. So, any wife can keep her husband content by serving plenty of man-tempting cheese dishes made with Borden's Chateau.* Because—"



"Let me *imagine*!" interrupted Elmer.

"You could *never* imagine what a mellow-mild Cheddar flavor Chateau has," said Elsie. "Chateau sandwiches are a favorite with children Beulah's and Beauregard's ages."

"I'm talking about *women* your sister's age!" exploded Elmer. "How silly they are—"

"A woman'd have to be silly," laughed Elsie, "not to buy Borden's Chateau in the economical 2-pound package for husband-holding cheese soufflés and rabbits. Chateau makes them taste so *extra* good—"

"I know, I know," wearily groaned Elmer. "If it's Borden's, it's *GOT* to be good! Now, will you be quiet?"



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© The Borden Company

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TELEVISION, MR. ALLEN?



THIS IS FRED ALLEN'S ANSWER TO THE QUESTION AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE

HE HAS A SPARTAN LUNCH AND A FEW BILIOUS THOUGHTS ABOUT THE NEW ART

by JOE McCARTHY

Fred Allen, the only radio comedian who has been compared seriously to Shaw and Swift, and one of the last remaining network entertainers who tried to cater, at least partly, to sophisticated adult tastes, decided recently to give up swimming against the tide. He is retiring from the field to let the giveaway shows fight it out among themselves. When the new radio season opens next fall there will be no weekly Fred Allen program on the air. At lunch in the Oak Room of the Plaza Hotel the other day, Allen explained that the decision was advised by his doctors. They found that the sad state of radio and the increasing confusion of television was affecting their patient physically.

"This insane modern civilization is too much for the Moses Model human body," Allen said.

"Here we have an organism that was designed for biblical times. Yet we expect it to cope with artificial lighting, executive board meetings, the din of automobile horns and soap operas, carbon monoxide, cigar smoke and bubble gum. No wonder we've all got ulcers and high blood pressure. To get along nowadays, man should be equipped with a tin head and three eyes. The extra eye could be used for watching television so the other two won't get red."

Without consulting a menu, Allen ordered a chef's salad with Russian dressing and declined a drink. Because of hypertension, he has not touched alcohol or tobacco in three years.

"Everybody's cracking under the strain," he added. "I just saw that fellow with the lemons

hanging all over his car. Have you seen him? He has hundreds of lemons dangling from the outside of it and a big sign that says, 'This car is a lemon.' I've seen him twice in the last week. A few minutes ago he was driving slowly down Sixth Avenue. I should think the manufacturer would have bought him off by now."

Allen does not intend to go into complete retirement like Thoreau at Walden. He may appear as a guest on other programs from time to time, and he is toying with the idea of writing a show for somebody else. "I like the creation of a script," he says, "but I don't get much of a kick out of the actual performance itself any more. Some of those faces in the studio audience, they drain the enthusiasm right out of me as soon as I see them." His

Welsh products are designed for modern life



"Boodle Buggy"

Famous Welsh Carriage with the lift-out feature. Use as a bassinet, travel bed or carriage!

Use It In The Car!



Smartest looking thing on wheels when you step out for a stroll... but when baby gets drowsy, just lower the back and raise the footwell, use it as a sleeping compartment. It's a carriage or stroller!



"Travel-Tyke"

All-purpose swing and seat. For use in the yard, or porch, in the home or as a travel seat.

★ Mothers:

Send date of your baby's birth to Welsh Company for free horoscope

"Playmate"

Gentle glider-swing exerciser keeps baby amused and off the floor, safe from harm. Can't tip over. Easily folded.



The "Gadabout"



"Snugglebug"

Ideal space-saver! Use as car seat, utility chair, bassinet or travel bed. Lightweight, compact.

Celebrated Strollette now comes with removable shopping bag. Carry on bus or in car. Folds easily.



AT ALL LEADING STORES

WELSH COMPANY

World's largest manufacturer of folding baby carriages
1535 S. EIGHTH ST. ST. LOUIS 4, MO.

MR. ALLEN CONTINUED

attitude puzzles show people who remember his success in vaudeville and on the musical-comedy stage. They cannot understand why Allen is not rushing headlong into television.

"Television is nothing like vaudeville," Allen says. "In vaudeville you had one act and a constantly changing audience. You used a routine in Philadelphia one week, and you used it again in Wilkes-Barre the next week. You could work it into a state of perfection. Television, like radio, is just the opposite. You have the same audience all the time, so the act must be changed after each performance. Naturally the quality of the material gets low. Look at Milton Berle. He's already scraping the bottom of the barrel. He's using up all those old routines he stole from Ed Wynn and Olsen and Johnson. A couple of weeks ago he even resurrected a gag I used in *The Passing Show of 1922*. I walked out on the stage in a suit five sizes too big for me. Somebody asks me about it and I say, 'I bought this suit up in New Rochelle, my home town, and in New Rochelle I'm a much bigger man than I am down here.' Berle used that same gag a couple of weeks ago. I think he added one original touch of his own. He substituted Yonkers for New Rochelle."

Allen took a sip of water, thought for a moment and continued. "The big problem is the value of words. Russel Crouse put his finger on it last summer in a piece he wrote for John Crosby's column while Crosby was on vacation. Russel pointed out that the arrangement of words that he and Howard Lindsay put together in *Life with Father* possessed enough value to stand unchanged for 7½ years on Broadway. Those same words were used again at the same time all over the U.S. and foreign countries by road companies. They were translated into foreign languages and they were used in a screen play without much change. So you see, the value of the written word in the theater can be very high. On the other hand, the value of the word in radio and television is very low. An arrangement of words written for radio or television is worthless after one performance. A medium of expression that places such a low value on words doesn't attract good writers. That's why the best creative writing today is being done in the theater and for book and magazine publishers, who also place a high value on words. And that's why the worst writing is in radio and television."

Madmen in marble corridors

ALLEN is quite bitter about the radio industry's lack of concern about its creative writers. "Those madmen milling around in the marble corridors of Radio City," he said, "not one of them realizes that he wouldn't be there if it wasn't for the poor guy who sits alone in his room with a pencil and a blank piece of paper, trying to work out an idea for a program. I don't know. It seems the same in any business. Ten percent of the people do the work. The other 90% tax them, exploit them and hustle them."

Aside from the rapid consumption of creative material, which bothered him so much in radio that he was always seeking a sponsor who would agree to one show a month instead of one each week, the thing about television that makes Allen leery is its current technical shortcomings. The screen on the average receiving set is too small for his taste. He feels that it prevents subtle touches of expression from getting across to the audience.

"The screen isn't the only small thing in television," Allen said. "Smallness seems to be the outstanding characteristic of the whole medium right now. It has small minds, small talents, small budgets. In fact you can take anything connected with television, and you'll find it so small that you can hide it in a flea's navel and still have enough room beside it for the heart of a network vice president. But the screen is a problem. How can you show a glint in somebody's eye?"

ALLEN PARODIES SOME TELEVISION ACTS



AS ARTHUR GODFREY he uses Scotch tape to keep spit curl in place.



AS A PUPPET Allen wears heavy make-up, shirt like Howdy Doody's.

The eye itself is as big as a fly speck. A beautiful girl in television has as much sex appeal as a clothespin. The only way you can register mild disapproval on that screen is to hit somebody over the head with a broom. And there's something about the television screen that prevents the close, personal contact between the actor and the audience that you had in radio—the kind of familiar connection with the listener that Tony Wons and Singin' Sam were able to establish. Gabriel Heatter has it and so has Mary Margaret McBride. But the television screen seems to stop it. Don't ask me why. A lot of people say Arthur Godfrey doesn't exercise the spell over the audience on television as he does on radio. It's not Godfrey's fault. It's the screen. People tell me that after the novelty wears off, the only things they like on television are sports, an occasional documentary, like the thing that was done with Eisenhower's book, and Berle. Now you'll notice that none of those three types of shows requires much subtlety of expression, especially Berle. How long will Berle last? You can go only so long when you get your laughs by running out in front of the audience wearing a pair of lady's drawers."

Comedy without comedians

THE mention of Berle's future in television led to speculation about the future of television comedy in general. Allen feels that the next big television comedian may be a man who simply acts like a casual visitor sitting in your living room. "On the other hand," he added, "comedy in television may turn out like comedy in the movies. A movie comedy needs no comedian."

"Photographed comedy," Allen said, "is different from stage comedy or radio comedy. The great stage comedians, like W.C. Fields, Groucho Marx and Bobby Clark, were never really indispensable in Hollywood. Why? Because you can make a funny moving picture with anyone. A smart comedy director, like Leo McCarey, can take two straight actors with no special comic talent, like Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, and he can make a picture with them that will get howls. Remember Garbo in *Ninotchka*? She was a scream. Yet you can hardly classify Garbo as a comedienne. The director of that picture, as I recall, was Lubitsch, a great comedy man. Maybe that's how it will be in television—the key man may be the director instead of the actor. I doubt it though. Live television is closer to the theater than the movies."

Allen finished his salad and ordered a fruit compote for dessert. The well-worn question of radio's future in competition with television was brought up and dissected. Allen mentioned a recent survey which showed quite conclusively that television set owners in the New York area no longer listen to invisible radio programs.

"If that's the trend, radio is done," Allen said. "It's a shame, too. There's a medium with wonderful possibilities, and it never came anywhere near realizing them. None of the visual modes of dramatic expression—the stage, the screen or television—can use the imagination of the audience the way radio can. On a radio broadcast anything goes. You can have a man walking up the side of a building like a spider. You merely plant a suggestion in the listener's mind, and his imagination supplies all the details, all the scenery, props, extras and costumes. A few words in a radio script can create a fantastic setting that couldn't be constructed in a Hollywood studio for millions of dollars. But radio never really took advantage of its opportunities."

Why not? What held radio back?

"Oh, a number of stupid things," Allen said. "Mostly the fact that it was controlled by businessmen instead of creative showmen. They weren't interested in producing anything good that the people might like. They only wanted to sell things. Then there's Hooper and his rat-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AS A FIGHTER Allen crunches his own jaw with a limp-looking left jab.



AS A COWBOY he leers far more effectively than he aims his two guns.



SQUEEZE THE BOTTLE...it sprays!

Heed is the amazing new underarm deodorant in the lovely cool-green squeezable bottle that sprays like a fine atomizer. Just give it a quick, firm squeeze and a delightful mist sprays your perspiration problems away.

Heed really stops perspiration and prevents odor. Better than creams and old-fashioned liquids because it's **Quicker**—5 seconds to apply, no waiting to dry. **Daintier**—your fingers never touch it, doesn't get under your nails. **Safer**—doesn't irritate normal skin, doesn't rot clothes. **Thrifter**—6 months' supply only

AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS

49¢

Heed® the new liquid spray deodorant
stops perspiration—safely deodorizes

Copyrighted material

specially useful in summer

for hatless days—
at work and play



11 types for every use
29c and 39c
Sold everywhere

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
New York 13, N.Y.

ACE

HARD RUBBER

combs

MR. ALLEN CONTINUED

ings. In 24 hours he can tell the sponsor whether a show is selling things or not. He makes a couple of phone calls to Cleveland and he tells you, on the basis of those two phone calls, how many people are listening to the show in Cleveland. On his say-so you can get thrown out of work immediately. At least radio was able to get in about 15 years before Hooper came along. Television is starting from scratch under that handicap. But probably the worst thing that ever happened to radio was the studio audience. Those hordes of cackling geese. Somebody like Eddie Cantor brought them in because he couldn't work without a bunch of imbeciles laughing at his jokes. The sponsors thought it was a Jim Dandy idea and from then on everybody had to have a studio audience. The script had to be kept down to the level of the studio audience's intelligence, and that was a very low level. Would anybody with a brain be caught dead in a studio audience? Would anybody with a sense of taste stand in line to watch half a dozen people in business suits and tortoise-shell glasses standing around, reading into microphones off pieces of paper?"

Network moguls, advertising rajahs

ALLEN sighed and pushed his dessert dish aside. "It never occurred to the highly paid executives," he continued, "that some of the most successful comedy shows in radio had been done without an audience in the studio. The old 15-minute Amos and Andy show, for instance. Remember some of the things Stoopnagle and Budd did in the old days? They had a skit about two guys running a motorboat salesroom. There are only two boats on display in the place, but they don't discover that one of the boats is missing until they take inventory at the end of the year. It was wonderful. Try stuff like that on a studio audience, and you won't get a chuckle. You'd have to switch it around and give one of the guys a Southern accent and have lines like, 'Do you-all wanna buy a yawl?' But can you convince the network moguls and the advertising-agency rajahs that a few million unseen listeners have a sharper sense of humor than the 200 morons that are sitting in the studio with their mouths open? Oh, no. If radio only had a little more imagination and a little more common sense it would be so solidly established today as an entertainment medium that television, or any other kind of vision, would be unable to disturb it."

Allen shook his head sadly.

"It's the poor average man who gets it in the end," he said. "As I said, up until now he could at least listen to the radio and use his imagination. Now they're even taking his imagination away from him. He has to grope his way around in a darkened living room while his 8-year-old kid has her supper served on a card table so she can watch the cowboys kill the Indians while she eats. You think we've got troubles? Imagine the digestive disorders in the next generation."



ALLEN PARODIES MILTON BERLE, who has been called "king of television" and has had himself photographed in a similar costume. "Berle is something America has to go through," says Allen. "King of television? Nyaaaaah!"

Fast HELP for HEADACHE



BROMO-SELTZER

FIGHTS HEADACHE
THREE WAYS

For fast help from ordinary headache always take Bromo-Seltzer. It fights headache three ways:

1. Relieves Pain of Headache.
2. Relieves Discomfort of Upset Stomach.
3. Quiets Jumpy Nerves.

Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug store fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Company since 1887.



Choice of the Judges



Kentucky Club's choice blend of fragrant White Burley wins the "blue"—a really mild, friendly smoke. "TREAT YOURSELF TO THE BEST"

Smoke KENTUCKY CLUB



Listen to: "THE FISHING and HUNTING CLUB OF THE AIR" Mutual Network, every week

Aviation gasoline for automobiles



1. Two months after the end of World War II, most oil companies were back on the market with first-quality "regular" and "premium" gasolines. To a motoring public which had been sputtering along for three years on strictly rationed, low-octane gasoline, the event was something of a field day. Everyone drove everywhere and gasoline sold like hotcakes.



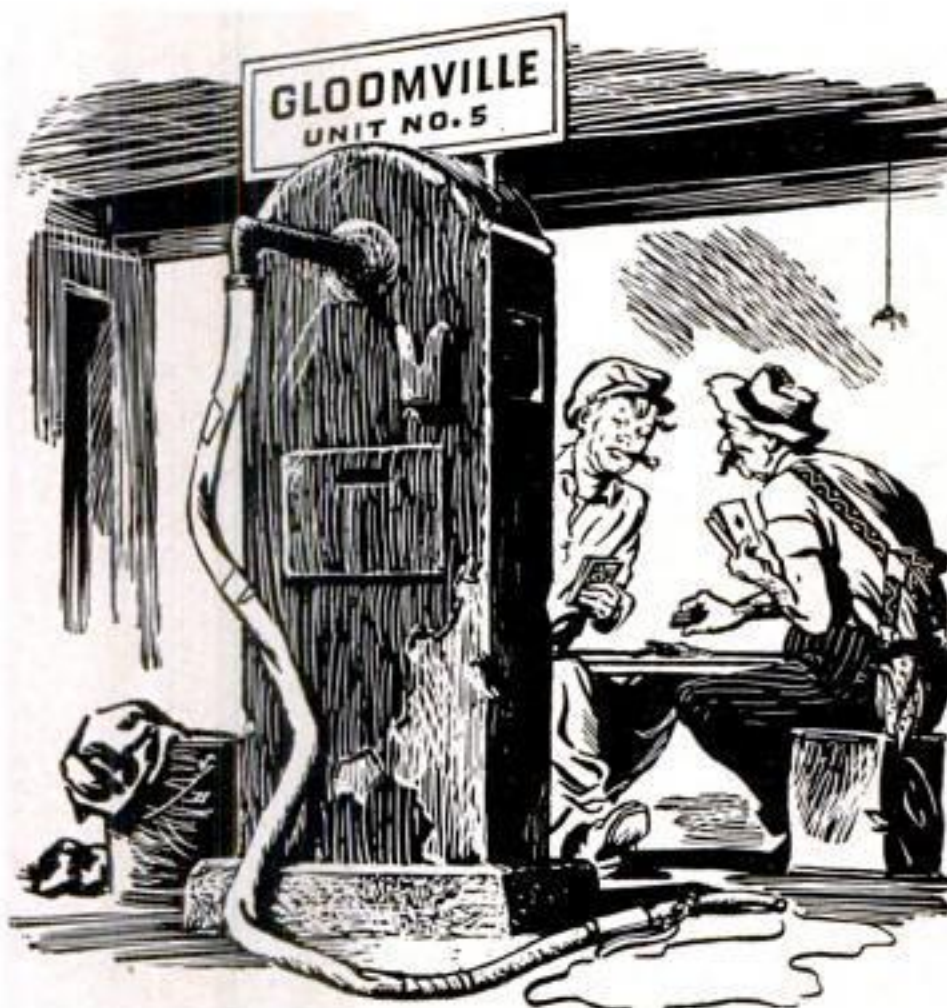
2. Under the circumstances you'd hardly expect an oil company to pick that time to come out with a still better product. But, less than one month after Union Oil had put its "regular" gasoline (76) and its "premium" (76-Plus) back on the market, the company announced a brand-new product—7600. 7600 was actually an aviation gasoline slightly altered to meet automobile operating conditions.



3. Its performance was so superior to anything the average motorist had ever experienced that people practically stood in line for it. In fact it was months before we got our production up enough to keep our stations from running dry. Today, almost four years later, 7600 is still the top-quality gasoline in the West. And people are still buying all we can make.



4. However, the important point of the story—to our way of thinking—is this: we made 7600 available *on our own initiative*. The customers didn't demand it. Conditions didn't make it necessary. But we knew, even though the public was more than satisfied with our present gasolines, that a still better one would win us more customers. And we were in *competition*.



5. If the oil business had been a monopoly—private or governmental—this wouldn't have been the case. For there's no incentive to go after more customers *when you already have them all*. But, because we didn't have all the customers, we had a very good reason for introducing an improved product.



6. All of which goes to prove, we think, that the only way you can guarantee *maximum progress* in an industry is to have an economic system that guarantees *maximum incentives*. Our American system, with its *free competition*, provides these to a degree no other system has ever approached.

**UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA**

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.



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	(Check one)						
How much guaranteed life income would I receive each month at age	55	60	65				
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ARMY MONTAGE SHOWS HAMBONE JUMPING OVER COLORADO'S PIKES PEAK

MULE BEATS HORSES

Barred from competition with his social betters,
he is still Army's best jumper at Camp Carson

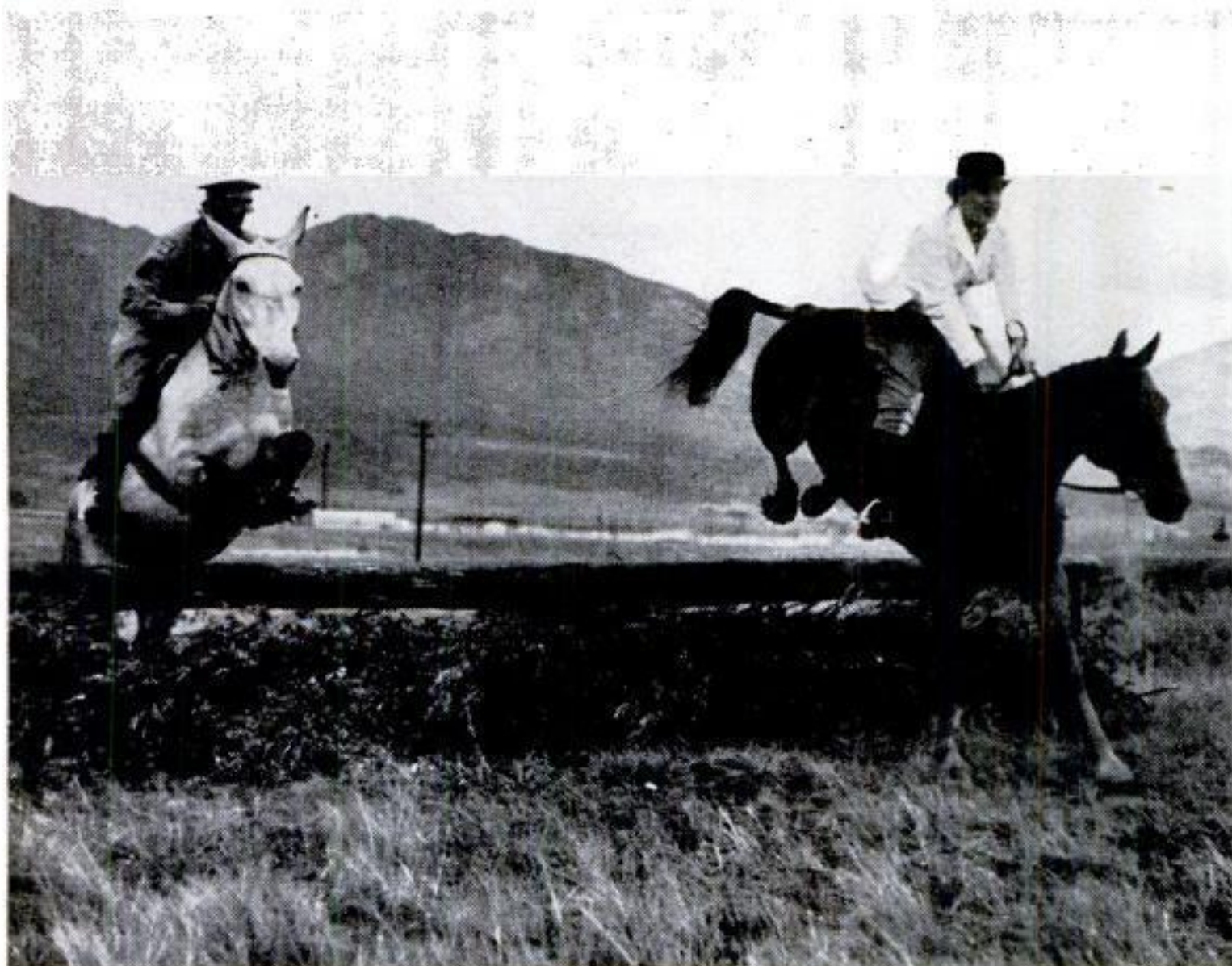
Were it not for his plebeian ancestry the long-eared animal shown on the opposite page would be winning jumping contests in horse shows all over the country. The animal's name is Hambone, and although Hambone's mother was a fairly respectable mare, his father was an ass. That makes Hambone a mule, unfit to jump against high-society thoroughbreds. Hambone is the property of the U.S. Army, and his jumping ability first attracted attention three years ago. Competing under the alias of "Mr. Hamilton T. Bone," he won several ribbons in a Fort Riley, Kan. horse show, which had to be returned when the judges discovered that they had been taken in by a mule. Later Hambone was sent to Camp Carson, Colo., where last year he embarrassed the horsey set half to death by winning the jumper classic of the Camp Carson Hunt Club. At this year's meet on June 12 the Hunt Club took the only safe course and declined Hambone's entry, although Hambone came anyway and drew more applause than any of the horses. Being no patrician, Hambone has to work for a living; six days a week he does pack duty with a field artillery unit. However, he has scored one triumph against discrimination. As befits a highly superior mule, he is the only nonsegregated pack animal on the post, enjoying the luxury of a box stall with the horses, and two soldiers have written a song about him.



HAMBONE'S SADDLE, here being adjusted by M/Sgt. Talmadge Driggers, is a regulation jumping saddle. Mule is 12 years old, cost the Army \$210.




UNCONCERNED BY THE STIGMA OF HIS POINTED EARS, HAMBONE EASILY CLEARS A 4-FOOT BAR WITH ALL THE GRACE OF THE MOST WELL-BORN THOROUGHbred



HAMBONE'S SOCIAL SUPERIOR, a horse named Renard Rouge, takes a practice jump with Hambone at Camp Carson show, where mule was barred from competition.



HAMBONE'S HEE-HAW suggests his attitude toward snobbishness as he and Sergeant Driggers give an admirer a ride. Mule is a big favorite with children around post.



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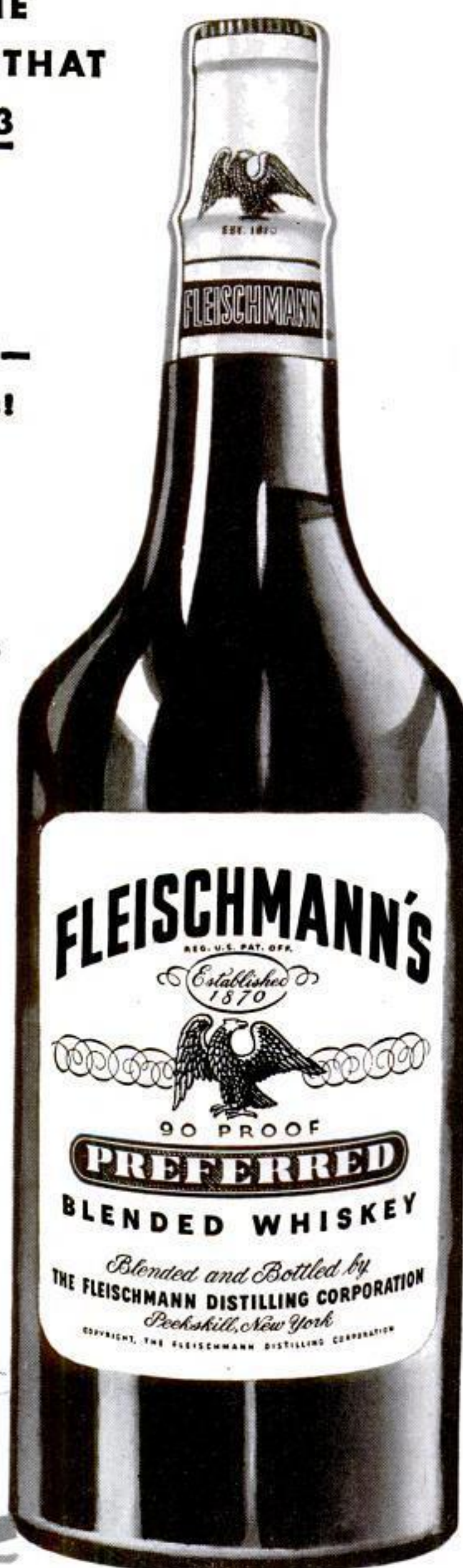
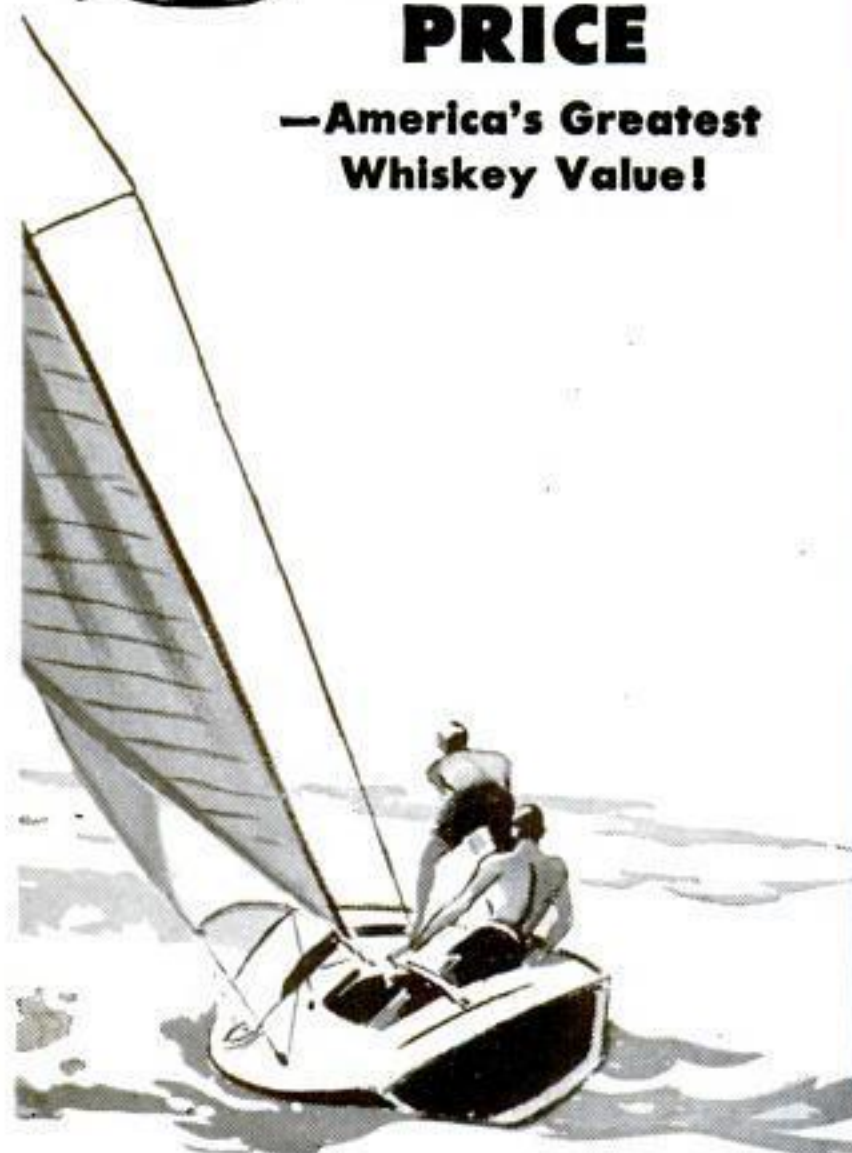
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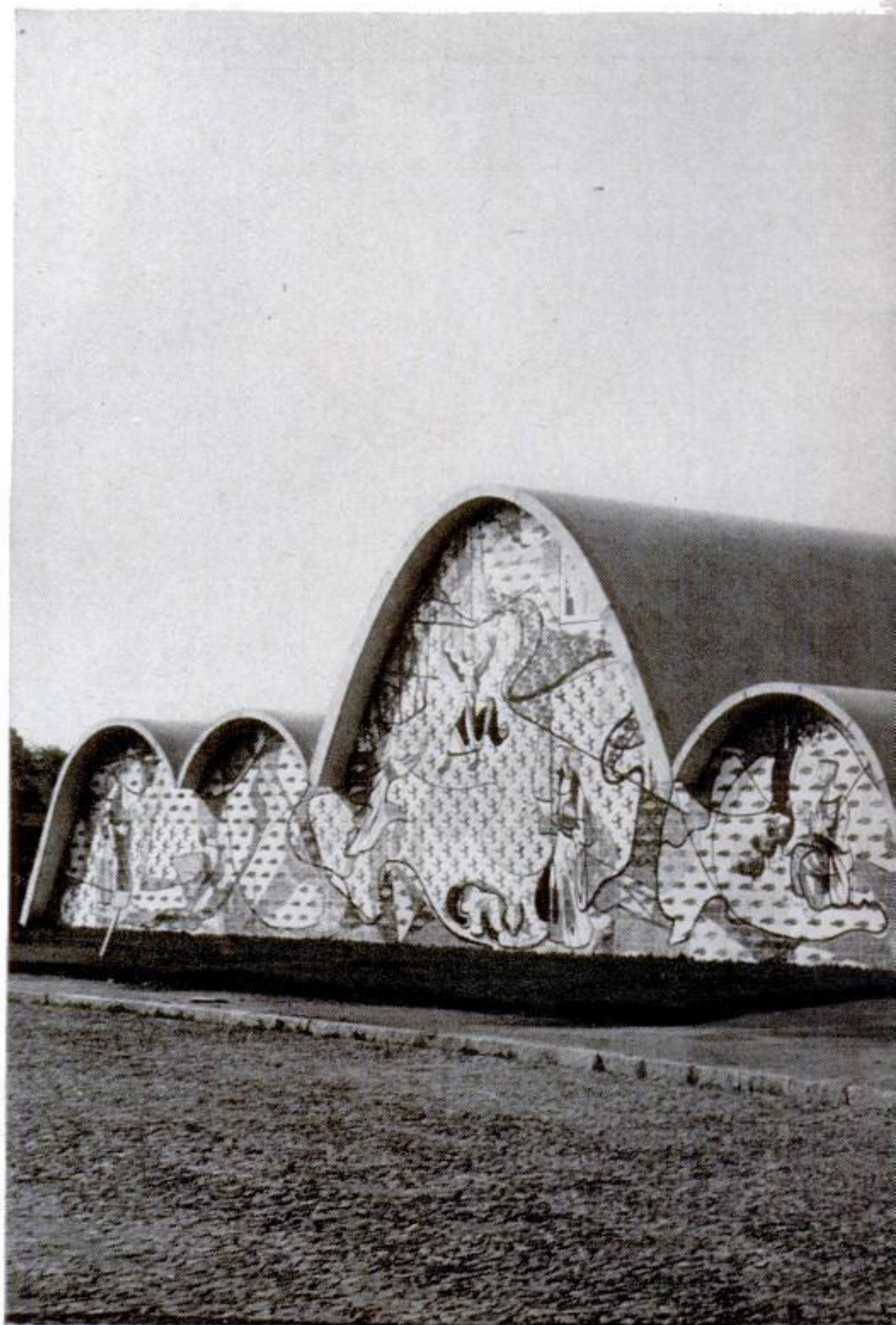
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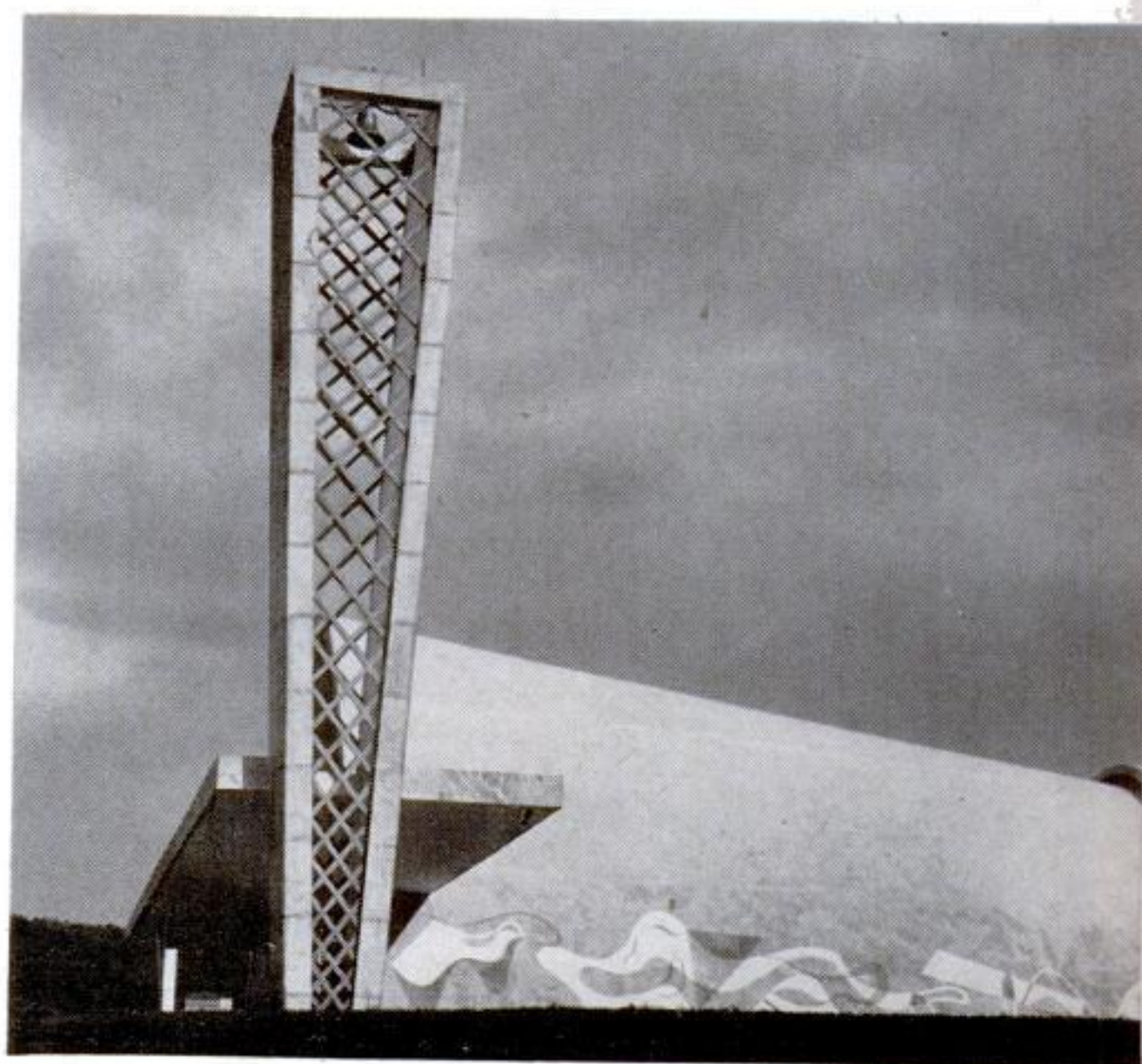
RELIGION



CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS IN BRAZIL RESEMBLES FIVE QUONSET HUTS

UNCONSECRATED CHURCH

Too unorthodox for use by the Catholics,
it is now a Brazilian national monument



BELL TOWER OF CHURCH LOOKS LIKE A BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION GIRDER



PUSHED TOGETHER. ODD MURALS BY PORTINARI DECORATE THE WALLS

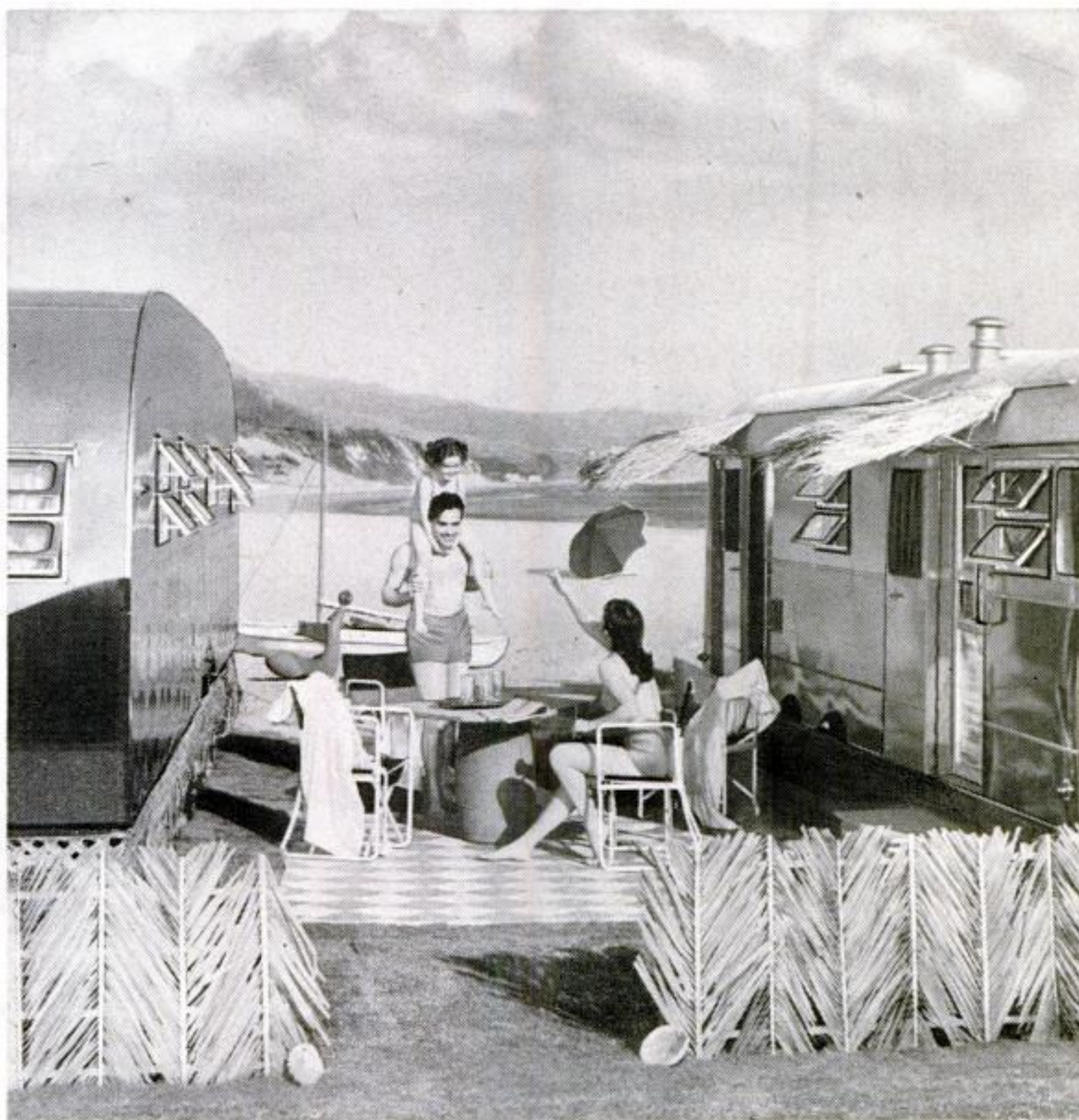
When the mayor of Belo Horizonte, a Brazilian state capital 375 miles from Rio, planned a new city-financed resort a few years ago, he included a casino, a yacht club, a hotel and a church. The project drew on the combined talents of Brazil's best artists: Architect Oscar Niemeyer (also a designer of the U.N. capital) and Painter Candido Portinari. Everything looked fine until shocked Catholic officials saw the church and decided that its architecture was too extreme. Unconsecrated by the local archbishop, it has not been used for services since it was finished more than three years ago. Nevertheless, the Brazilians are so proud of its artistic merits that it is now a national monument.



MURAL SHOWS ST. FRANCIS, FRIEND OF ANIMALS, PREACHING TO BIRDS

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LONDON IN 1984, as described by Novelist Orwell, is a dreary mass of wartime rubble through which Party members, in uniforms resembling overalls, move warily under the watchful eyes of the Thought Police and of their leader Big Brother. People in ordinary dress are *proles*, or non-Party members, who are kept in ignorance and are regarded simply as animals. Building at center with the Party's three slogans, which sound absurd but are actually believed by members, is Ministry of Truth. To the right is windowless Ministry of Love, a monument of cruelty where victims of the Thought Police are tortured out of their heretical notions.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR LIFE
BY ABNER DEAN

THE STRANGE WORLD OF 1984



NOVELIST ORWELL

AN ENGLISHMAN WRITES A FRIGHTENING SATIRE ABOUT THE CRUEL FATE OF MAN
IN A REGIMENTED LEFT-WING POLICE STATE WHICH CONTROLS HIS MIND AND SOUL

British Novelist George Orwell, 46, who fought in the Spanish Civil War, saw firsthand what the Communists were up to and has since devoted all his talents to warning the world of the fate which awaits it if it confuses liberalism with regimentation. His *Animal Farm* (1946) was a deft satire of what happened to a group of barn-

yard animals who, in the delusion that living standards can be raised by surrendering freedom, placed their affairs in the hands of a dictatorial pig named Napoleon. His new novel, *Nineteen Eighty-four* (Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$3), is a terrifying forecast of what the world of human beings may be like 35 years hence. Al-



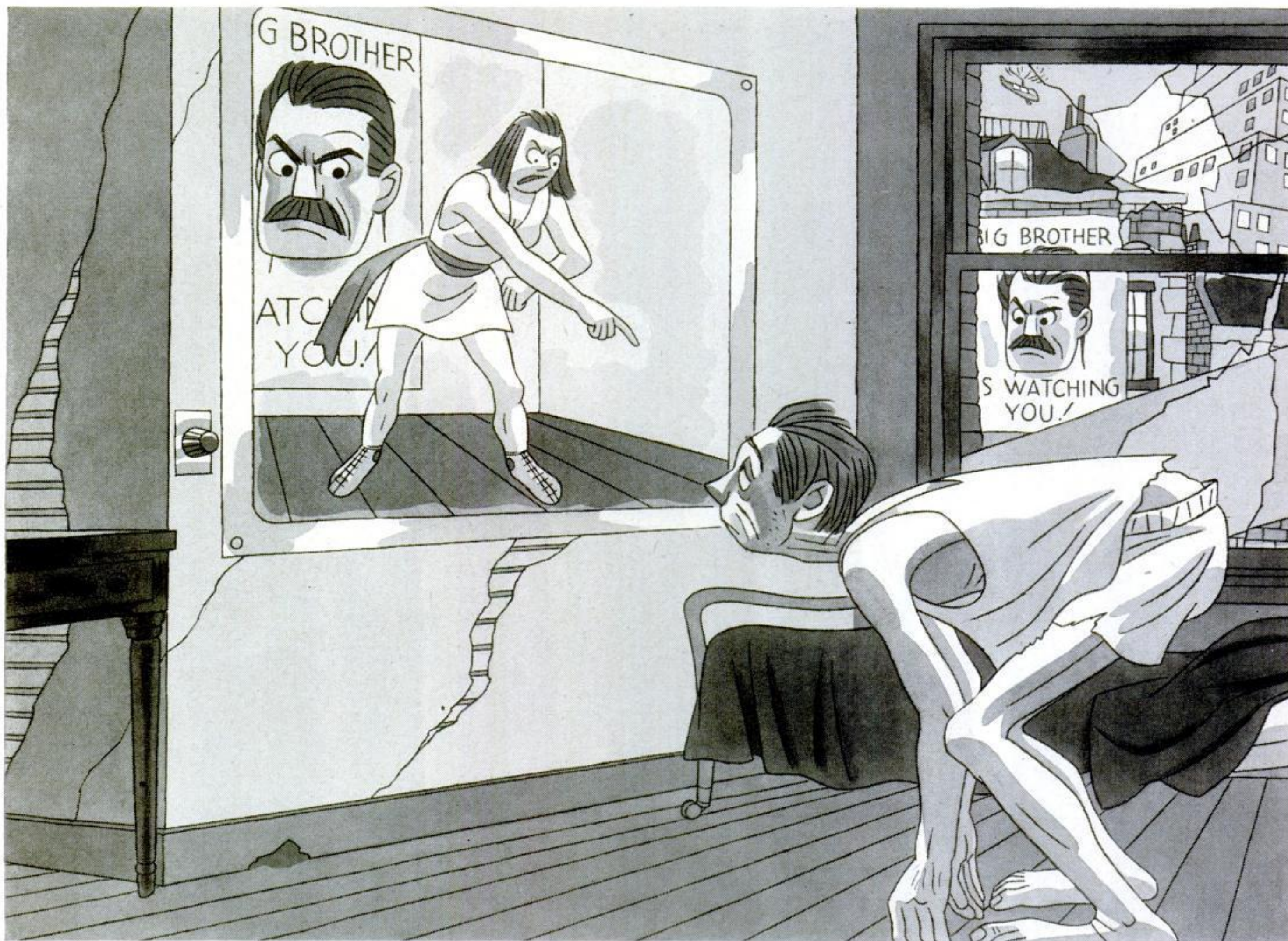
though it is not funny, like *Animal Farm*, it is even more effective. It is a July selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and will be condensed in the September *Reader's Digest*. It is guaranteed to make the flesh creep on anything except brass monkeys and commissars.

In the year 1984 left-wing totalitarianism rules the world. England, the scene of the novel, is known as Airstrip One, a province of a vaguely Anglo-American world power known as Oceania. The prevailing philosophy is *Ingsoc* (a perverted English socialism); the dictator is a Stalinlike character known as Big Brother, who is never seen in person and is perhaps actually a myth. Even in its physical aspects Oceania is a horrible place. The standard of living is pitifully low—in the first place the factories cannot be

run efficiently under regimentation, and in the second place it is a cardinal principle of Ingsoc to wage constant war to shoot away the products of the machine and keep the world in poverty and ignorance. London is mostly a mass of rubble left over from the wars which finally created the world of 1984; the only handsome buildings are those where Party members conduct the government. One is the Ministry of Truth, busy manufacturing the lies that are fed to the populace. There are also the Ministry of Love (home of the brutal secret police), the Ministry of Peace (which wages war) and the Ministry of Plenty (which is chiefly concerned with new ways of cutting rations).

The London masses, 85% of the population, are now known as proles; they live in abject poverty and ignorance and their only

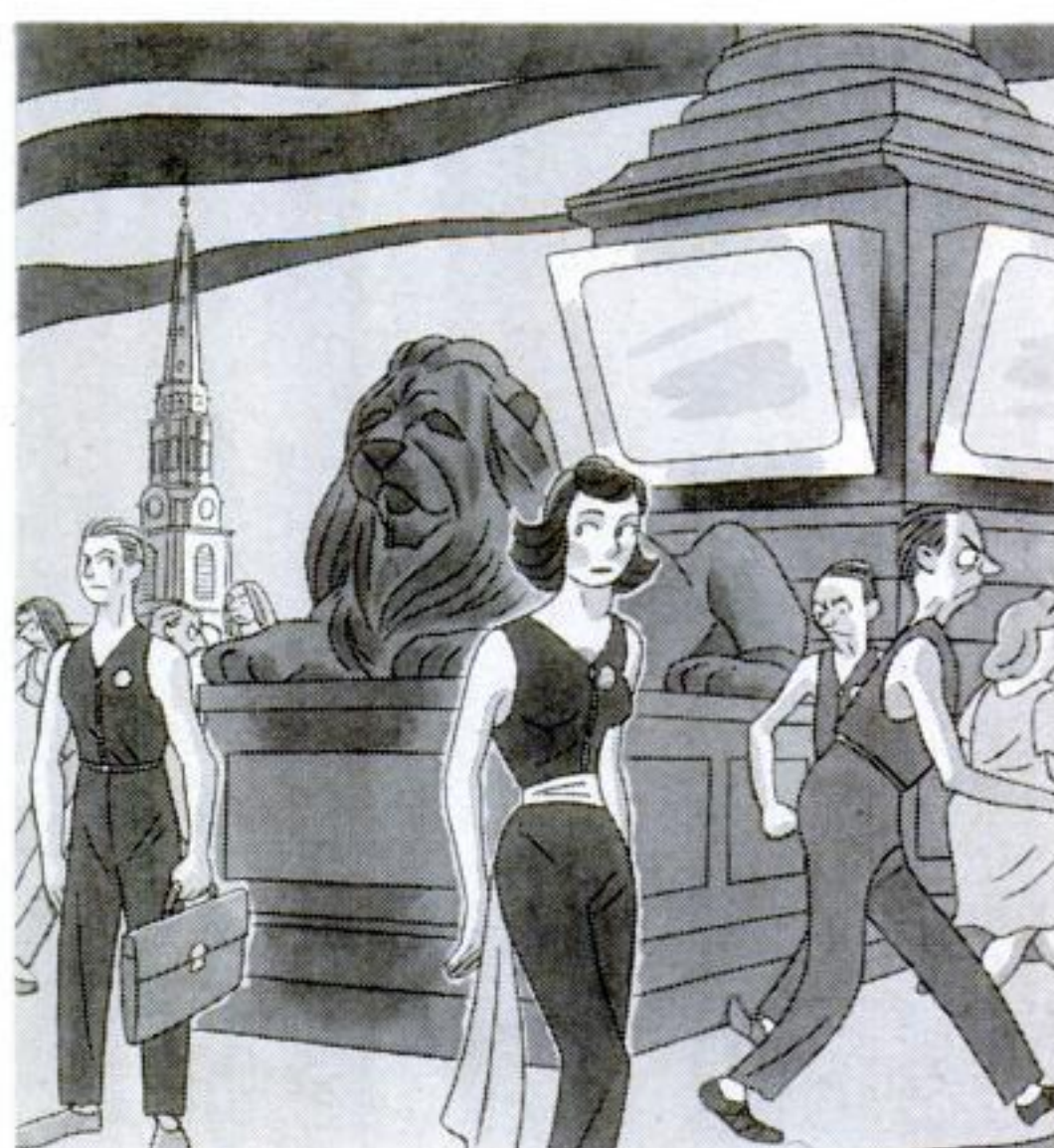
function is to work, eat, breed and die. Party members are distinguished from the proles by their uniforms, a kind of suit of overalls. (In the case of women the uniform is usually set off by the red sash of the Junior Anti-Sex League; pleasure in sex is frowned on by Big Brother—as is any form of human emotion which might make Party members less frustrated and thus less amenable to discipline.) The members are also distinguished by the drab unhappiness which Artist Abner Dean has depicted in these drawings, and by the constant struggle to keep out of the toils of the Thought Police, whose methods of terror are shown on the following pages. Ingsoc's dictators have finally learned the technique of perpetuating a regimentation forever—they have learned to control, in fact to eliminate, the mind and soul of man.



THE TELESCREEN dominates the lives of Party members; it is a kind of television set which can never be turned off, and which can pick up as well as receive images. Over it the members hear what they are supposed to do and believe—and from the other end the dreaded Thought Police can see everything they do and hear everything they say. Here Party Member Winston Smith, serial number 6079, the hero of Orwell's novel, stands before the telescreen, which has awakened

him promptly at 7:15 a.m., and is going through the compulsory setting-up exercises known as the Physical Jerks. At the other end the instructress has noted that he is not touching his toes, and she is barking, "Smith! 6079 Smith W! Yes, you! Bend lower, please. You can do better than that. You're not trying. Lower please! That's better, comrade. . . . We don't all have the privilege of fighting in the front line, but at least we can all keep fit!" Winston is trying to conceal his distaste.

BOY MEETS GIRL: 1984 STYLE



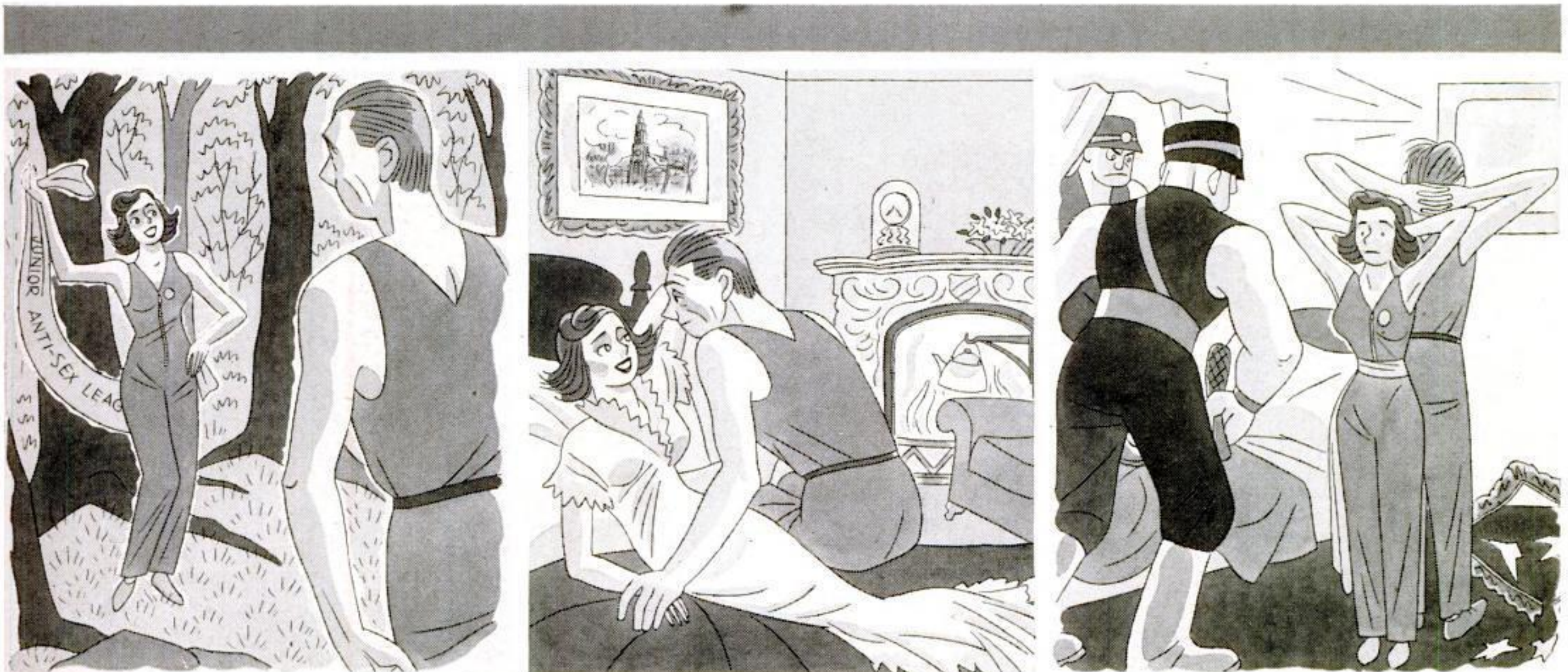
A LOVE AFFAIR leads Winston first to happiness, inevitably to tragedy. One morning, in a hallway of the Ministry of Truth the dark-haired girl, Julia, pretends to fall and thus manages to hand Winston a note. Since any strange experience is frightening in Oceania, Winston expects some kind of sinister message; instead he is amazed to find the three words, "I love you." Love, of course, is a forbidden emotion in Oceania; so he quickly throws the note down the of-

fice *memory hole*, a kind of automatic incinerator system used to destroy historical documents which the Party wants to forget. He then arranges to meet Julia in the midst of a crowd in Victory Square, where they elude the telescreens just long enough for her to whisper instructions for reaching a hiding place she has found in the country. Up to this point Winston, 39, once married but quickly separated from an intense Party woman whom he despised, has been terribly



TWO MINUTES HATE is a daily institution designed to keep Party members in a frenzy of excitement and rage against the Party's enemies. Here Winston Smith and his fellow workers hiss the telescreen image of Emmanuel Goldstein (who is to Ingsoc what Trotsky is to Communism, except that he is a complete myth invented by the Party leaders). Smith is secretly a rebel against Ingsoc, but he finds himself as emotional as the rest: "The horrible thing about the Two Min-

utes Hate was that it was impossible to avoid joining in. Within 30 seconds any pretense was always unnecessary. A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a sledge hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current." It is on this morning that Winston notices that a girl with dark hair is watching him; he fears that she is a member of the Thought Police. For her real reason, see the drawings below.



lonely. Now, in a trysting place beneath the trees he finds a kindred soul in the rebellious Julia; she removes the hateful sash of the Anti-Sex League and they enter upon one of the most furtive and pathetic little love affairs in all literature. For a time they find occasional sanctuary in a room Winston has rented over the store of a prole shopkeeper. Julia is good at smuggling forbidden pleasures; they have real coffee (not the ersatz "Victory" mixture) and chocolate, and Jul-

ia adorns herself with cosmetics and perfumes which no Party member is ever supposed to use. But eventually, of course, the Thought Police catch up with them; they discover that even the shopkeeper's room was a trap where they were watched by a hidden telescreen and all their conversations were recorded. For the unspeakable crime of indulging in a human emotion they are arrested and hauled away to repent their sins in the horrible confines of the Ministry of Love.



"Ah don't need no shootin' iron, son. Ah'm totin' mah cash in American Express Travelers Cheques."

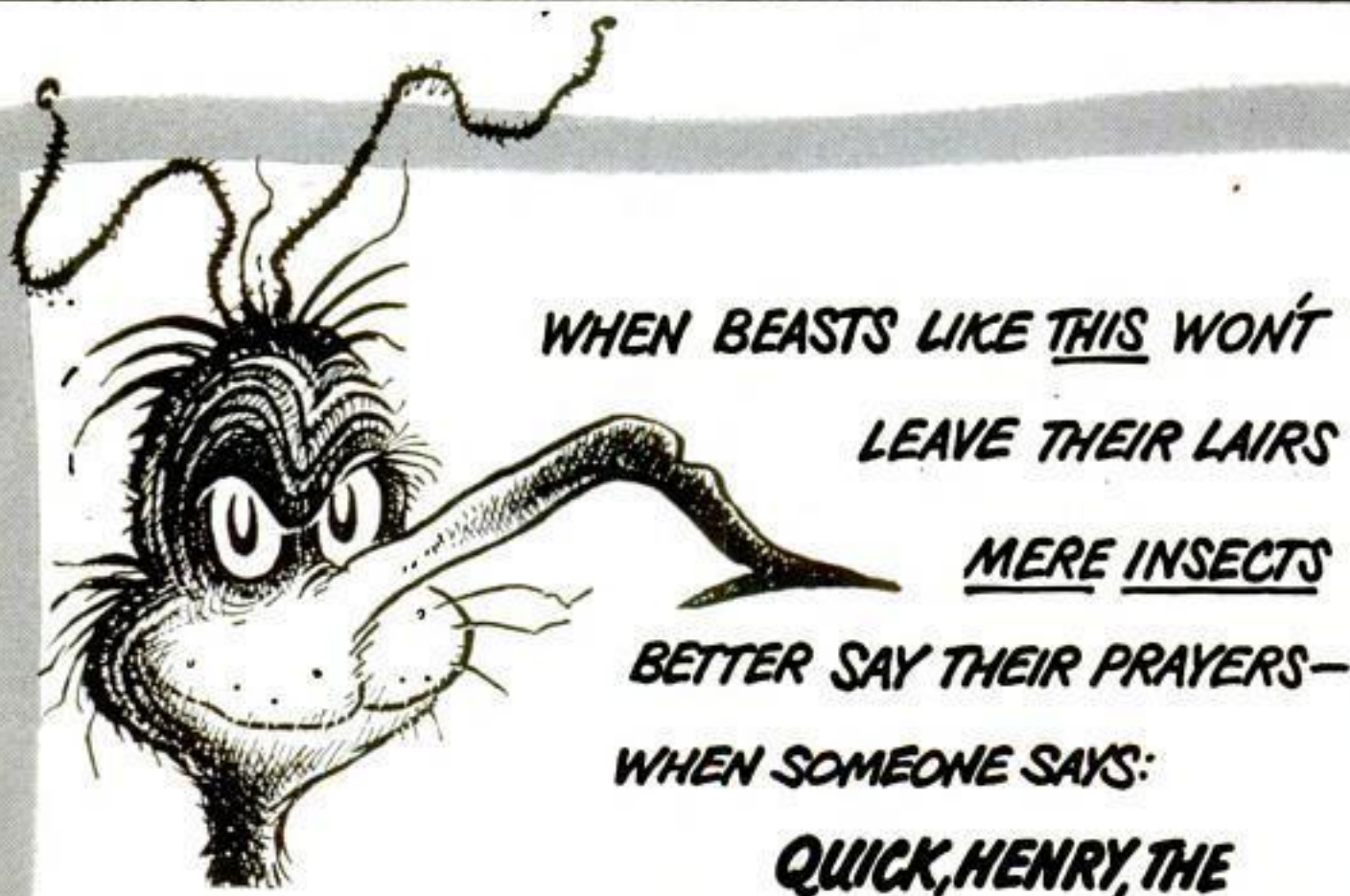
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"FACECRIME"—such as the unorthodox look of sly satisfaction on the man at the center—is a terrible word in Newspeak and a terrible offense in 1984. The Thought Police will have this man before he knows it.

THE LANGUAGE IS CALLED "NEWSPEAK"

Newspeak is the official language of Oceania in 1984. It is a kind of staccato verbal shorthand, designed to enable human beings to communicate with the minimum possible number of words. As Orwell explains it, "Any word could be negated by adding the affix *un-*, or could be strengthened by the affix *plus-*, or, for still greater emphasis, *doubleplus-*. Thus, for example, *uncold* meant 'warm,' while *pluscold* and *doublepluscold* meant, respectively, 'very cold' and 'superlatively cold.' Given the word *good*, there was no need for such a word as *bad*, since the required meaning was better expressed by *ungood*." The ultimate aim of Newspeak was to reduce the vocabulary until it would be impossible to think a heretical thought—there would be just no words for disliking Ingsoc.

Some of the strange Newspeak words which crop up frequently in *Nineteen Eighty-four*:

Crimethink—to think anything not approved by Ingsoc.

Facecrime—looking as if you are thinking wrong.

Goodthink—to think in strict Ingsoc dialectics.

Duckspeak—to utter Party beliefs with such automatic, unthinking speed as to sound like a duck's irrational quacks.

Doublethink—ability to believe absolutely in a deliberate lie.

EVERYBODY CONFORMS OR ELSE

Most readers of *Nineteen Eighty-four* will find that the thing which chills them most is the terrible urgency under which Oceania's citizens dwell. Big Brother permits no deviations, not even the faintest suspicion that man deserves a better fate than Ingsoc. As Orwell describes it:

A Party member lives from birth to death under the eye of the Thought Police. Even when he is alone he can never be sure that he is alone. Wherever he may be, asleep or awake, in his bath or in bed, he can be inspected without warning and without knowing he is being inspected. His friendships, his behavior toward his wife and children, the words he mutters in sleep, are all jealously scrutinized. Any eccentricity, however small, any change of habits, any nervous mannerism that could possibly be the symptom of an inner struggle, is certain to be detected. He has no freedom of choice in any direction whatever.

A Party member is expected to have no private emotions and no respite from enthusiasm. He is supposed to live in a continuous frenzy of hatred of foreign enemies and internal traitors, of triumph over victories, and of self-abasement before the power and wisdom of the Party. The discontents produced by his bare, unsatisfying life are deliberately turned outward and dissipated by such devices as the Two Minutes Hate, and the speculations which might possibly induce a skeptical or rebellious attitude are killed in advance by his early acquired inner discipline. The first and simplest stage in the discipline is called, in Newspeak, *crimestop*. Crimestop means the faculty of stopping short, as though by instinct, at the threshold of any dangerous thought. It includes the power of not grasping analogies, of failing to perceive logical errors, of misunderstanding the simplest arguments if they are inimical to Ingsoc. Crimestop, in short, means protective stupidity.



THE "SPEAKWRITE" is one of Oceania's better inventions. In his office cubicle, where he labors at forging history, Winston Smith merely has to talk into the speakwrite, which turns his words into writing.

HOW THE PARTY ALTERS HISTORY

Since Ingsoc demands blind and total obedience, it must always seem to be infallibly right—the Party can never admit a mistake. Therefore the big job of the Ministry of Truth, at which Winston helps before he is purged, is to alter the records of history to conform with the newest Party line. The fascinating process by which this is done is described by Novelist Orwell in the following scene, where a message in Newspeak arrives on Winston's office desk:

Winston unrolled the message. It ran:

times 3.12.83 reporting bb dayorder doubleplusungood refs unpersons rewrite fullwise upsub antefiling.

In Oldspeak (or standard English) this might be rendered:

The reporting of Big Brother's Order for the Day in the *Times* of December 3rd 1983 is extremely unsatisfactory and makes reference to nonexistent persons. Rewrite it in full and submit your draft to higher authority before filing.

Big Brother's Order for the Day, it seemed, had been chiefly devoted to praising the work of an organization known as FFCC, which supplied cigarettes and other comforts to sailors in the Floating Fortresses. A certain Comrade Withers, a prominent member of the Inner Party, had been singled out for special mention and awarded a decoration, the Order of Conspicuous Merit, Second Class.

Three months later FFCC had suddenly been dissolved with no reasons given. One could assume that Withers and his associates were now in disgrace. The words "refs unpersons" indicated that Withers was already dead. He did not exist; he had never existed. Winston decided that it would not be enough simply to reverse the tendency of Big Brother's speech. What was needed was a piece of pure fantasy. Suddenly there sprang into his mind the image of a certain Comrade Ogilvy, who had recently died in battle. It was true that there was no such person as Comrade Ogilvy, but a few lines of print and a couple of faked photographs would soon bring him into existence.

Winston thought for a moment, then pulled the speakwrite toward him and began dictating a new Order for the Day.

At the age of 3 Comrade Ogilvy had refused all toys except a drum, submachine gun, and a model helicopter. At 11 he had denounced his uncle to the Thought Police after overhearing a conversation which appeared to him to have criminal tendencies. At 17 he had been a district organizer of the Anti-Sex League. At 23 he had perished in action. Pursued by enemy jet planes while flying over the Indian Ocean with important despatches, he had weighted his body with his machine gun and leapt into deep water, despatches and all—an end, said Big Brother, which it was impossible to contemplate without feelings of envy. Big Brother added a few remarks on the purity and singlemindedness of Comrade Ogilvy's life. He was a total abstainer and a nonsmoker, had no recreations except a daily hour in the gymnasium, and had taken a vow of celibacy. He had no subjects of conversation except the principles of Ingsoc, and no aim in life except the defeat of the Eurasian enemy and the hunting-down of spies, saboteurs, thought-criminals, and traitors generally.

Comrade Ogilvy, who had never existed in the present, now existed in the past, and once the forgery was forgotten he would exist just as authentically, and upon the same evidence, as Charlemagne or Caesar.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



This Tom Collins leads the parade

Cassia from China ...

Valencia peel from Spain ...

Juniper from Italy ...

To these vintage year botanicals, the world's finest ...

Add American grain spirits—

and Hiram Walker's 91 years distilling skill ...

There you have a great gin

that puts your gin drinks out in front every time.

HIRAM
WALKER'S Distilled London Dry **GIN**

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American Grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



Goodbye itch! Goodbye flea! With Sergeant's that's how it can be!

He gives so much, and asks so little. It's a good idea to check up now and then and sort of balance the score! One way is to have safe, quick-acting Sergeant's Dog Care Products always on hand to help keep him in fine fettle. There's one for almost every canine trouble. Science and research create these products—veterinarians test them thoroughly. Behind each one is 74 years' devotion to dogs. Keep the following items on hand. You'll find them at your drug or pet store.

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FOR THAT ITCHING SKIN irritation sometimes called "summer eczema," soothing Sergeant's Skin Balm brings quick, healing relief.

FREE: The most important things you need to know to give your dog the care he deserves. Ask for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book at drug or pet store. Or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

* Polk Miller Products Corporation.



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INGSOC CATCHES THEM YOUNG

In Oceania even the children are a kind of Thought Police; the Party catches them young, gets them to join the "Spies" and intoxicates them with banners, rifle drills and the yelling of slogans until they become Big Brother's most frantic clique. Winston learns about the Spies in a conversation with his ebullient acquaintance Parsons, who has sired two of them:

"Mischievous little beggars they are," [says Parsons] "but talk about keenness! All they think about is the Spies. D'you know what that little girl of mine did last Saturday, when her troop was on a hike out Berkhamstead way? She got two other girls to go with her, slipped off from the hike, and spent the whole afternoon following a strange man. They kept on his tail for two hours, right through the woods, and then, when they got into Amersham, handed him over to the patrols."

"What did they do that for?" said Winston, somewhat taken aback. Parsons went on triumphantly:

"My kid made sure he was some kind of enemy agent—might have been dropped by parachute, for instance. She spotted he was wearing a funny kind of shoes—said she'd never seen anyone wearing shoes like that before. So the chances were he was a foreigner. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh?"

"What happened to the man?" said Winston.

"I wouldn't be altogether surprised if!" Parsons made the motion of aiming a rifle, and clicked his tongue for the explosion.

"Did I ever tell you, old boy," [Parsons went on] "about the time when those two nippers of mine set fire to the old market woman's skirt because they saw her wrapping up sausages in a poster of B.B.? Sneaked up behind her and set fire to it with a box of matches. Burned her quite badly, I believe. Little beggars, eh? But keen as mustard! That's a first-rate training they give them in the Spies nowadays—better than in my day, even. What d'you think the latest thing they've served them out with? Ear trumpets for listening through keyholes! Of course it's only a toy, mind you. Still, gives 'em the right ideas, eh?"

But of course Parsons' queer pride in his two little beasts, like everything else in Oceania, ends in tragedy. After Winston is jailed by the Thought Police, who should be hauled into his cell but Parsons! In amazement Winston asks, "What are you in for?" This conversation follows:

"Thoughtcrime!" said Parsons, almost blubbing. "Thought-crime is a dreadful thing, old man. It's insidious. It can get hold of you without your even knowing it. Do you know how it got hold of me? In my sleep! Yes, that's a fact. There I was, working away, trying to do my bit—never knew I had any bad stuff in my mind at all. And then I started talking in my sleep. Do you know what they heard me saying? 'Down with Big Brother!' Yes, I said that! Said it over and over again, it seems."

"Who denounced you?" said Winston.

"It was my little daughter," said Parsons with a sort of doleful pride. "She listened at the keyhole. Heard what I was saying, and nipped off to the patrols the very next day. Pretty smart for a nipper of 7, eh? I don't bear her any grudge for it. In fact I'm proud of her. It shows I brought her up in the right spirit, anyway."



JUNIOR "SPIES," taught from the cradle to be full of love for Big Brother and hate for heretics, trail a market woman whom they suspect of deviationism. For what happens to the poor woman, see text above.

THE SECRET OF DOUBLETHINK

The most important word in *Newspeak* is *doublethink*, meaning a queer mental process which makes the *Ingsoc* philosophy possible. Orwell describes it in these words:

Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them. The Party intellectual knows in which direction his memories must be altered; he therefore knows that he is playing tricks with reality; but by the exercise of doublethink he also satisfies himself that reality is not violated. Doublethink lies at the very heart of *Ingsoc*, for the secret of rulership is to combine a belief in one's own infallibility with the power to learn from past mistakes. The Party rejects and vilifies every principle for which the Socialist movement originally stood, and it chooses to do this in the name of Socialism. It preaches a contempt for the working class unexampled for centuries, and it dresses its members in a uniform which was at one time peculiar to manual workers and was adopted for that reason. These contradictions are not accidental; they are deliberate exercises in doublethink. For it is only by reconciling contradictions that power can be retained indefinitely.

THE BOOT ON THE HUMAN FACE

The terrible climax of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* takes place in the Ministry of Love, where Winston Smith is finally broken into accepting the basic philosophy of *Ingsoc*. He had written in his diary, "Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four." Now he learns on the torture table that two and two are whatever the Party says—three, five or nothing at all. There can be no truths in *Ingsoc*, only doctrines. Nor can there be any happiness, or kindness, or humanity. The sole goal of a totalitarianism is power—sheer, naked and brutal power. Now that Winston is broken, his tormentor talks to him frankly, in words that summarize the end stages of the totalitarian philosophy:

"Power is in inflicting pain and humiliation. Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing. Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are creating? It is the exact opposite of the stupid hedonistic Utopias that the old reformers imagined. The old civilizations claimed that they were founded on love or justice. Ours is founded upon hatred. In our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement. Everything else we shall destroy—everything. In the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. There will be no loyalty, except loyalty toward the Party. There will be no love, except the love of Big Brother. There will be no laughter, except the laugh of triumph over a defeated enemy. There will be no art, no literature, no science. There will be no curiosity, no enjoyment of the process of life. But always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever."



TORTURE TABLE on which Winston is placed by Thought Police in the Ministry of Love is a racklike invention which administers any desired degree of pain, without killing or maiming, at mere flick of a dial.

UNBURN SUNBURN



Get soothing relief from pain

You may not realize it right away, but when you're sunburned you're *burned*. You need a real *burn* remedy. Many doctors and nurses—and millions of users—recommend Unguentine, because it works *three ways*:

- ① Relieves the pain of sunburn.
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NOTE: Unguentine is *antiseptic* as well as soothing. That's why it comes in handy for many other summer "skinjuries"—scratches, scrapes, scuffs and skin irritations. At all drug stores, in tubes and jars. *Get Unguentine today.*

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4-WAY PROTECTION



4-WAY PROTECTION FOR YOUR MOTOR

1. CLEANS—Premium Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil cleans your motor better than ordinary motor oil. Special chemicals safely remove carbon and other power-stealing deposits. Opaline keeps your motor clean as a whistle.

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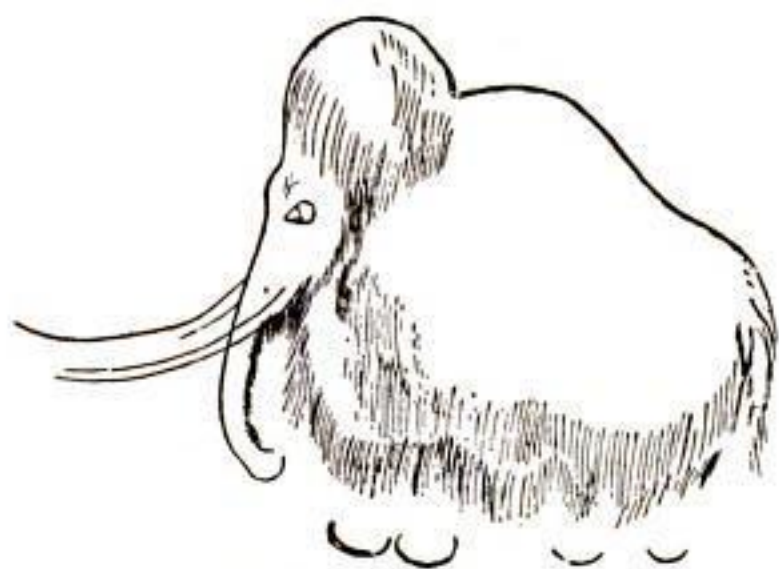
3. COOLS—Opaline flows freely under all conditions to draw heat away from cylinder walls, crankshaft bearings, wristpin bearings and other engine parts.

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SINCLAIR OPALINE
MOTOR OIL
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SUPER-REFINED BY THE PHETONE PROCESS



BABY MAMMOTH

After thousands of years in ice, it goes into a museum's freezer

Last week New York's American Museum of Natural History, with the aid of an ordinary domestic deep freezer unit, placed on display one of the most remarkable zoological exhibits ever seen in the U.S. The prize specimen was a 10-pound chunk of meat, complete with skin and hair, which was once part of a baby mammoth that lived in Alaska between 15,000 and 400,000 years ago.

The baby mammoth, together with the entire carcass of a long-extinct musk-ox and the foreleg of a prehistoric horse, was found buried in the silt below the tundra near Fairbanks, where placer miners are searching for gold. The animal was incomplete—only its head, trunk and left front leg remained—but those parts were in a nearly perfect state of preservation. It was impossible to tell whether the carcass was shattered during mining operations, in which high-pressure streams of water are used to cut away the silt, or whether the missing parts had simply decayed or been eaten long ago by other animals. There was a long gash across the mammoth's face, probably made by the blast from the miners' hose, which had to be sewn up (right).

The mammoth, an undeveloped, tuskless calf which was once similar to the baby at left in the painting below, was treated with embalming fluid in the laboratories of the University of Alaska before being air-expressed to New York. In the museum it is kept at a constant temperature of 10° and will remain in good condition indefinitely.



HEAD-ON VIEW OF MAMMOTH IN THE FREEZER CLEARLY SHOWS EYE HOLES, TRUNK AND HALF-OPEN MOUTH



A FAMILY OF MAMMOTHS roaming across the frozen tundra was painted for the Field Museum of Natural History on information obtained from preserved Siberian specimens. Mammoths became extinct about 15,000 years ago, for a reason

scientists have not yet been able to determine. Those in the temperate regions of the Northern Hemisphere died out at about the same time as those in the colder areas, which rules out the possibility that their food supplies were cut off by climatic changes.

WE CAN'T GET HIM OUT, NOW!

LOOKIT HIM GO!

FLEERS DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM F.H. FLEER CORP. PHILA. 41, PA.

WHAT HE NEEDS IS SOME FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!

HMM-LI'L' TIM ISN'T MUCH OF A SWIMMER!

GLUG-GLUG-

YO, TIM! COME ON IN!

YOUR FAVORITE STORE KEEPS FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE RIGHT UP FRONT... HANDY FOR YOU!



ALASKAN MINERS CUT DEEPER INTO SILT WHERE MAMMOTH WAS FOUND

HOW MAMMOTHS WERE DISCOVERED

The bones of mammoths, which once inhabited much of the Northern Hemisphere, have been found in many parts of the U.S.—in New Jersey, Ohio and Michigan. But until the Fairbanks find, the only significant discoveries of flesh, skin and hair had been made in Siberia.

When the world first began to hear of mammoths, the information was sparse and clouded by folklore. Evolution was unknown as a science and the idea that extinct forms of animals once roamed the earth was regarded as madness. In the 17th Century a Dutch ambassador named Ides traversed Siberia and brought back stories told by tribesmen of huge hairy beasts called "mamonts" which lived in icy tunnels far below the earth's crust. The tribesmen believed that the creatures never willingly came to the surface and that when they did, they died. This, they thought, accounted for the decaying carcasses of mammoths which they found lying on the tundra, exposed by receding ice.

In 1722 stories of mammoths reached Russia's Peter the Great, who ordered the governor of Siberia to send him the next ice mummy that should be found. But for almost a century nothing happened. Then in 1799 a fisherman found a complete specimen. Its flesh was still in such good condition that sled dogs and polar bears ate it with relish. This mammoth was examined by an explorer named Adams, who supplied information for the first accurate description of the species.

In 1901-02, on the Berezovka River, a group of scientists found another excellent specimen (below). This was a bull which had apparently been trapped in an ice slide and exposed again by another after thousands of years. The explorers built a hut over the carcass, and after 10 months of digging and scraping transferred their prize to Petrograd, where it was mounted in the distorted position in which it had died. This mammoth revealed much that was still unknown, including details about blood, fat, stomach, muscles and even diet. Since the Berezovka discovery many other mammoths have turned up in the Siberian tundra, some falling into the hands of zoologists and others into the hands of ignorant natives who fed the carcasses to their dogs or ate them themselves. The meat is reported to be of fair quality but tough.



SIBERIAN MAMMOTH found in 1901 lies two-thirds exposed in a shallow pit. The flesh was beginning to decay, so scientists removed it from the skull.

The net that nets you compliments



VENIDA The Guaranteed HAIR NET rules the waves

20¢ White, grey, purple 25¢ Single or double mesh

FAMOUS VENIDA HAIR BEAUTY AIDS BY RIESER CO., N.Y.

TRY Kool-Aid COLD Tasty Treats

A FIVE-CENT package of Kool-Aid makes 10 big, cold, delicious drinks. Enjoy Kool-Aid frozen desserts, frozen suckers, gelatin desserts. SIX flavors to choose from.

KOOL-AID FROZEN SUCKERS

Dissolve thoroughly 1 package Kool-Aid and 2/3 cup sugar in 1 quart water. Pour into cube tray and freeze hard. Remove like ice cubes as wanted, or wrap separately in waxed paper and keep in coldest section of freezing compartment. A sucker stick or paper spoon may be frozen in each cube to provide handle.

KOOL-AID KID TASTY RECIPES On Every Package AT GROCERS

ON TELEVISION

Thursday, July 7th*

**General
EISENHOWER'S
"CRUSADE in
EUROPE"**

**Chapter No. 10
"Rise and Fall
of a Dictator"**



March on Rome . . . Duce in his glory . . . His empire extended . . . France stabbed . . . Debauch in Greece . . . Fascism bursts . . . Nazis rescue Duce . . . Dead Duce mobbed . . . Allies victorious.

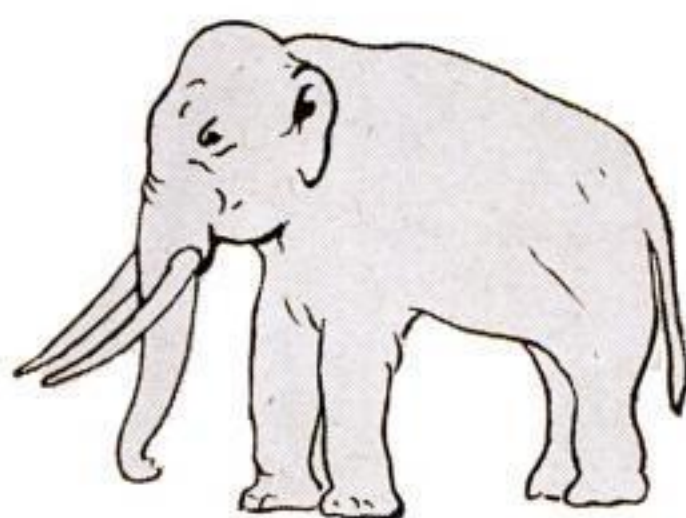
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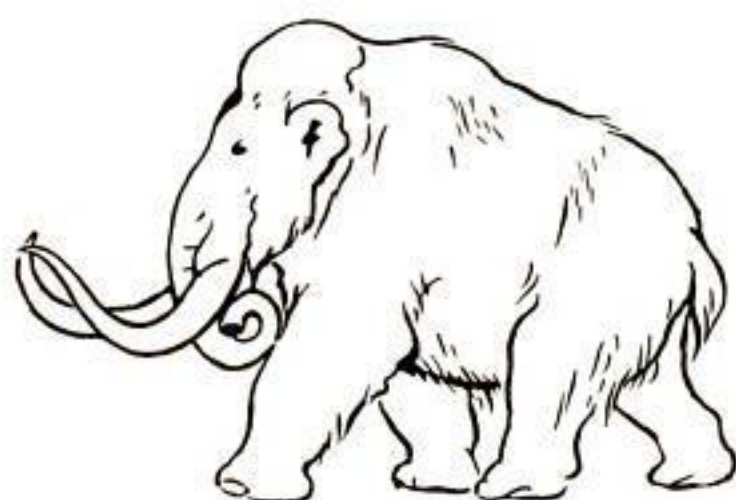
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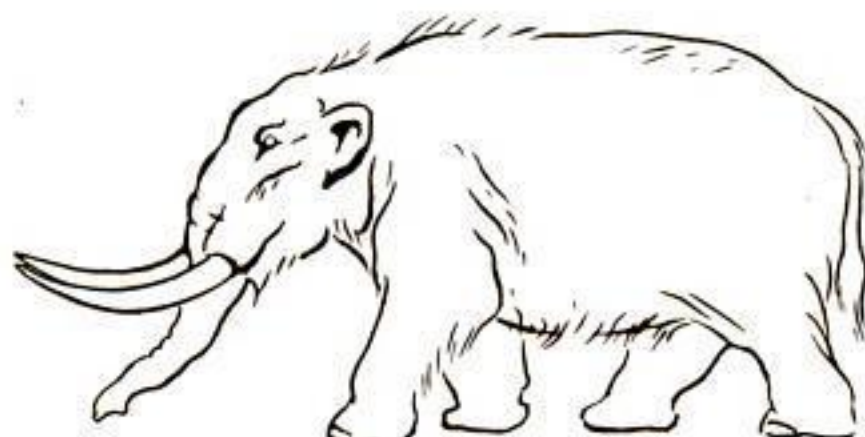
CONTEMPORARIES OF THE MAMMOTH



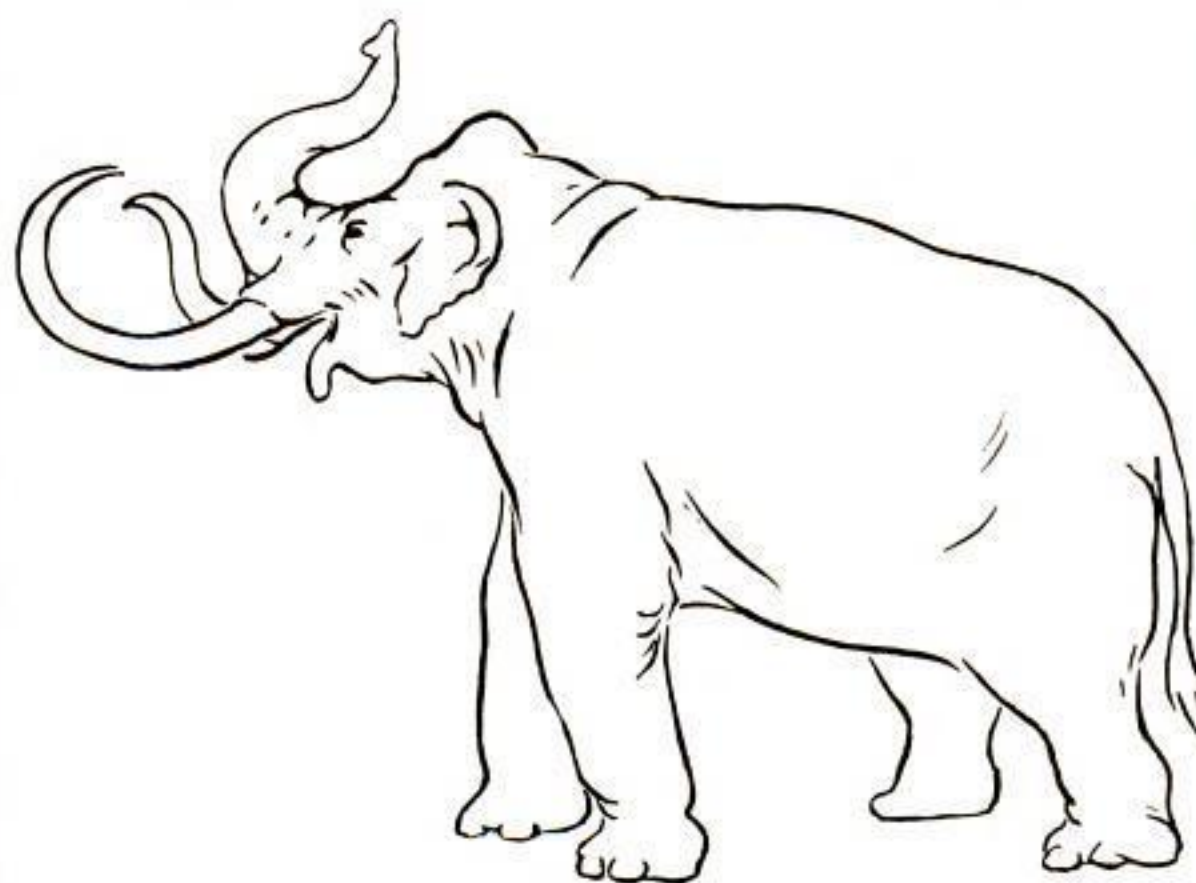
THE INDIAN ELEPHANT is the only one of four shown on this page which is still alive. The others were living 15,000 years ago in the Pleistocene Era and became extinct at about the same time. The Indian elephant, which is the one commonly seen today in zoos and circuses, may have been able to survive because it was smarter—or merely luckier—in coping with its environment.



THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH was characterized by a hairy coat in which the outer hairs were as long as 18 inches, and by its high shoulders and domed skull. Although its name indicates it was of great size, the woolly mammoth was only slightly larger than the Indian elephant. It inhabited Europe, Siberia and North America—remains have been found in many parts of northern Canada.



THE MASTODON also lived in North America and Siberia. It was longer and lower than other elephants and primarily a browsing animal, as the formation of its teeth indicates. It was somewhat smaller than the Indian elephant. Apparently it was widely distributed throughout North America since bones and fossils are often found. In 1845 a complete skeleton was dug up in New York.



THE IMPERIAL MAMMOTH was the largest of which there is any record. It stood about 14 feet high and weighed an estimated 7 tons—half again as large as the woolly mammoth. Because it inhabited the warm areas of North America—the Pacific coast from Oregon to Mexico, and the Gulf region—it had no need of a hairy coat and was by elephantine standards nearly bald.

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**YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL makes your hair look and feel good all day long. Grooms perfectly without that greasy plastered down effect. Get a bottle or tube today at any drug counter. Ask your barber for a professional application.

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SMART WOMEN use it for grooming, relieving dryness, training children's hair. Now available in new 25¢ size (also larger economy sizes) at drug counters.

TUNE IN "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evgs., CBS Network.



SKIPPING ROPE on the sand with a piece of seaweed she pulled from the water, Pat Paulo plays on the beach for

the first time this year. Pat works part time in a bakery shop, will be a senior at Santa Monica High School next fall.



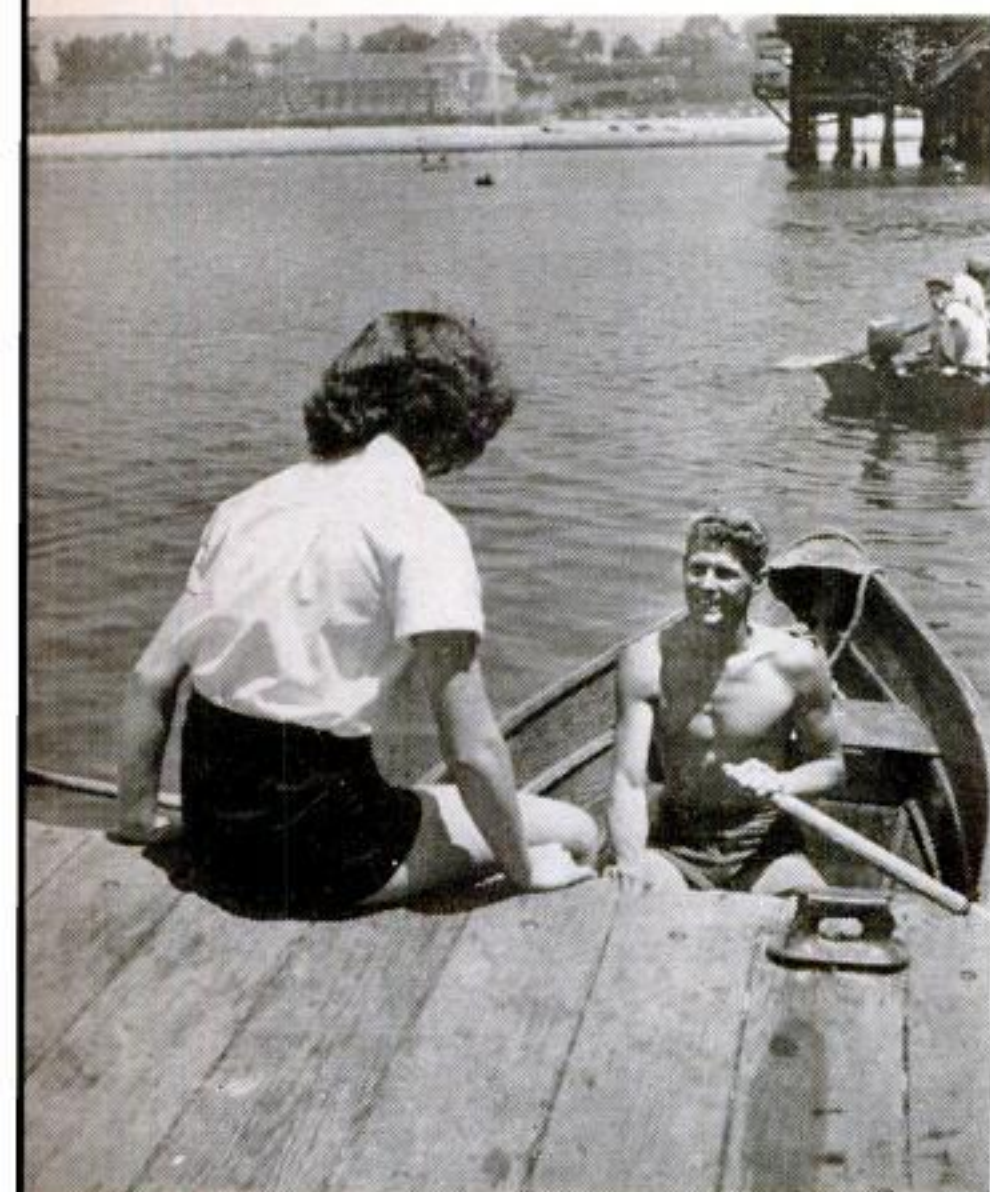
PAT PAULO WEARS A SAILOR'S HAT

A Day with Dave the Lifeguard at the Beach

**Pretty Pat Paulo of Santa Monica
tells the story of a seaside date**

One hot Saturday just before school closed Pat Paulo, 16 (cover), decided that it was a good day for a swim and high time to start on her summer sun-tan. Pat lives at Santa Monica, Calif., right near the beach which is generally littered with her friends and schoolmates. So she picked up a sketchbook, a ukulele, a sock she has been knitting for a year and her mother's bathing suit and set out to look for them. As soon as she got there something happened to change her plans. Someone brought up David Rochlen, a handsome lifeguard whom Pat had seen around the beach before, and introduced him.

Dave, it turned out, was 24, an ex-Marine, a sophomore at U.C.L.A. and, at the moment, off duty. Pat thought he was very nice looking and they stood there for a while kidding about people they knew—Dave had once gone to Pat's school. Then Dave suggested they scout around and see what was cooking. "I'd never paid much attention to him before," said Pat, "but I'd seen him up there on the lifeguard tower. Now, suddenly, there he was asking me to go for a row." Under the pictures on the opposite page Pat writes her own story of what happened that day.



"I WAS SITTING ON THE PIER when Dave chugged up in a boat and said 'How about a little ride?' Then he told me how to get into the boat—as if I didn't know."



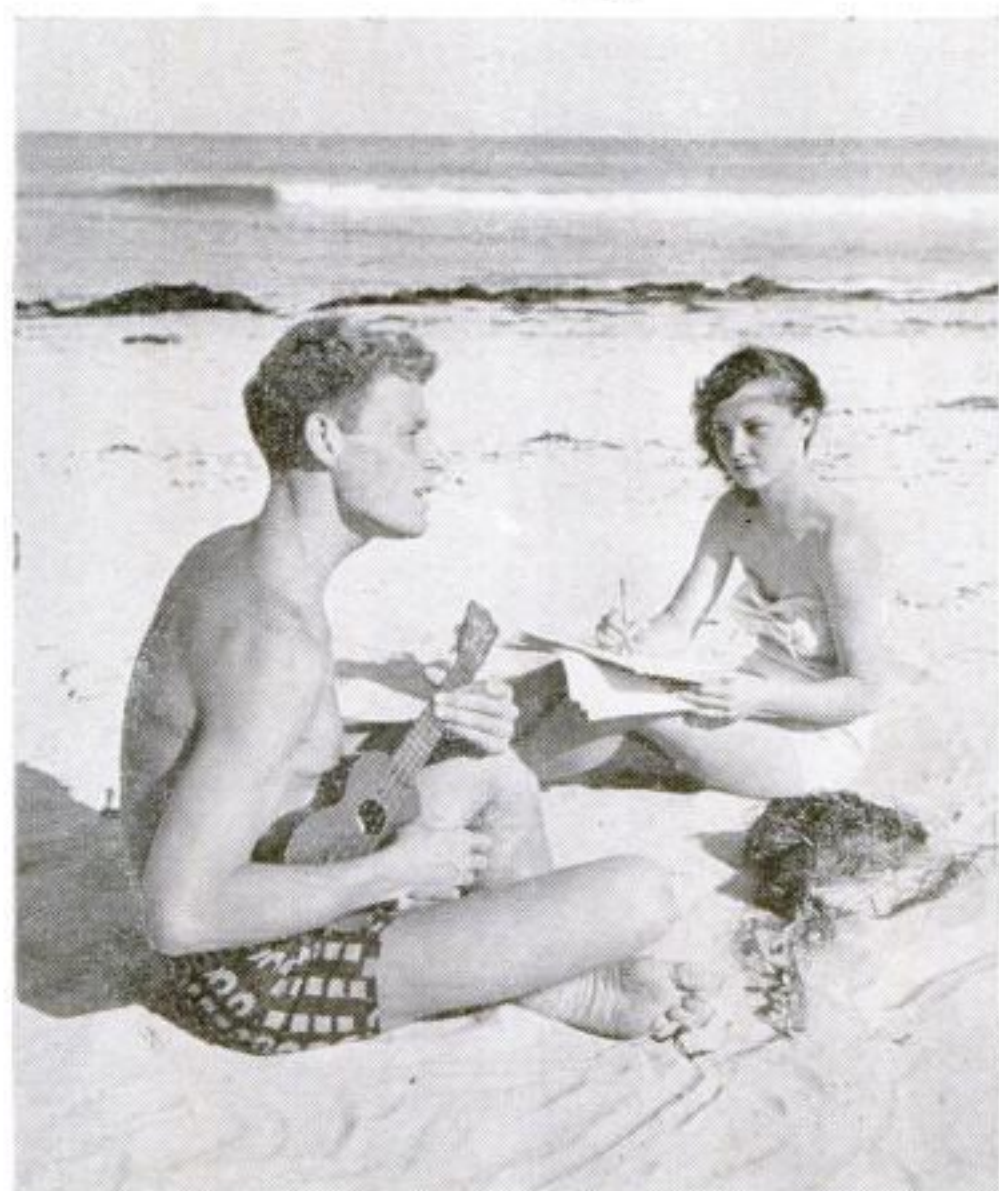
"THEN HE SHOWED ME how to row and held the oar while I went through some silly motions. I kept telling him I knew how to work the things just as well as he did."



"HE BORROWED A ROD and we tried some fishing. I'd never done it before. He dangled a halibut in my face. It was awful—its big eyes kept sliding all over the place."



"OUT ON THE BREAKWATER we climbed to a place where Dave dives for abalone. It's covered with barnacles and you have to be careful. They're sharp and squirt."



"I SKETCHED DAVE while he plunked the *Hawaiian War Chant* on my uke. He sounded pretty good except on high notes. I showed him my sketch. He said 'Mmmph.'"



"DAVE LOVES SURFING and he wanted to show me how to ride tandem. I tried it on the beach but the water was much too cold. So he made me go wading to test it."



"I WAS RIGHT—a wave sideswiped me and the water was absolutely freezing. Dave kept on saying, 'Come on, it's not that bad,' but after all he's used to the water."



"TO WARM UP I put on my shirt and we raced along the beach. He pulled me along and kept on saying, 'Come on.' We laughed just because it was silly to be running."



"THAT NIGHT we met some people from school for a beach party and roasted wienies in the sand. That's my friend Roy Dickinson—the boy who's scowling at Dave."

89 GAMES

*plus world series!**



**THAT'S HOW AMAZINGLY LONG THIS
PORTABLE RADIO BATTERY LASTS!**



No. 482

● It's a powerhouse! It lasts . . . and lasts . . . and LASTS. It's the famous "Eveready" "B" battery for portable radios. Like all "Eveready" radio batteries, it's *The Battery With Nine Lives.* You know how an active cat will take a cat nap . . . then wake up and *bounce back* with new pep.

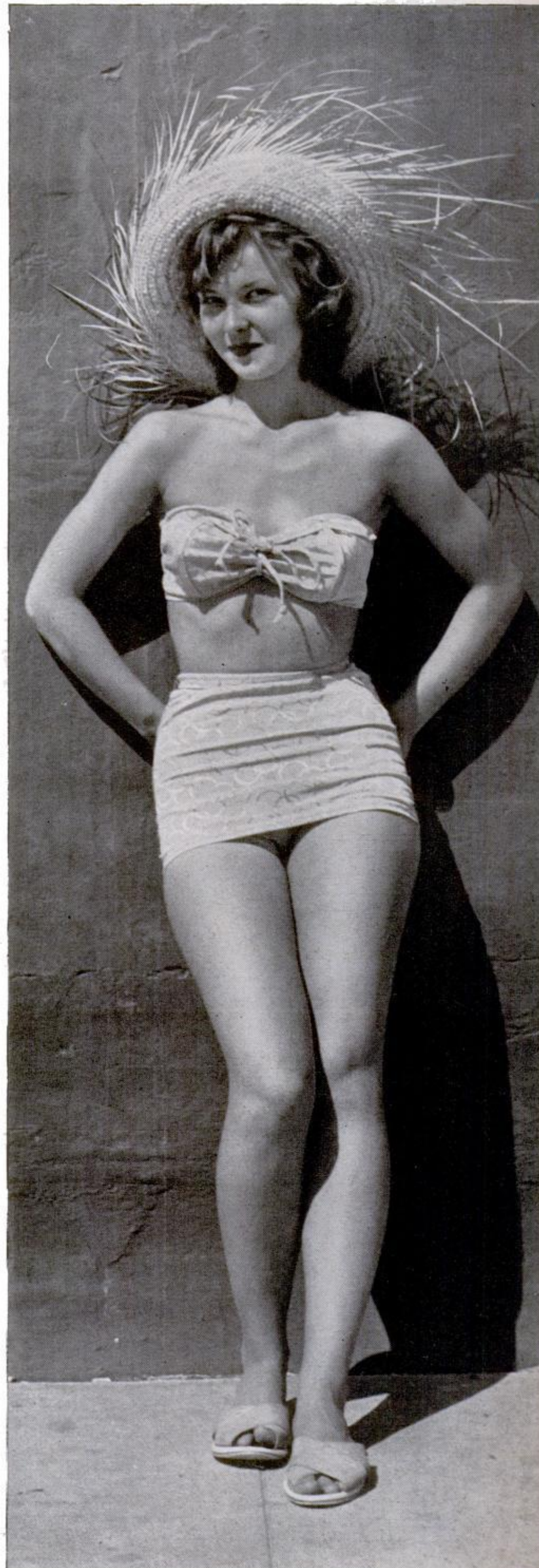
This battery works on that same principle . . . recovers power (see note) between uses. *Bounces back* for extra life. So much extra life that batteries like the one shown will last 89 big-league games, *plus* a seven-game world series! Insist on "Eveready" brand batteries for *longer life!*

NOTE: Due to the electro-chemical regeneration of the depolarizer.

THE BATTERY WITH "NINE LIVES"

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of
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Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

* With a radio of average drain.
Figures based on 2 1/2-hour, nine-inning game.



MOTHER'S BATHING SUIT was the one Pat picked to wear on the beach because she had outgrown all her own during the winter. Hat belongs to Dave.



Head of the Bourbon Family

Your search for an exceptionally smooth and mellow bourbon will meet with a glorious reward when you take your first sip of Old Grand-Dad—as fine a bourbon as any man could wish for.



OLD GRAND-DAD

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One of golfdom's ablest young cup-winners, "Powerhouse" Lew, whose red-hot shooting captured both the National Open and the Denver Open the same year, 1947.



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The ever-amazing shot-maker of pro golf... U.S. Open and P.G.A. champion back in '22, and collector of a long list of American and British titles ever since.



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AND THE GREAT VETERAN OF GOLF AGREE:

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In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS

Every day... every week... all over the nation... hundreds of smokers are making this simple "prove-it-yourself" test—smoking Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days!

Yes, there's change in the air and this change is to Camels... Camels for mildness... Camels for flavor! Make your own 30-Day Test in your "T-Zone". See if your taste doesn't prefer Camel flavor. See how your throat welcomes Camel mildness. See if you, too, don't change to Camels!

Money-Back Guarantee!

Yes, smoke Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the best cigarette you've ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camel, and you will receive its full purchase price, plus postage! (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



YES, GENE, I LEARNED SOMETHING IN THE 30-DAY TEST!—CAMELS ARE REALLY MILD...TASTE GREAT, TOO!

RIGHT, LEW! THAT'S WHY I'VE SMOKED CAMELS FOR ALL THESE YEARS!



According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!